TAIT'S

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

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WILLIAM TAIT, EDINBURGH;

SIMPKIN & MARSHALL, LONDON; AND JOHN CUMMING, DUBLIN.

1832.

MIDDLESEX ELECTION.—The eyes of Scotland are fixed upon the approaching contest in Middlesex, with some anxiety, and not without a growing feeling of mistrust. On the long services of Mr. Hume to the People, whose battle he has fought, for many years, almost single-handed, and on his capacity of serving them with augmented energy, by the new power he has largely assisted in obtaining, it is idle to expatiate. His services cannot be forgotten; nor can his capacities of business and sterling spirit be overlooked. However strange appearances seem to us at a distance, we will never believe that the reformers of Middlesex will so far stultify themselves as to reject their present member, because he returns to them with so many new and strong claims on their admiration and suffrages. Middlesex is but one county, nor should we much regret Mr. Hume losing it, while, both in England and Scotland, so many large constituencies would be proud to be represented by him; but we cannot help looking upon Middlesex and Yorkshire as the battle-ground on which the antagonist principles of Toryism and Liberality first fairly tried their strength in the present contest. When Hume and Brougham were elected in 1830, we exulted in the battle of the people being half gained. That advantage has been ably followed up, and are we now to see the cause retrograding even in one corner, and a specious Tory Lord, and a hollow Whig, brought in for Middlesex, while Mr. Hume is thrown out? He may be sent to Parliament in triumph from fifty places, but what shall atone for the blow aimed at the cause of Reform through his sides? We are glad to see the *Times* winding round; this is of better augury.

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THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND AND THE DISSENTERS.

Bacon says, "If St. John were to write an epistle to the Church of England, as he did to that of Asia, it would surely contain the clause:—'*I have a few things against thee.*'" I am not quite of his opinion. I am afraid the clause would be—I have *not* a few things against thee.

JORTIN.—Tracts, 8vo. 2, 530.

OUR "venerable" Church complains that she is no longer venerated; that her oracles are unheeded, and her piety unrewarded; that the people are insensible to her merits, and ungrateful for her services. Let her look to her conduct, and she will find the cause of this estrangement; let her separate from the State, and she will find the remedy. Time was, when she had abundant credit; but she has overdrawn, and is now suffering in common with other traders from the distress of the times. She must, therefore, give up a monopoly, which is no longer suited to the present state of intellectual commerce; and retire altogether from business, or admit others to a share of its profits. The period is fast approaching, when every political institution, whether civil or ecclesiastical, will be tried in the balance of justice and utility. Neither professions of innocence, nor abuse of the Judge, will benefit the accused. Prescription and precedent cannot be pleaded in bar of those claims which it is their object to establish. *Salus populi suprema lex*—there is no appeal from this tribunal. The legislature cannot give a perpetuity to any corporation.* The fee-simple of the estate is in the

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* No one now maintains the inviolability of corporate rights, when a clear case of public necessity or expediency demands their sacrifice; and when the first of all duties, the most urgent of all necessities, call for an alteration in the application of public property, it would be preposterous to contend that the embryo rights of any number of unappointed or unborn functionaries can legitimately interpose to prevent a just or necessary measure for reform.—*Lord Henley's Plan of Church Reform*, p. 8.

nation. It is obvious to every reflecting man, that a great change has already taken place in the public mind on the subject of Church government. The liberality from which it sprung will increase with its extension; and abstract truths will become practical realities. Exclusive privileges are now as odious as penalties and disabilities. Have they not the same origin and the same object? To punish a man for preaching what he believes to be true, may force him to be silent; but to bribe him to preach what he thinks error, makes him at once a hypocrite and a dissembler. His timidity injures himself alone; but his venality injures the very cause it was employed to serve. Both methods imply a consciousness of weakness and a hatred of inquiry; the latter, however, undermines the foundation of virtue, and corrupts society by separating success from merit. The result is the same in both cases, though the process is slower and more degrading to those whose privileges are purchased at the expense of honesty and independence. There must necessarily be some test to distinguish an ecclesiastical establishment from other sects, and professions of faith will be required from its ministers. To "sign himself slave," as Locke says, will thus be the condition of appointment to teach that religion which makes us free; and the promulgation of divine truth will be contingent on an adhesion to the dogmas of fallible men. To presume that we have satisfactorily solved those mysteries and difficulties which have baffled the best and the wisest of mankind, is a degree of arrogance which nothing can equal but the tyranny that exacts such compliance, and the wickedness of closing the mind against further light.

What absurdity can be greater than that of attempting to bind posterity on a subject which cannot concern us, and upon which they have the clearest right of judging freely, and the greatest possible interest in judging correctly? To claim the respect of those who are to come after us, by shewing our distrust of them, and to expect that they will reverence the wisdom of their ancestors, while we shew our contempt for it; such is the conduct of that legislature which first imposes articles of belief upon the conscience of its subjects. How contemptible and insignificant is that mortal who mounts towards Heaven on the Babel of his own invention, and looks on the past with disdain, and on the future with suspicion! The Reformed Church was a more unkind parent to her children than her predecessor, for she took away from them both the merit of their good works, and the right of forming their own faith. She asserted and denied the liberty of thinking, and punished in others the example of disobedience she had set. Exclusion has now succeeded to persecution; and toleration is boasted of while equality is demanded. Another Reformation is at hand; and the same fate awaits another church which was dealt to the "old Priest." To make uniformity of speculative opinions a principle of legislation, a criterion of merit, and a qualification for office, will soon be acknowledged to be unjust, unreasonable, and unnecessary. When disgrace no longer attaches to dissent, and conformity is considered a mark of servility; when the one is indicative of that free judgment of which the other is necessarily destructive; when the honest conviction of the understanding is preferred to the sophistry of self-interest; when public opinion has learnt to distinguish between the respect which the influence of wealth demands, and the influence which the respect attached to character obtains; when the resentment exclusion has excited is stronger than the avarice it appeals to, and a change

of the system is more profitable to the many than its continuance to the few; when a coalition of sects has weakened that power which their division had strengthened,—then may it safely be predicted that the reign of ecclesiastical establishments is at an end. The seeds of their destruction will be found to have been planted in the means employed for their preservation; and the passions in which they originated will prove the instruments of their abolition. The aristocracy will lose more by opposing the common sense of the community, than it gained by flattering its prejudices. The same authority which placed one sect above its predecessors, will put it on a level with its rivals, and the latitudes of religious opinion will no longer be referred to the meridian of a creed established by act of Parliament. Toleration is permission, and permission involves the power of refusal. To build religious freedom upon sufferance, is to endanger the superstructure by narrowing the foundation. The temple is profaned by the presence of the civil magistrate; the staff of authority is thrust between the worshipper and his God; and the Bible is placed below the statute-book.

The dissenters, we are gravely told, have no reasonable ground for complaint, as they are now allowed to worship God in their own way. Is it no hardship to be excluded from the advantage of an academical education; to be shut out from the honours and emoluments which the nation bestows on her religious teachers; to be stigmatised as schismatics, and abused as malcontents; to be denied admittance to our University libraries, to which, if literary men, they are compelled to send their publications? Is it no hardship that a Quaker is disqualified from sitting, though duly elected, in the Commons' House of Parliament, because he can neither profess allegiance to the secular power by an oath, nor abjure hostility to the ecclesiastical power by a declaration in its favour? Is it no hardship that an approval of the union between Church and State is made a condition of a seat in the legislature; that those who are honestly desirous of its dissolution, should be required to bind themselves to its continuance, and that ecclesiastical legitimacy should seek to perpetuate its privileges, by exacting from non-conformity a pledge, which is inconsistent both with its principles and its duties?—that no dissenter can be elected a fellow of the College of Physicians, because, by refusing his assent to the 39 articles, he cannot graduate at our orthodox universities? Is it no hardship to a seceder from the kirk, that he cannot be an elder of his parish, however intelligent and useful he may be, unless he sign the Westminster confession? And what has this famous confession done for the Scottish clergy? Cram Socinus down any man's throat, and he comes out Calvin. Why give a bounty upon home production, if foreign goods are neither better nor cheaper? To connect distinction or riches with any set of opinions, is to give to its opposite the benefit of the difference. If you cannot win the game without honours, you must have a bad hand, or be a bad player. "Every impediment to the utmost liberty of inquiry or discussion, whether it consists in the fear of punishment, in bodily restraint, in dread of the mischievous effects of new truth, or in the submission of reason to beings of the like frailties with ourselves, always, in proportion to its magnitude, robs a man of some share of his rational and moral nature."—*Sir J. Mackintosh's Hist. of Eng.*, I. 131.

There is no longer any pretence for a barrier against Papal ascendency. The Pope has no more influence in this country than the Grand Lama: and a tribute to Mecca would be as easily collected in

London as Peter's pence. The predominance, therefore, of no sect should be allowed beyond what the purity of its principles, and the performance of its practical duties, would be sure to obtain from those to whom all sects must appeal, and who have no interest in a wrong decision. Secular advantages and immunities may give currency to error, but can add nothing to the sterling value of truth.

That the separation of Church and State would essentially promote the cause of morality, must be apparent to every one who considers how much our sentiments of right and wrong are affected by artificial distinctions; and how easily both our habits and our judgments are warped by fashion and prejudice. The Churchmen and the dissenters are not tried by the same standard:

Committunt eadem diverso crimina fato.

Party feeling is gratified, and corporate power promoted, both by the acquittal of the one and the condemnation of the other. The good effects of a more equitable jurisdiction may be seen in the United States of North America; where religious equality has diverted theological jealousies into the channel of public usefulness, and made sectarian rivalry the guardian of national purity. The mother country would do well to take a lesson from her Transatlantic children, and receive back that religious liberty which she formerly drove from her shores to seek an asylum in the Western world. It is not there that we see clerical delinquency and clerical incapacity escape punishment and censure, under the shelter of aristocratical influence; the cure of souls converted into a younger brother's portion; spiritual duties performed by deputy; and the magisterial bench placed side by side with the pulpit. Holmes, in his travels in that country, says, speaking of the Episcopal clergy:—"Most of the ministers hold the Arminian tenets; and, were any of them to live in an immoral manner, they would be discarded. At New York, in 1819, one of the most eloquent preachers there, an Episcopalian, was obliged to resign in consequence of an improper female connexion." Would this have occurred had the Church been under the protection of the State? Is it likely that a similar offence would be visited with such severity in this country, where ecclesiastical patronage has become private property, and advowsons are openly bought and sold? A man's duty and interest will necessarily coincide, and the public welfare be promoted, where personal respect is the result of personal merit alone, and the predominance of any party is not created and secured by the wealth and honours it distributes.

How far the political functions of this "Holy Alliance" are in accordance with the national will, and conducive to the national welfare, may be seen in the line of conduct which its great organs, the Universities, thought fit to follow on a recent occasion. Their opposition to a reform in the legislature, which spared their peculiar privileges, has for ever loosened the little hold they had upon the affections of this great empire. Had the establishments of Oxford and Cambridge not been sectarian, a wish to promote the public good would have as honourably distinguished them as their hostility to it has disgraced them; they would have discovered neither an enemy in political liberty, nor a friend in political corruption.

It was no spirit of independence that actuated the Church on this occasion. She struck work, because she was afraid that her wages would be reduced. She was consistent in her inconsistency, and loyal in her

rebellion. She was a friend to bad government, in opposing the promise of a better. She hoped that the former might still be restored, and supported the minister *de jure* by fighting against the minister *de facto*. Her allegiance was in abeyance, and she proved her obedience when she refused homage to the usurper. When the Tories required it, she has even been liberal towards the Catholics, and treated those as Christians whose doctrines she calls damnable. "The persons," says Bishop Horsley, in a letter to his clergy, "for whom, in the name of God, we implore their aid, however they may differ from us in certain points of doctrine, discipline, and external rites, are, nevertheless, our brethren, members of Christ, and children of God, heirs of the same promise; adhering, indeed, to the communion of the church of Rome, in which they have been educated; but more endeared to us by the example they exhibit of patient suffering, for conscience-sake, than estranged by what we deem their corruptions; more near and dear to us, in truth, by far, than those, who, affecting to be called our Protestant brethren, have no other title to Protestant than a Jew or a Pagan; who, not being a Christian, is, for that reason only, not a Papist." This was written in favour of the exiled French priests. The bitterness of the polemic might have been spared in the cause of kindness, and the opponent of Priestly forgotten in the advocate of charity. The *odium theologicum* has now resumed its natural form. The sister churches are again rivals, and the relationship is dissolved. It is to be remembered, that when the letter from which the above extract is taken, was written, the Catholic clergy were suffering in defence of arbitrary principles. Hence their affinity to the Anglican church. They are now (in Ireland) suffering from them. They are, therefore, according to Magee, a church without a religion, while the *poor* Irish Protestant establishment is a religion without a church. It is thus that Papacy varies, though said by her adversaries to be always the same; and our venerable Church, as by law established, is always the same, however her sentiments and conduct may vary according to the varying circumstances of that law, or the changing policy of those who administer it.

Attacks upon the Church of England are no longer confined to dissenters from its doctrine and discipline. Many of those who retain their attachment to its ritual are loud in demanding the removal or correction of abuses, the existence of which is either denied by some of its advocates, or attributed to very inadequate causes. There is in the *British Critic* for October, 1831, (a high-church publication,) an attempt to show that the duties of the established clergy have increased with the increasing population of their parishes, and that this circumstance will account for the imperfect manner in which they are fulfilled. How far the statement thus made is borne out by the real facts of the case, may be inferred from the very singular assumption, that practice is not conducive to improvement. "It must be allowed," says the Reviewer, "that the great increase of parish duty, incident both on the augmented numbers, and altered comforts and morals of our population, necessarily keep down a large body of our ministry to the very lowest level of theology which their station can admit of; and the much more frequent occasions of preaching have produced the effect, so prevalent now in every department of knowledge and manufacture, of lowering the value and durability of the material." This is rather an unfortunate illustration. There is not the slightest analogy between silk goods and

sermons; cheapness, which deteriorates the former, not being the recommendation of the latter. Competition in trade and competition in divinity ought to have very different results. Those who are paid beforehand for their goods can afford their customers better stuff. If the duties of the clergy have increased so much, how is it that they find leisure for secular employments? Nearly one fourth of the whole magistracy of the kingdom is in holy orders, though in some of the counties there are few or no clerical magistrates. If these ecclesiastics are *above* the lowest level of theology required by their station, the surplus is lost to their flocks; if *below* it, are these men fit to enforce obedience upon others, who have set so bad an example of it in themselves? The union of functions, so discordant and incompatible, is unknown in the Kirk of Scotland, or in any other church but that of England: the sword of justice is not seen in the hands of the priest; nor does the same voice whisper consolation to the dying penitent, and thunder out the terrors of the treadmill on the devoted head of the poacher and the vagrant. Such anomalies would not have been tolerated in England, if the bishops had paid more attention to those below them, and less to those above them; if lay patronage had not been permitted to convert a public trust into a beneficial interest to its holders; and the church become an asylum for the foris-familiated cadets of *good* families. We have at last got rid of rotten boroughs; and are rotten advowsons to remain? We have purified and extended the elective franchise; are church livings still to be matter of sale and barter? A seat in St. Stephen's is no longer to be purchased; why should the pulpit be put up to auction? Borough property has been abolished, yet school-patronage is still a family provision. Is the spiritual welfare of the country less important than its political independence? Are our representatives to be chosen by ourselves, and our pastors by others? Is it tyranny to be taxed by another's nominee, and justice to be tithed by him? Is Old Sarum no longer to be a by-word and a reproach, and the *congé d'élire* to remain a farce and an insult? It is high time that the bishops should be truly overseers, and open their own eyes before they attempt to stop the mouth of the gainsayer. Let them imitate the conduct of the Saxon church, a decree of which (as we are informed by the *Christian Remembrancer*, an orthodox periodical) cautions parents and guardians, on account of the *increased exigency of the times*, against allowing their children or wards to enter upon clerical studies, unless they evince a decided aptitude for them; warns all parties that an increasing severity of examination is become requisite, and sets forth, that where there exist such *abundant opportunities for selection among the candidates*, nothing but merit can secure admission into the Saxon church. We may infer from this, that there is little nepotism, that there are few fat livings, and no golden prebends, in the Saxon church.

It is singular that the poverty of the church exposed it formerly to the same contempt which its wealth has now brought upon it. "Ministers with the papists," (*i. e.* the Priests,) says Selden, "have much respect; but with the Protestants, they have very little. The reason whereof is, in the beginning of the Reformation, they were glad to get such to take livings as they could procure by any invitation—things of pitiful condition. The nobility and gentry would not suffer their sons or kindred to meddle with the Church; and, therefore, at this day, when they see a parson, they think him to be such a thing still, and there they will keep him and use him accordingly: if he be a gentleman, that is

singled out, and he is used the more respectfully." To be despised of men, however, is the lot of those whose calling is not of this world; and it is to be remembered, that the respect of the rich neither implies nor secures the performance of spiritual duties. That there were no clerical magistrates in those days is evident, both from the little influence and wealth in the possession of churchmen, and from what Selden himself says in another passage:—"There never," says he, "was a merry world since the fairies left dancing and the parsons left conjuring. The opinion of the latter kept them in awe, and did as much good in the country as a justice of the peace." Hence, we may conclude, that a parson-conjurer was then no magistrate, as the parson-magistrate is now no conjurer. It is plain, too, that the clergy were not despised by the people. They were, indeed, their best friends; an additional reason why they were not in favour with "the nobility and gentry." Matters are strangely altered since these days. Tithes have risen, and the Church has fallen with the improvement of agriculture. A corresponding change has taken place in the impressions made by this *shield of the monarchy*, on those who view it from the opposite stations. The spectators have changed sides and are ready to come to blows; because, what is affirmed to be gold by the one, is declared by the other to be brass, or some baser metal. The clerical magistracy has given fresh strength to these feelings. Both the attachment and the hostility have been increased by the same incident,—the subserviency which has elicited the one, having naturally exasperated the other; for power is generally employed in the interest of those with whom its appointment and control rest. This assumption of incompatible characters imposes upon the performer a task, to fail, or to succeed in which, is equally distasteful to the audience: while he attempts to be "at home" in both, he can "please" in neither.

Lord Henley's pamphlet on Church reform has excited no little sensation, both among the friends and the enemies of religion as by law established; and, though far from meeting the exigencies of the case, may be fairly considered as the sign of that more effectual remedy which the suggestion of a *moderate measure* implies or excites. What will the lords say to the noble author's candour or imprudence? The distinction between the rights of private and corporate property is here fairly acknowledged. Had such an admission come from such a quarter ten years back, the Conservatives (so called, *ut parca quia non parcit*) would have sent Dr. Haslam or Sir G. Tuthill to reason with his Lordship. The noble author is a very amiable *person*, as the servile imitators of patrician affectation would say; but he is lamentably ignorant of human nature. "Set a thief to catch a thief," may be a good police maxim; yet we may reasonably doubt whether prelates and church patrons are the best guardians of those interests which prelacy and patronage have sacrificed to the spirit of nepotism and corruption. Their disqualification is to be found in the very abuses which they are required to correct. Their ignorance is as culpable as their connivance, and they are accessaries to the crime, whether they have permitted its commission or partaken of its profits. What Selden says of synods is equally applicable to all mixed assemblies, whether councils, convocations, or commissions. "There must," he says, in his Table-talk, "be some laymen in the synod, to overlook the clergy, lest they spoil the civil work; just as when the good woman puts a cat into the milk-house to kill a mouse, she sends her maid to look after the cat, lest the cat should eat up the cream." What is the good woman, to do if the maid is as

fond of cream as the cat? Lord Henley would abolish episcopal translations, and yet leave the archbishopries as great prizes in the ecclesiastical lottery, the tickets in which are still to be insured by subserviency; and, as if this suggestion were not sufficiently preposterous, the commission he recommends to be thus composed of bishops and the highest state functionaries, is to be under the control of the legislature; *i. e.* those who have an interest in the communion between Church and State are to be responsible to those who have an interest in their separation; for, if the united empire is really to be represented in the House of Commons, the majority of its members will be returned by the dissenters. The monopoly which an exclusive sect now enjoys will thus be destroyed; and the "God of his idolatry" will fall by the very means which are to be employed to purify his worship and confirm his power. If the commission performs its duties honestly and effectually, the representative body will strike at the politico-spiritual principle; if it neglects them, at the practice. Whether Alma Mater recovers her health, or continues to suffer under the maladies which afflict her; whether she fall into the hands of quacks, or "good and true" physicians, the divorce is inevitable. Her beauty and her deformity will be equally fatal to her.

It is somewhat singular that no notice is taken in this pamphlet "on Church reform," of the clerical magistracy; a practice which has done so much harm to religion and justice, by combining in the same individual the administration of the one with the duties of the other. Is the omission to be attributed to a fear of offending the aristocracy, or to a notion that the system has produced neither injury nor complaint? If it be the latter, the author has paid little attention to parochial grievances, or has turned a deaf ear to the voice that has so long and so loudly proclaimed them. Amid the great diversity of opinions which prevail on the subject of the poor laws, the conviction is almost unanimous, that the greater part of those evils which their mal-administration has brought upon the country, is to be traced to the interference of the magistrates. "I have always thought, from observation, [says Walker on Pauperism, second edition, p. 64,] that the right of appeal to the magistrates was the sole cause of whatever alienation existed between the payers of rates and the labouring classes." Is it right that the spiritual pastor should thus be placed in collision with his flock? If the magistrate attend the vestry as a clergyman, he will appeal to himself against himself; if the clergyman declines attending as a magistrate, one of the checks to parochial misgovernment is removed, and the natural protector of the poor withdraws his support when its aid is most wanted, and its absence is most resented. The rate-payers are offended if the judgment is reversed; and the rate-receivers, if it is confirmed. The respect of the one, or the affection of the other, is necessarily shaken by this dilemma; the "stern command of authority" is substituted for the "milder voice of influence;" and the "strong enforcement," which the "gentleness" of persuasion would have secured, is lost in reluctant obedience to the terrors of the law. This is but one among the many inconsistencies and anomalies which spring from the union of the secular and spiritual functions. Apply to society what is here seen in the individual, and the ill effects of an erroneous principle upon the action of the body politic may be anticipated, from a consideration of the complexity of its structure and the magnitude of its extension.

We are continually reminded of the sin of schism by those whose

conduct justifies the separation of which their predecessors set the example. "They who talk so much of sects and divisions," says Locke, in his third letter on Toleration, "would do well to consider, too, whether those are not most authors and promoters of sects and divisions, who impose creeds, and ceremonies, and articles of men's making; and make things not necessary to salvation the necessary terms of communion; excluding and driving from them such as, out of conscience and persuasion, cannot assent and submit to them, and treating them as if they were utter aliens from the Church of God."* If spiritual truth may be the proper subject of legislative enactment, why is physical truth excluded from its benefits? Why have we not a Newtonian hierarchy, or a Hunterian creed? Why should not the body be cured, as well as the soul saved, by act of Parliament? We might then, in case of accidents or sickness, consult an authorized surgeon, or an orthodox physician, and show our respect for the constitution of the State while we are taking care of our own.

The sentiments of Robert Hall, upon this subject, are so remarkable for their truth, and the force with which they are expressed, that no apology need be offered for the length of the quotation. "Happy had it been, had civil establishments of religion been useless only, instead of being productive of the greatest evils. But, when Christianity is established by law, it is requisite to give the preference to some particular system; and, as the magistrate is no better judge of religion than others, the chances are as great of his lending his sanction to the false as to the true. Splendour and emoluments must likewise, in some degree, be attached to the National Church; which is a strong inducement to its ministers to defend it, be it ever so remote from the truth. Thus error becomes permanent; and that set of opinions which happens to prevail when the establishment is formed, continues, in spite of superior light and improvement, to be handed down, without alteration, from age to age. Hence the disagreement between the public creed of the church and the private sentiments of its ministers; an evil growing out of the very nature of an hierarchy, and not likely to be remedied, before it brings the clerical character into the utmost contempt. Hence the rapid spread of infidelity in various parts of Europe; a natural and never-failing consequence of the corrupt alliance between Church and State. Wherever we turn our eyes, we shall perceive the depression of religion is in proportion to the elevation of the hierarchy. In France, where the establishment had obtained the utmost splendour, piety had utterly decayed; in England, where the hierarchy is less splendid, more remains of the latter; and in Scotland, whose national church is one of the poorest in the world, a greater sense of religion appears among the inhabitants than in either of the former. It must likewise be plain to every observer, that piety flourishes much more among the Dissenters than among the members of any establishment whatever. This progress

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* "Such men," says Jeremy Taylor, "would do well to consider whether or not such proceedings do not derive the guilt of schism upon them who least think of it; and whether of the two is the schismatic—he that makes unnecessary, and (supposing the state of things) inconvenient impositions, or he that disobeys them because he cannot, without doing violence to his conscience, believe them—he that parts communion, because he could not, without, entertain it—or they that have made it necessary for him to separate by requiring such conditions, which to no man are simply necessary, and, to his particular, are either sinful or impossible."

of things is so natural, that nothing seems wanting in any country, to render the thinking part of the people infidels, but a splendid establishment. It will always ultimately debase the clerical character, and perpetuate, both in discipline and doctrine, every abuse."

This passage is placed at the head of an article upon "Church Reform," in a recent number of the *British Critic*. The writer, after giving another extract from Hall's works, to the same effect, observes,—"Whatever impression in favour of the Church may have been made upon the dissenting laity, it seems too certain that no abatement has taken place in the *rancorous hostility*, the *perverse misrepresentation*, the *gross and scandalous misstatements* even of the most respected dissenting ministers." *Tantæne animis celestibus iræ?* These are hard words, indeed! Are they well applied? Is there not too much in them of what is emphatically *propria humana generis*—something more than the mere *odium theologicum?* Let us see what this reviewer says himself of his "apostolical establishment." The following are his own words:—"Without having recourse to exaggeration, we may safely say, that not *one Bishop in five* was appointed from *proper motives*, during the long period which elapsed between the administrations of Walpole and Liverpool. Under the administration of the Earl of Liverpool, the country and the Church were astonished, not less than delighted, to find Government employed, *for the first time*, in a conscientious disposal of its patronage. * * * * Since the demise of that respected man *things have gone on pretty much as they used to do*, before his accession to power." Again:—"The private patronage which exists to so large an extent in the Church of England [the Bishop of Peterborough, in his charge, July 1831, says,—"Three-fourths, at least, of the livings throughout the kingdom are in the hands of laymen"] is not an unmixed good. It leads, inevitably, to the preferment of many from private motives only; job after job has been left unexposed and uncondemned, out of tenderness for the individuals implicated; and who have been the gainers? Not the Church; for its greatest danger arises from the existence of such jobs; and its only safety is to be found in their correction." We may be permitted to ask, whether these abuses are not inseparable from the system? While the Church is allied to the State, she must either be mistress or slave—in either case *plectuntur Achivi;* whether Pope or Emperor be middle-man, the rack-rent is the sweat or the blood of the people. Whatever be the nature of the marriage articles, the pinmoney is paid by the people. The dower does not fall upon either of the contracting parties. After such an acknowledgment of the Church's corruptions, from one of the advocates of her excellence, a smile may fairly be indulged at his angry invectives against those, who, though non-conformists, may be presumed to have as great a regard for the spiritual welfare of their fellow-subjects as himself, and who, *because* non-conformists, are more consistent adherents to the Protestant Reformation, in opposing, than he in supporting, an establishment, the privileges of which are considered by all who belong to no party but that of truth and justice, as an infringement of its leading principles. "It is certain," says the same critic, "that, originally, the people had a share in the selection of their clergy; and that bishops were elected by the clergy and people conjointly; and when we advert to all that has subsequently occurred respecting these matters, the reflection is mortifying and bitter. So incapable did men prove of using these noble privileges —so unfit was the Christian world for this scheme of self-government,

that every solid and substantial portion of it was speedily levelled with the ground, and scarce a vestige of the original structure remains." Dr. Mosheim, who is probably as good an authority in matters of ecclesiastical history as the *British Critic*, though he may not have the same interest in the enforcement of his opinion, attributes the disuse of popular elections to vacant offices in the Church, to very different causes. "When we look back," he says, "to the commencement of the Christian Church, we find its government administered jointly by the pastors and the people. But, in process of time, the scene changes, and we see these pastors affecting an air of preeminence and authority, trampling on the rights of the community, and assuming to themselves a supreme authority, both in civil and religious matters. This invasion of the rights of the people was at length carried to such a height, that a single man administered, or claimed at least a right to administer, the affairs of the whole Church with unlimited sway."—*Intr. to Eccl. Hist.*

And is it not pretty much the same here, except that the head of our Church is not a spiritual power? There is little real difference between the attribute of infallibility and a privileged inability to do wrong. A general council is a shelter in the one case, and the minister in the other. The legislature has no more right to interfere with the rights of conscience than the Catholic Church. Whether imputed errors be punished or proscribed, fined or excluded, scourged or stigmatised—whether toleration be thought a crime or a virtue, there can be no security for religious freedom; since the right to conform implies the right to dissent, and the correspondent duties are so strictly matters of conscience, that any interference with its dictates is an assumption of power, incompatible with its free exercise.

"New Presbyter is but old Priest writ large."

"A bad appointment of bishops," says the same reviewer, "gives a sanction to every species of ecclesiastical irregularity, checks and stunts the education of youth, and fills the Church and the country with inefficient ministers of the church of God." What remedy, then, does he suggest for this grievance? He admits, that "patronage of every description is used more as an instrument of power, or of gratification, than under any overruling sense of duty." Yet he thinks that public opinion will operate as a corrective of this tendency. "Unless," he says, "the public voice be heard, great ecclesiastical appointments will fall once more into the channel from which, for a short season, they were providentially diverted." Now, if the will of the community, for which alone both Church and State exist, will, while acting indirectly, check or restrain misgovernment, would it not be more effectual to its end, if it were applied, directly and permanently, through an organized system of appointment and control; not called into dangerous action by the stimulus of national discontent, but existing as a preventive of its causes; not used, on the spur of the moment, as a palliative of the symptoms of the disorder, but protecting the constitution against those habits which predispose to its reception; employing the motive of self-interest as a security against corruption—not leaving it, as at present, as an encouragement to its introduction; making, in one word, those who *profit* by abuses responsible to those who suffer by them? In the one case, public opinion would be the *cause of health*, in the other it would be the *effect of disease*.

There is a passage in Blunt's History of the Reformation, which

throws considerable light upon the nature of ecclesiastical establishments, and confirms, in a very striking manner, the view taken by Robert Hall of their evil tendencies. Speaking of the Pope's bull to legalize Cranmer's appointment to the see of Canterbury, the author says,—"This was the last bull he sent into England, during the reign of Henry; and had that capricious prince listened to the advice and entreaty of Cranmer, application would not have been made even for this; and then Henry would have sooner been spared the dishonour of subjecting his bishops to a *dilemma, by which perjury to the Pope or to the King could hardly be escaped;* and Cranmer would have been spared the *equivocation*, by which he laboured to *reconcile oaths which were irreconcilable.* Here, after all, was the grievance; and on those who exacted these oaths, was, in a great measure, the guilt. Nothing less was required of a bishop than to swear allegiance to two masters who had no two interests in common; to the Pope, that he would, from that hour forward, be faithful and obedient to St. Peter, and to the Holy Church of Rome; to my Lord, the Pope, and his successors, that they should suffer no wrong, &c.:—to the King, that he would thenceforward utterly forsake all clauses, words, sentences, grants, which he had, or should have hereafter, from the Pope's Holiness, in virtue of his bishopric, that in anywise were, or might be, prejudicial to his Highness, his heirs, successors, &c.; that to him and his he would be faithful and true, and live with him against all people; that he acknowledged himself to hold his bishopric of him only, and, accordingly besought of him the temporalities of the same. Now, to be impaled on one or other of the horns of such an alternative as this, was a cruel situation, into which no man ought to have been forced; and, though it is an easy thing for an indifferent spectator, at a distance, to philosophize upon the unseemly writhings of the victim, yet some allowance will be made for him by every pitiful-hearted observer, if, in his struggles to get off the hook, he should chance to uncover his nakedness. The question, indeed, resolved into this, Were there, or were there not, to be bishops in England? for if none would take the oaths who could not acquiesce in both of them to the letter, and if none were to be admitted to consecration, who refused either of the oaths, the order of prelates was at an end."—*Hist. of Reformation, p.* 126. If a poor pagan had found himself in such a dilemma, he might perhaps have remembered Juvenal's advice:—a Christian casuist would despise a poor poet who would presume to keep a conscience:—

> "*Ambiguæ* si forte citabere *causæ*,
> *Incertæque rei*, Phalaris licet imperet, ut sis
> Falsus, et *admoto* dictet perjuria *tauro*:
> Summum crede nefas animam preferre pudori,
> Et propter vitam vivendi perdere causas."

Every attempt to remove this stain from the Church has had the effect of fixing the colour more deeply. A writer in the *Quarterly Review* (No. XCIV., p. 371) says,—"Who can read the two oaths—the one taken by the bishop elect to the Pope, the other to the King—and doubt that scruples must have been entertained by any man who was required to swear allegiance so devoted to two masters, whose interests were so entirely at variance? The wonder is, that so tyrannous a demand on the consciences of men was tolerated so long. Cranmer might be the first who expressed his misgivings; but he could not be the first, by many, who had felt them; and though, at last, he did take the oath to the Pope, it was not till he had previously made a public protestation of the

sense in which he understood it, *thereby reconciling it with the other to the King.*" Again,—"But, if Cranmer was blameless in this part of the affair, which was, after all, the most material part, it is difficult to acquit him of all duplicity in previously allowing a proxy to take the oath at Rome, subject, as it should seem, to no such limitations as were afterwards annexed to it in England." Is this ecclesiastical morality? Shall an evasion which would render every oath nugatory, and take from truth all security for its observance, be suffered to perpetuate tyranny and quiet the conscience? But even the slight palliation to be derived from this miserable subterfuge is unavailing. The plea of this unprincipled advocate is neutralized by his subsequent admission. The candour or the imprudence of the reviewer takes away the thin covering of his sophistry, and renders it at once disgusting and harmless. To return to our "honest chronicler" of the Reformation.

The *proper question*, in such an emergency, was, whether the Church ought to be connected with the State, when the result of the Union was its dissolution, or perjury to one of the parties? To assert, that the consequence of the bishops refusing to violate the oath they had taken, would have been the destruction of Episcopacy, is false, both in fact and in reason; if it be true that it existed before the time of Constantine, and is still to be found in Scotland, and in the United States of North America, unconnected with the State—a non-conformist in the one case, and on a level with all other sects in the other. It is said to be a principle of the Jesuits, that the end will justify the means. Here the doctrine is openly and unblushingly maintained; though the conclusion is no more warranted by the premises than the premises by the facts. The vehement declamation that has, on recent occasions, been uttered against the non-observance of the coronation-oath upon grounds of State policy, came with a very bad grace from the higher members of a corporation, which thus makes its own continuance a plea for perjury; violates the precepts of its Master, in order that it may teach them to others; and swears allegiance to the Prince of Darkness, whose kingdom it is commissioned to destroy. Should religion be again placed in an *unseemly alternative*, a contingency by no means improbable, Expediency will find a good precedent here to assist her conscience and her consistency.

The reverend author, from whose work we have quoted, has also his receipt for restoring his sick parent to health. "If lay patrons of small livings, when they happen also to be impropriators, could be induced to cooperate with the clergy; if they would re-annex to these *their own livings* (we ask no more) some portion, however small, of the tithes which they enjoy, and which were all wrung from the Church, [True! the Catholic Church—*Quis tulerit Gracchos de seditione loquentes?*] a sacrifice, which, from its amount, would scarcely be felt by many patrons, and which would not, in fact, be an alienation of so much property, but *rather a regulation of the course in which it should run;* a reduction, perhaps, of L.50 or L.100 a-year, from an *elder brother's rent-roll*, to the augmentation, to the like amount, of a *younger brother's benefice*,—the necessity for nonresidence and pluralities would be still more rapidly diminished; and the National Church would soon be placed in a more impregnable position than she has ever assumed in this particular, either since the Reformation, or before it" "This sacrifice," he says, "may be worth the *while of any man who has a stake to lose.*" Was it "for this, among the rest," that the historian of the Reformation "was ordained" to recommend what he thinks will support the most abominable system of fraud, injustice, and selfishness, against

what he calls "the contempt of the laws of the land, in our rural parishes?" And has he the effrontery to appeal to the self-interest of our feudal lords in behalf of his tottering establishment; and, while he strives to extort from their fears what their sense of justice has so long denied, make an increased provision for their younger brothers serve as a prop to the edifice which has sheltered them from poverty? Does he really, in the simplicity of his heart, believe that family aggrandizement can much longer be promoted by the debasement of religion; or that the law of primogeniture, to which the Church is indebted for the greatest part of its corruption, is now to be its protection; or that family livings will survive proprietary boroughs and parchment votes; while our political institutions are adapting themselves to the wants and wishes of the empire, and scarcely one-third of its inhabitants are to be found within the pale of its ecclesiastical establishment?

That it may not be thought fanciful to trace a connexion between the law of primogeniture and the Church Establishment, we may adduce the authority of one whose sagacity and sincerity will be disputed by no one. They have found an ardent admirer and a warm advocate in Dr. Chalmers; and it is very remarkable that he rests their defence upon the very grounds of the objection which has so often been raised against them, and is pleased with an arrangement which others look upon with regret or disgust. "We rejoice to think," he says, in his recent work on Political Economy, p. 376, "that a church may be upheld, in all its endowments, without being, in any right sense of the word, an incubus upon the nation; while it seems to mitigate the hardship, which has been imputed to the law of primogeniture. We are aware that this is not the precise and proper argument for a religious establishment; yet convinced, upon other grounds, of the vast utility of such an institution, we cannot but regard it as one beneficial consequence of the law in question, that it enlists, on the side of a church, the warmest affections of nature, the sympathies and feelings of domestic tenderness. We are aware of the reckless and unprincipled patronage to which this has given rise; and that a provision for younger sons has been viewed as the great, if not the only, good of a church, by many who hold the dispensation of its offices. It is this which has alienated from the establishment so large a portion of the community; and, if the abuse of an institute were a sufficient argument for its destruction, perhaps the Church of England will be found to have sealed its own doom, and to have brought upon itself the sentence of its own overthrow," &c.

Dr. Lushington, when cross-examined upon this subject, by the electors of the Tower Hamlets, declared, that he had paid but little attention to the question, and was not aware that it had excited any interest in the public mind. Perhaps, as the law exists, he may defend it, as he not long ago defended the practice of suttees, or, at least, condescended to be counsel for those who are endeavouring to prevent their abolition. The sacrifice of younger children, and the burning of widows, are, doubtless, equally matters of indifference to the lawyer, till the retaining fee find its way from the palm to the sensorium, and the electric fluid conveys the shock from the venal tongue of the advocate to the astonished ears of his former admirers. The annals of the court, in which he has pleaded so long and so ably, might have supplied the learned civilian with a pretty long commentary on this trifling text. He might have seen the operation of this law, and found, perhaps, a reason for its continuance, in the long lucrative lists of actions for *crim. con.*, and in the profitable suits for alimony, separation, and divorce. The learned and

accomplished civilian has often, in his place in Parliament, professed attachment to our "happy establishment" of Church and State. He probably sees nothing objectionable in the law of descent: affection for the one almost implies predilection for the other. *Qui Bavium non adit, amet tua carmina, Mævi.** That the agitation of this question was not received with such indifference here, at the end of the last century, is matter of history. In Gregory's Essays, the second edition of which was published in 1788, is the following passage: "The injustice and folly of primogeniture, affecting the inheritance in civilized states, is evident, from the common practice of evading the custom, by permitting the absolute disposal of our possessions by testament, even where the legislature has not courage to contend with an old, though ridiculous prejudice. There are, indeed, reasons why the eldest son should possess the *least*, instead of the *greatest*, part. He proves generally more expensive to his parents, during their lifetime, than the rest of the children; he is also the first provided for: I mean, by being introduced into a profession; and, on the whole, it is assigning to chance, and not to reason, the distribution of effects. The expectation of superior fortune often serves only to nurture the first-born in pride, insolence, vanity, and ignorance; who, therefore, proves frequently a very unworthy person; while the rest, and probably the most deserving part of the family, are legally consigned to want and misery, vice, and prostitution."

Dr. Chalmers may see, in the Church establishment of his own country, advantages and beauties, which those who have ceased to communicate with her are unable or unwilling to find; but, is he prepared to pass the same eulogy upon the sister institution of England? or to be equally delighted with its offset in Ireland, where an exotic religion has been planted by the hand of violence, has been watered with the blood and tears of the people, and is now producing fruits which are neither "sweet to the taste," nor "pleasing to the eye." What would have been the condition of Scotland, had she been cursed with the same boon? That she narrowly escaped the tender mercies of our deliverer, William, is well known. In the *Gentleman's Magazine* for April 1774, is a letter from Dr. Rose, Bishop of Edinburgh, to a friend in London. It is dated 1713, and gives an account of the proceedings of the Episcopal party with regard to the Revolution of 1688. The writer proceeds to say, "Then the Bishop [of London, Compton,] directing his discourse to me, said,—My Lord, you see that the King, having thrown himself upon the waters, must keep himself a-swimming with one hand. The Presbyterians have joined him closely, and offer to support him; and, therefore, he cannot cast them off, unless he could see how otherwise he could be served. And the King bids me tell you, that he knows the state of Scotland much better than he did, when he was in Holland; for, while there,

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* Let not these strictures, on an amiable and useful man, be considered unjust or too severe. We have the precedent of his own authority for the censure thus passed on him: nor can "the disgust" he felt, when Mr. Burge declared in the House of Commons, that the slave was *the freehold* of his master, be greater than the indignation excited by the hired advocate of men who stood self-convicted of murder under the cloak and sanction of religion. Humanity and commonsense are equally outraged by a system which thus merges the man in the lawyer, and employs in the support of barbarism and brutality that eloquence and ingenuity which freedom and philanthropy had fondly thought exclusively devoted to their service. The jealousy we feel is proportioned to the value of the subject and the merits of the object.

he was made believe that Scotland, generally all over, was Presbyterians; but now he sees that the great body of the nobility and gentry are for Episcopacy; and it is the trading and inferior sort are for Presbytery: wherefore he bids me tell you, that, if you will undertake to serve him to the purpose that he is served here in England, he will take you by the hand, support the Church and order, and throw off the Presbyterians." The Bishop declined acceding to these terms, as he had no instructions from the Bishops in Scotland, by whom he had been deputed to London, and was neither inclined to such terms himself, nor believed that his brethren would agree to them.

The Scottish Church is poor, and offers no compensation to the younger sons of the laird for the small mess of pottage they obtain from the family table; and as entails are perpetual, this is probably one reason why they are more unpopular in Scotland than in England. They will become more so, when the Treasury is as poor as the Kirk. The general impression, with respect to the justice of this law, may be inferred from the metaphor we use to express our sense of an inveterate evil. We say, such a thing has been *entailed* upon us: this is always used in a *bad sense*. When we say that Pitt *entailed* an enormous debt upon the country, no one supposes that he conferred a blessing upon us; and none but a disappointed corruptionist would apply the word to Earl Grey's Reform Bill.

The true principles of non-conformity, seem to be better understood on the north side of the Tweed than in England, where the corruption of the church is attributed to the aristocratical leaven which its wealth has attracted to it; whereas, the chief objections to the establishment, in Scotland, are to be traced to the system of patronage, which is at once a cause of subserviency, and an infringement of the rights of conscience. Nearly one-third of the whole population are seceders from the kirk; not so much on account of doctrine or discipline, but, because the right of appointment is found to operate against the interests of the community. The poverty of the Scottish National Church has, doubtless, secured Scotland from those abuses which are so injurious to the English people, and so disgraceful to their clergy. By driving the scions of the aristocracy into the arms of commerce, it has given a degree of dignity and respectability to trade, as yet unknown in England; and has thus shown how much the asperities of life would be softened down, and its harmony promoted, by the abolition of those monopolies which have elevated one class by depressing every other. Yet, on the other hand, the system of patronage has subjected the ministers of religion to a dependence which must lessen their proper influence over their flocks, or turn it into a political channel; and thus bring odium upon the establishment, by connecting its offices with party-feelings, and making ecclesiastical preferment a reward for electioneering skill, or a retaining fee for a parliamentary canvass. The public sale, by advertisement, of kirk patronage, will not, if the present feeling on the subject continues, be much longer tolerated.

In Evelyn's memoirs, there is a curious picture of church and state, a parallel to which might perhaps be found in the present day, under the date of March 30, 1684. He thus writes:—

"The Bishop of Rochester (Dr. Turner) preached before the king; after which his majesty, accompanied with three of his natural sons, the Dukes of Northumberland, Richmond, and St. Albans, (sons of Portsmouth, Cleveland, and Nelly) went up to the altar; the three boys en-

tering before the king within the rails, at the right hand, and three bishops on the left, viz.: London, who officiated, Durham and Rochester, with the sub-dean, Dr. Holder; the king, kneeling before the altar, making his offering; the bishops first received, and then his majesty; after which he retired to a canopied seat on the right hand."

The union between the government and any religious institution has a strong tendency to bring both into disrepute. The discontent produced by misgovernment is extended to the Church with which it is associated; and the dissent which the privileges of an ecclesiastical establishment are sure to occasion, directs its hostility to the political constitution that protects them. The friendship of the one is not less injurious to its object than the enmity of the other. When Scripture is quoted for the purposes of arbitrary power, and the throne is built upon the altar, the priest who ascribes the same foundation and the same sanction to moral and political obedience, injures the master he professes to serve, and gives strength to those opinions which it his duty to combat. The disgust which is naturally felt at the discovery of absurd and mischievous notions is transferred, by those who are more quick in resenting deception than in separating truth from falsehood, to those principles with which they have been casually conjoined; and the "fear of God" is despised, because it is coupled with the "love of the King." If such sentiments were received with as much eagerness as they are taught, no security for good government could ever be obtained. The doctrine of "passive obedience," however, and of "non-resistance," will never want advocates while the head of the State is the head of the Church. "God and the King," says Blanco White, in his Letters on Spain, "are so coupled together in the language of this country, that the same title of Majesty is applied to both. You hear from the pulpit the duties that men owe to *both Majesties*." There is a similar piece of impiety or folly in the appellation we bestow on our monarch; and more absurdity, because Charles II., who first received this title, disgraced even royalty by his vices; and because we pray that spiritual grace may be granted to the same person, whom, at the same time, and in the same place, we call "*most religious and gracious*." The feeling which thus assimilates a fellow-mortal to the Divine Being is universal; and its effects on the mind, in degrading both those who offer and those who accept this fulsome incense, is not confined to any country or time. It was the same base feeling which led Virgil to prostitute his muse by the meanest sycophancy, and suggested to an English prelate to dishonour his religion by applying to his sovereign the language appropriate to his Creator; nor was Augustus more gratified by the compliment, "*Erit illa mihi semper Deus*," than was James, when assured that he was "the breath of his subjects' nostrils." There is no weakness or wickedness that may not be expected from this mixture of sacred and profane things, this joint worship of God and Mammon. Saint Pierre says, he was much surprised at Berlin, by the view of several portraits which the King of Prussia had ordered to be put up in the churches in honour of those who had died on the field of battle. Their names, and that of the places where they fell, were, with occasional verses, affixed to the frames, in commemoration of their feats of arms, and as an incentive to military glory. We have not yet adopted this piece of Church and State policy. The head of our inestimable establishment would not condescend to follow the example of his royal brother. We have, however, hung up in our cathedrals the flags we have taken from our

enemies; and religion is instructed to pray to the "God of Peace" for destruction on "our fierce and haughty foes." How can war cease, when it is thus excited by those who should condemn it?*

In legislating upon this important subject, any measure to be final must be based upon first principles. Commutation of tithes, equalization of benefices, and abolition of Episcopal translations, are mere palliatives to evils which arise from the exclusive nature of the system, and which are the offspring of an incongruous alliance, the hybrid of an unnatural union. If compensation be awarded, commensurate with the tenure of the usufruct, (and what else is it?) security might be given that the transition from monopoly to freedom should affect neither vested interests nor reasonable expectations. The argument drawn from considerations that would place Church property on the same footing with every other kind, by proving too much, proves nothing. It was granted originally for certain purposes; and who is to judge whether those purposes have been fulfilled? If the Church would enjoy the estate, while it declines compliance with the conditions, or refuses to the party for whose benefit it exists, the right of deciding upon the quantum of benefit received, the creature of the State is independent of its maker, and an eleemosynary corporation is equally irresponsible to its founders and its trustees. This mode of reasoning, if valid against what is called *spoliation*, is valid against those changes which have already taken place; it is valid against the claim of the Protestant Church itself. The Curates Bill, the Pluralities Bill, the Act for Enforcing the Residence of the Clergy, are all unjust curtailments of a beneficial interest in ecclesiastical property; the transfer of tithes from the Catholic to the Reformed Church was equally unjust; and the present establishment is founded in usurpation. What is it like? not the will of the founder, for that has been set aside; not the consent of the nation, for that sanction it now denies to be of any force; not prescription, for that was not allowed in favour of its predecessor; not the authority of Scripture, for that is either silent upon the subject, or opposed to the inference; not the promotion of religious instruction, for that would be begging the whole question at issue; not a grant from the legislature, for that cannot bind its successors. What, then, is the nature of this

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* "Wicliffe," says Gilpin, in his life of that reformer, "seems to have thought it wrong, upon the principles of the gospel, to take away the life of man upon any occasion. The whole trade of war he thought utterly unlawful." It is singular how opposite have been the methods adopted by the different divisions of the Christian world in defending their respective differences of *faith*, and their similarity of *acting*. Each sect maintains its own creed by the authority of particular texts, while its adversaries oppose the general tenor of Scripture to the arguments it adduces; partial interpretation and prejudice against truth are imputed and retorted on all sides. With respect to the legality or illegality of war, on the contrary, there appears to be, with one or two exceptions, a universal consent to overlook the spirit of mildness and mercy, which pervades the whole gospel, and plead the incidental and isolated observations of its founder, in favour of a practice which is directly at variance with the fundamental principles of his religion, and involves the breach of nearly all its practical precepts.

We are told by the 37th Article of the Church of England, that "it is lawful for Christian men, at the commandment of the magistrate, to wear weapons, and serve in the wars." The legality of war is thus put, not upon the justice of the cause, but upon the command of the government. Such a doctrine is better suited to the worshippers of Moloch or the followers of Mahomet, than to the teachers of a religion, the founder of which was sent to proclaim "peace on earth, and good-will towards men."

mysterious being, which is at once infallible, unaccountable, and eternal? From whom did it derive these extraordinary attributes?—and why were they given? These are questions which it requires no metaphysical subtlety to answer. Let us hope that the conduct of the Church will prove an exception to the general rule laid down by Robertson, in his History of Scotland: "To abandon usurped power, to renounce lucrative error, are sacrifices which the virtue of individuals has, on some occasions, offered to truth. But from any society of men no such effort can be expected. The corruptions of a society, recommended by common utility, and justified by universal practice, are viewed by its members without shame or horror; and reformation never proceeds from themselves, but is always forced upon them by some foreign hand."

THE PLAINT OF CERTAIN CORAL BEADS.

Θάλασσα Θάλασσα.

SPOILER of forbidden wealth
Guarded by the hoary waves!
When we mourn thy cruel stealth,
Sorrowing for our quiet caves,
Doth it calm our wistful pining
That the chains we hate are shining?
Boast we beauty's gauds to be?
Can the state such bondage shares,
Thoughtless liking, loveless cares,
Sudden angers, wilful airs,
Sooth us like the mighty sea?

Though, in hours when suitors press
Near the shrine of star-bright eyes,
Mysteries, some would die to guess,
Our familiar touch descries;
When a startled throb or tremble,
Woman's craft would fain dissemble,
Through our light embraces swells;—
Fruitless secrets—vainly taught,—
Bliss unheeded—trust unsought—
Can they quench the constant thought
Of our dreamy ocean-cells?

Though the glowing bands we form,
Oft by redder lips be pressed,
And a slumber, soft and warm,
Fold us on a dovelike breast,—
Not to love, but love's bestowing
Gentle care and kiss are owing:—
Is the passion changed or cloyed,
Doth the giver's light grow less?
Banished from the sweet recess,
Sportive pressure, fond caress,
See our mimic worth destroyed!

Then, in close and narrow keep,
Pent, with scorned and faded toys,
Mourn we for the glassy deep,
Sigh we for our early joys!
What has earth like ocean's treasures?
More than craving avarice measures,
More than Fancy's dream enchants,
Deck the booming caves below,
Where green waters ever flow
Under groves of pearl, that grow
In the mermaid's glimmering haunts.

Under spar-enchased bowers,
Bending on their twisted stems,
Glow the myriad ocean-flowers,
Fadeless—rich as orient gems.
Hung with seaweed's tasselled fringes,
Dyed with all the rainbow's tinges,
Rise the Triton's palace walls.
Pallid silver's wandering veins
Stream, like frostwork, o'er the stains;
Pavements thick, with golden grains,
Twinkle through their crystal halls.

And a music wild and low
Ever, o'er the curved shells,
Wanders with a fitful flow
As the billow sinks or swells.
Now, to faintest whispers hushing,
Now, in louder cadence gushing,
Wakens from their pleasant sleep
All the tuneful Nereid-throng,
Till their notes of wreathed song
Float in magic streams along,
Chanting joyaunce through the deep.

Chance or change,—the clouds of time—
Sorrow,—winter storm, or blight,
Comes not near our peaceful clime;
Nor the strife of day with night.
Death, who walks the earth in riot,
Stirs not our primeval quiet:
Scarce his distant rage we know
From the dreary things of clay,
Slain, alas! in ocean's play,
Whom the sea-maids shroud and lay
In the silent caves below.

Fond! to deem we count it pride
Thus to deck the fair of earth!
We, whose beauty-peopled tide
Gave the foam-born goddess birth!
Her, whose glory's radiant fulness,
All too bright for mortal dulness,
Sparkles in a lovelier star!
Are not Ocean's shady places
Rich in kindred forms and faces,
Choral bands of sister-Graces
Circling Amphitrite's car?

Toiling o'er the shallow page,
Vainly pedants seek the lore
Taught us by that Prophet sage,
Whom our azure Thetis bore.
Wiser Eld his solemn numbers,
Listening, stole from Ocean's slumbers,
Signs of coming doom to learn.
Poor were all your labours reap,
To the gifted seers that keep
Mysteries of the ancient deep,
Drawn from Nereus' sacred urn.

Let us find our old retreat,
Yield us to the kissing wave,
From the daylight's parching heat
In its cool profound to lave.
If ye needs must rob for beauty,
Earth's abysses teem with booty,
Gems, that love the blaze of day:—
We are tired of glittering shows,
And the strife of man's display;
Let us sink to sweet repose
Where the lulling water flows;
Give us to our native bay!

SOME LATE PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF JOHN BULL, ESQ.

(Concluded from Page 83.)

CHAPTER VIII, AND LAST.

Shewing how Jockey of Norfolk waited upon his cousin Bill Boswain; the Interview between Sergeant Arthur O'Bradley and Sly Bob; the Prophecy, or spaeing of Silly Billy; the Conspiracy against Mrs. Bull; Peg's Matrimonial Arrangements, and the Grand Jubilee of Madam Reform.

At the close of last chapter we left Jockey of Norfolk dropping in upon Bill Boswain and Tom Pipes, the former trolling forth the old stave of *Gaffer Grey*. Bill, if the truth must be told, did not now above half like Greysteel; and his reasons were odd enough, as you shall hear.

When the footboy, seeing the back parlour so full of good company, ushered Jockey of Norfolk up to the cock-loft, Bill was rather taken aback, especially when he heard Jockey's errand, who said he only called to give him a friendly caution, as an old friend of his father's family; —he feared Bill did not understand the trim of John's wife, she was a damned crank craft in the present breeze. Bill looked seriously affronted, "Obliged certainly to his cousin Norfolk, but he'd be hanged if, for the life of him, he could spell it out. He meant," he said, "to have gone down and shaken hands with John, and have had a gossip with Mrs. Bull too, and taken his wife and the wenches to see how gallantly Atty would squire in Madam, if her French fal-als were once off."

"Can't get through a Christian door, they tell me, in the hoops and fardingales Gaffer and Doctor Russell have tricked her out with—carries too much sail, Jockey—wont do—capsize the ship first breeze; and here you tell me, cousin, that Squire John is madder than ever? I don't fancy this handsome of Master Bull to me—what the deuce signifies to him, since my wife and the wenches wish it, whether Hookey or Gaffer lead in that Madam of his? Split me! if one wouldn't fancy it was Gaffer's greybeard John was more in love with than Madam's comely countenance. Besides, (but this is between ourselves,) my wife mortally hates that pokerly Gaffer; and I can't say, Jockey, I admire him much myself of late, or care to see him much about me; for if truth must out, devil a snap, as Tom there knows, have I been served with, any time he has entered my house these ten months past, but that deuced bubble and squeak—I can't say I like it, Jockey. It a'n't good for an old tar. No, no; avast the Gaff! Good-day, Jockey; you see I am busy with Tom." It was morally impossible ever after this for honest Bill, who had been bred to the salt water, and liked to enjoy his ease, and see laughing faces about him, to separate the image of Greysteel and this devil's own mess. Doctor —— said it was a very remarkable hallucination; but this piece of learning left Bill's case much as it found it, which is a pity of much good scholar-craft.

Many hours after poor Bill was sound asleep, Noodle, and Doodle, and all the tag-rag-and-bob-tail of Rustyfusty, were still in deep consultation; and it was at last agreed that Sly Bob, who, they thought, had the art of Old Nick himself for bamboozling John and throwing dust in his eyes, and knew the length of his foot to a hair's-breadth—though this was humbug,—it was agreed if Bob would take earnest from Hookey,

one more attempt might be made to get the keys from Mrs. Bull, or if not throttle her outright, and force the lock. But no Bob was to be heard of for some time, though Bob was not far off. "He'll be raising mushrooms on his dunghill," said the indignant Prince Rusty; and when poor Silly Billy, after great sweat and toil, scented him out at last, now he was at his prayers, and must not be disturbed; and again flagellating himself for his late grievous sin in the affair of Pat's children, trying to work on the compassion of the old gentlewoman, John's mother, with whom he had long been so prodigious a favourite; and who, as the claret trickled down to his heels, would wipe her eyes, and whimper, "My poor dear simple Bobby, and this is what you called a *healing measure!* Were I like that scarlet w—re, my husband's first wife, I would lock up this cat-o'-nine-tails in my work-box now, with my netting-needles, and other trinkams, and make a sacred keepsake of it."

But Atty minded none of Bob's bam,—"Whatever he may be after, 'tis plain he gives me the go-by," quoth he. "But ere I close my eyes, I'll be at the bottom of this." And throwing his manly leg over Donkey, off he canters for Bob's alley. The activity of the old sinner was surprising; but his pride and his heart were in getting Greysteel out, and John's management into his own hands: besides, he would have felt himself for ever disgraced in the eyes of the landlord of the Black Bear, Don Pedro, and all the wenches far and near, unless he could bring this about.

The slattern serving-wench at Bob's stammers out a denial of her master, as usual; but without heeding this, Hookey dismounts, fastens Donkey by the left leg to the right leg of the stall of the green grocer at the head of Bob's Alley, moralizing on the frail nature of all human ties; but Atty was not given to consume time in moralizing: "He was," as Bags said, "a man of action;—now I am a man of reflection;" and up the garret dark stairs he tramps, tumbling over the ash-bucket, and breaking his shins on one of Tim's scouts, who lay *perdue* under a wash-tub. Tramp, tramp, hurry-scurry, and that awful sound nears Bob's sanctuary; and well did he know the thunder of that ascending cuddy-heel, which made his heart *flichter* at this time like that of a young lass when her sweetheart is approaching. Never had Bob been in such extremity; for well he knew Hookey's business;—and no evading of him, not a mouse-hole, not to speak of a rat-hole, for that might have served the turn well enough. So down he drops on his marrow-bones, and begins forthwith to rattle over his Pater Noster as fast as fire, thus hoping to gain a little time; and also that Hookey, though so long among the Pagans and Turks, had still so much of the fear of the Old Gentlewoman before him, as not to interrupt such rare devotion.

For full three minutes Hookey stood it out, his castor before his eyes, marvelling in his own mind if this could be real; for though he still believed John's servants might be fairly divided into fools and knaves, he now began to guess, that there were many more varieties of both these grand classes than he had once suspected. But there was no end to Bob's prayers, so he gives the devotee a gentle poke with his birch riding switch, which Bob knew the taste of before now. "Lord, Bob!" cries Atty, in a jeering way, "is it really true, then, that you are a Jesuit after all? A pretty *premunire*, as Bags would say, I have caught you in." Bob drew to his legs, and pretended to laugh, glad to find his guest in this merry pin, and seeing that whatever sham he made, prayers would serve

him no longer. "Give ye good e'en, Master Hookey—proud to see you in my small place,"—and placing Atty on the tall three-legged stool, he despatches the wench for a quartern of gin, as he knew that Hookey, though no glass-breaker, liked the vanity of a grand shew of entertainment wherever he came, and the best pewter and delf on the board; and Bob wished to do the genteel thing in his own house. Hookey, meantime, instead of accepting the high stool, makes—all as if half in fun—a great many flourishes, lounges, and passes with his switch, till he fairly pinions poor Bob up to the wall, with his face exactly opposite the bit of looking-glass—a rueful spectacle. "Can't guess what I'm here for, dear Innocent?" Hookey at last said, fixing his mad doctor eyes on poor Bob, till they pierced his marrow, and he began to wonder aloud when the wench would return. But this would not long do with the old dragoon, once he was fairly in the stirrups; so Bob sings forth a most lackadaisical ditty about his conscience—what Chronie, and Tims, and Specky would say of him, after what "those eaves-dropping rascals" had heard him say only last week of Madam, and before he could divine the right-about wheel the brave Hookey had thought proper to make. To give the old drill his due, he was not a bushfighter, though he dearly loved to lay an ambush or spring a mine, and would have given "Soldier's Joy's" best blue eye to have hoisted the precious Bob at this same time.

"Stuff, my dear Bob!" cried he, in brief answer to Bob's doleful ditty, as he had prosed on with "Sergeant—my conscience—and dear Corporal—my consistency, and my honest name."

"Nobody by, Bob," quoth Hookey, switching his spatterdashes, with an air Bob thought mighty provoking, though he durst say nothing. —"Will you join me, *yea* or *no*—join stakes, and go the *vole*, the throttling of Mrs. Bull included; or will you go to the devil in your own sneaking pitiful way?" And with this Hookey jerked out his ticker.—"Just three minutes I allow you to make up that ingenuous mind of yours."—"Would you but give five," stammered Bob; and more volubly he sung out the praises of Hookey, larding him with his best buttery touches, about his *brave, disinterested* friendship for Bill Boswain, and his gallantry to Bill's wife; which at other times went down well enough, but would scarce do now. Hookey's eyes were still fixed on his ticker; the time was up to a second; he raised his boot-toe significantly; dropped it, and wheeled round. "The short and the long is, Bob, that I deserve to be sainted for what you, ay, even *you*, would be damned ere you did yourself. A'n't that it, *spalpeen?*"—and off he clattered down stairs at a fearful rate; the green-grocer below swearing his feet must be cloven hoofs. But this was a mistake, and so probably was the story that went, that for three days after this the alley smelt of brimstone, though the green-grocer offered to make her oath of it before Sir Richard. Bob followed hard, thrusting his finger through Atty's buttonhole after he first caught him by the skirts, imploring him for another three minutes; or at least till the wench came back from the gin-spinner's. "Too old a bird to be caught with chaff, my good lad. And think ye John Bull, and Mrs. Bull, the jade! will wait your turnings and windings?—Hands off Donkey, pray."—And Donkey, on whom Hookey mounted with his best dragoon air, kicked and flung, and brayed, till the alley rung again, as if in contempt of Bob's shilly-shallying. Round Bob flies to the other side, and begins to tickle the old drill on his cock-fighting exploits, and what he had done for John, and how surely his merciful nature could not desert the mad Squire in his

present plight. "Tip me no more of your blarney, Squire Bob. If I'm half what you say, why not take service with me? Catch me asking you twice; remember Huskey?" Poor Bob!—his neighbour, the green-grocer,—though they were not on the best of terms, owing to an old quarrel about the handle of the pump in the back-yard,—being a woman of a compassionate disposition, truly pitied him, when Donkey, flinging and rearing, fled out of his desperate clutches, leaving a good handful of the longest hairs of his tail. "Ruined and undone," cried Bob, "by that old, stupid, pig-headed tyrant's obstinate humour; as pretty a piece of work botched as ever I set eyes on. Could he, by my advice, have but managed for a week or two, I should have come in Under-steward with flying colours; but I'll down to the hall and blarney him there. He'll hear it at second hand; and like all the red-coat coxcombs, he has still a power to say among the women—and in Bill's house—but no matter." And down he came, and flourished away upon the virtues of Hookey, till Mrs. Bull and the whole family were like to split their sides; and when put to it, he said right was right in one sense for an old trooper, but in quite another for a plain, pains-taking lad like himself, who had a conscience to keep, and a wife and children to maintain. John Bull laughed the louder.

It was to Sweet Home Hookey hied on leaving Bob's Alley, where Silly Billy and some others waited his arrival, one airing the slippers, another holding the pipe, and a third with the spitoon of the old Turk; each with a view to some small job of his own, were it but driving John's geese to the common. "Hark ye, Billy, my poor lad, fetch me hither Ally Croaker, neck and crop; he won't bother me with *his* conscience:" —And charged with so important a hest, no grass grew at the long heels of Billy; though some said he looked flustered when he returned with "Ally Croaker's compliments to Hookey, the Indomitable and Magnificent the three-tailed Hookey—now, he understood, Squire Bull's sole servant: his man-servant and his maid-servant, his washer and his wringer, and the assurances of his (Ally's) highest consideration; but upon his conscience as an honest man——" But here poker, tongs, snuff-horn, bootjack, spitoon, and all, saluted the foozy head of poor trembling Billy, who ducking to avoid each well-aimed missile, called out, in a plaintive voice, "but hear me, hear me out!—cannot consistently with his honour, or as an honest man, wear your livery, till he better sees how he is to be paid." Something between a grin and smile ran along the tough cordage of Hookey's face.

"And farther, for the *Talking Potato*," quoth Billy, revived by this sudden gleam of sunshine, "he begs to advise your honour that Squire Bull, a testy, skittish brute at all times, is in a doubly fractious humour now,—a kittle colt to shoe behind, as Sister Peg says in her classic way."

Billy thought it wisdom to conceal that Ally had cried "Zounds! does his pig-head fancy the blood of the Croakers will swallow what the scum of a weaver has strained at!" and had vapoured about "his honour being sullied." Hookey grinned at this last, like a clown at a fair through a horse-collar for a wager, and tossed a fippenny bit to Billy, as earnest of better; who looking at it carefully on both sides, and rubbing it on his sleeve, next whispers mysteriously, that if his honour will give him his fist, he could read him a bit of his fortune. "Lauk, Billy, who ever took thee for a conjurer and reader of the signs of these troubled times?" quoth Atty, grinning again, and holding out his hard

paw, into which Billy poked with due solemnity, making a visage as long as a moderate horse's head. "Pettifogger, or some such knave has put him up to this now," thinks Hookey; "but I'll let him hold forth."

"A fool may give a wise man counsel, my grandmother was wont to say," quoth Billy. "There's more cross, crabbed, crank lines than enow in your honour's bountiful palm," and he poked and nuzzled like a puppy opening the hand on the bone held from him. "I would warn your worship, of all loves, to beware of a dark-browed, stern, elderly fellow, who has his eye upon you; ay, there he is as plain as a pike-staff, with a Mont Blanc of periwig, and a very Schauffhausen of cravat. He has crossed your honour in the wars before now:—not in the House of Mars though, your honour's present danger lies. But dickens and daisies! what be's here? under Venus; a giglet of the sanguine complexion, chestnut-coloured hair,—by which I take it is meant hair the colour of chestnuts; but whether raw chestnuts or roasted chestnuts, which makes a monstrous difference, my art (in which we must allow for the wind) does not shew, which may in my prediction cause a few shades of——" But here Hookey whisks away his fist, and lends Billy a smack on the jaws made the fire start from his eyes. "Keep *that*, Billy, my dear, till you can pay it over to those wise heads who set you on to this same fortune-telling; and *that* for yourself as a small first specimen of *my* skill in palmistry; and now trudge, bustle, follow my heels with that pock-mantle in the corner."

"Lord," quoth Billy, "catch —— setting me up to this again, ay, for a whole half-crown, if she should call me Too-late-to-dinner, ever after: But what have we got here?" and Billy peeps into the portmanteau as knowingly curious as ever you saw a magpie peep into a marrow-bone. "As I'm a sinner, a bolster! He does then really mean to smother Mrs. Bull, poor lady, in her bed this night, as the Black-moor does the gentle-woman in the play? Lud a' mercy what a Turk! His blood be on his own head! I'm an innocent lad looking after a bit of bread, and, moreover, but a servant. I wonder what Gaffer would give me now, if I 'peached and turned King's evidence." And with such salvoes for his tender conscience, Billy trudged after his master, thinking with himself, "If Brummagem Tom meet me now with my bolster, the *corpus delicti*, as we said at Lincoln's, I were as good be a Squaw found by the other tribe with a diamond necklace of fresh, green scalps——" and he crept closer and closer to Hookey's cuddy-heels.

When Noodle, and Doodle, and Don, and all formerly mentioned in this veritable history of the pure blood and porcelain clay of *That Most Mighty and Potent Prince, &c.* learned that neither Sly Bob nor yet Ally would venture to serve with Hookey, and that even Goldie had "his scruples" forsooth! they were in a pitiable taking. "I have an inordinate reverence for *That Most Mighty and Potent Prince, &c. &c.*" quoth Sir Dismal, "my most noble cousin, in whose entail my own name is enrolled; but though near is my shirt, nearer is my skin;" and some of them pretended to be aghast at the idea of murdering Mrs. Bull in cold blood.

"John, in his present humour, would cut her up like the Levite's concubine, and send a limb of her to every quarter of the parish to raise the neighbours on us," said the Welshman. "And he'd be sure to take another wife, a worse spit-fire than the present," said Pettifoger; though it was clear to Billy there where he stood, his arms aching under his bolster, that there would have been no scruple about smothering Mrs.

Bull, save for enraging John, and for fear of what was to be done with the body. To be sure Tempestoso Bullyrook swore "he would eat it, for the general good, and make no bones of it," but he said many things he did not always do, and swore more. There were still great doubts. The old gentlewoman's friends told that she was shockingly alarmed. "Great doubts," said Heckelpins; and Old Bags next "doubted," which looked so like doubting till doomsday, that Billy saw no hope for himself. And so they snapped and worried away, and every minute the scouts came in with woful tidings; Peg, Pat, Tom, Madam's admirer the Paisley weaver, all were at it! The COVENANT had been as a spell to raise Peg's blood; besides, as she honestly owned, she had set her heart on having a husband. "I have *now* monstrous doubts," quoth Swaggerer; Braggadocio owned that he feared *Greysteel* must have his way. "I too have *now* great doubts," quoth the Raw Duckling. "I have none!" shouted Hookey; and snatching the bolster from his henchman, he lets it fly in the face of the learned clerk of Oxenforde for a few good reasons of his own. "Cowardly curs!" he cried, "send for Gaffer or for Beelzebub, if ye list, and hear ye my parting words,—May John Bull henceforth use *That Most Mighty and Potent Mule*, as That Most Mighty and Potent Ass has hitherto used him. There's my departing legacy,—trudge Billy——" The Dons swelled like the Baltic in a north-easter; but little cared Hookey, he was off like a whirlwind; and Bill's wenches, Jenny Driver, Soldier's Joy, and the rest, that night sung the song of Willow, meant for poor innocent Mrs. Bull. "He'll never enter John's hall again," said the wenches; "this is the last the ungrateful wretches will see of the brave Hookey!" But not three nights were over when the old itching came on him, and back he was in the teeth of the Squire. Some thought the devil and the wenches had driven Atty off the hooks before this. Certain it is, he has not been the same man for a long time back as in his days of cock-fighting.

Bill Boswain, I may tell you, had no great relish for the spot of work left for him to finish after this fine kick-up; nor yet for laying all the imps Hookey had madly raised. Yet necessity has no law, and sadly down in the mouth he sends for Greysteel, secretly wishing him far enough. It was clear that Gaffer was John's man, and John's only. New days at the hall now; but back comes Greysteel, as soon and no sooner, than properly and respectfully invited; "as pokerish as ever," Jenny Driver said, who hung over the bannisters, swearing she would heave the slop-pail over his pate, if Bill brought him back to the place. But of what passed in the Steward's room at this time, I can only relate a few particulars; though some got a cold, and a buzzing in their ears that day, with which they ring till now.

"What sneezing is that behind?" quoth Gaffer. "My wife's tortoise-shell kitten in the cupboard," answers Bill. "Her sneezing betokens change of weather—don't it—eh, Gaff? Scotch Joe would grudge her keep in John's house,—that's a kitten catches no mice—ha! ha! ha!" cried Bill; and as a joke usually puts the maker of it in good humour with himself at any rate, Greysteel thought this was the time to mention Madam's passport or certificate. Bill looked glum. "This confounded whitloe of mine! My wenches say I write such a crabbed hand, there is no good of it. You must get *her* back in some way, Gaff. I shall make the tailor write to all my cousins to make way for her, with a pox! For I must own I don't much like her now—my wife never did:—women sharp, Gaff——"

"Whatever is done must be done quickly," said Greysteel, firmly. "Madam must be *in* or I must be *out*. For what am I sent? The Squire will be fobbed off no longer."

"My wenches don't think, 'fobbed off,' a handsome word for Master Bull to use to me," said Bill. "It a'n't a genteel phrase."—"Sorry for it," said Gaffer, taking up his hat. "We think it rather a vulgar trick in you Gaff to be going about every where in this hoity-toity fashion, with that long scraggy Broom in your hand, like an old scavenger, though we thought it funny enough at first. They say, too, you consort o' nights with Brummagem Tom, and Tims!—won't do Gaff. My wenches and varlets don't admire it. You must give 'em up, and take counsel of Hookey—rare fellow Hookey—my wenches all in love with *him*—all dance to his fiddle—a jolly night as often as he comes the way." "If you please I am not here to talk of Master Arthur O'Bradley, of whom I never spoke otherwise than with becoming respect,—but of Madam's passport and the Squire's business, to which you must surely *now* have made up your mind since you have sent for me." "Lord, Gaff, you are so crusty!" And poor Bill glanced hastily round. "To be sure, as my wife says, what must be, must be. That Most Mighty and Potent Prince, I'll be hanged if I remember his long yarn of a name; but hark ye"—And here Bill lowered his voice to a whisper—"He comes *in John's mercy.*" "Enough said," replied Greysteel, slightly raising his eyebrows. "Madam and her friends have sense and generosity, they won't abuse confidence—but what noise is this?" But vain it were to describe the face, to which Greysteel feared to lift his eye. My friend George Cruickshank for that, to all the world, and the Isle of Wight!

"Our ——— frying-pan at its old work. Be off, Gaffer; and excuse me, but I'll be hanged if I care to see your face again, or your Broom either." But before he went, Greysteel said he hoped Bill would come down in his Sunday suit, to visit John, and Madam, and Mrs. Bull. Whatever the bar-maid of the Black Bear might say, ay, or Jenny Driver either, John and Madam were his best friends, and would be happy to see him and his wife abroad in their calash, and freely forgive all that had passed." There was now a great scratching and squeaking, as if of rats behind the plaster. Bill looked flurriedly round,—"Not sure if he could come—wasn't clean shirt dry; his wife had her great wash, one of these days," Greysteel thought these poor excuses, and though he had heard of poor Bill's sansculloterie, he was too delicate to notice that misfortune. Bill said never a word of it himself. "It a'n't good for my health to be gadding about in these high breezes. Can't go to Temple-bar's any way—a'n't genteel; nor to the *Steel's** hops neither;—vulgar hops the Steel's, my wenches say, only two tallow candles and one blind fiddler—ha! ha! ha! that true, Gaff?" Greysteel, who was a discreet man, said nothing; but certain it is, that Bill never looked near John's hall, nor shewed the least civility to either Madam or Mrs. Bull, which was a pity, as the Squire was most willing to make it all up, and shake hands the first minute they met. John readily forgave all incivilities offered to himself, but he would suffer no disrespect to be shewn to his wife or to Madam his best friend. * * * *

And now for the pen of old blind John, one of her truest worshippers, to describe her final triumphant entry. And of all the days in the year

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* The contempt cast on the Whig *parties*—not party, need not be insisted upon.

when should this fall out but upon the 4th of June, *anno domini*, 1832, when the larks were up and abroad in heaven, and the Broom waving its golden blossoms on every slope; and when down upon his marrow-bones, with a rope about his neck, *will he nill he*, comes, *That Mighty and most Potent Prince, Rufus Gules d'Argent d'Or Gryphon Weveril Rustre Rampant Flory Bendsinister Wellrind Saliant Waterboujet Maximus Gustavus Heptarch Oligarch Tudor Plantagenet Cloresa Adolphus Rusty Fusty*,—without a single friend to console or sustain him in his most woful plight; and forever and a day, forswears all claim to intermeddle with the Squire's affairs, or enter his door, or have his babies nursed there, save with John's good leave; consents to have all his rotten tenements demolished, all his howlet corners exposed to the light of day, and if need were, to do penance in a white sheet for his former sins. Had you but seen then the pitiful figure he made with his chop-fallen lantern jaws! the teeth chattering in them! Fighting Winchey, Orator Mansie, and Old Hecklepins, fit to kick him, and Pat capering away at the Irish jig; and Scotch Peg clapping her hands, till "Over the hills and far away" rang again, to her heartfelt joy. The Schoolmaster was seen abroad that day—all his holyday flock about him; and the village bells were ringing; and there were wakes, and Maypoles, and dances, and garlands of oak and roses and laurel, and of Peg's own "bonny broom." A bullock roasted whole, and lots of pudding and Devonshire junket for the boys and girls; and for the old ones a smack of the jolly black jack, till their beards wagged. Such a day, they said, "had not been seen in Squire Bull's manor for one hundred and forty and four years." [1688.]

You may guess that Madam's old friends were not forgotten in the toasts drank in the hall that day, far or near, dead or alive; but her heart ached for a time, and tears filled the Squire's eyes, while Peg wept outright, to think of those who had loved Madam well, and perished for her sake, and who would proudly have enjoyed this day of her triumph, over whom the green turf was laid in far New Holland, or over whom the salt wave rolled. This part of it was very touching, I assure you; still it did not damp their joy. John in particular was perfectly happy, strolling about the lawn, overlooking the long dinner tables, and the sports, with Mrs. Bull, sweet creature! on one arm, and Madam who, though comely, was somewhat sterner-browed, on the other. Honest, open, good soul! not a thought of malice did his kind heart harbour this day. All he wished was to see every neighbour as happy as himself, and to have poor Bill along him; who dined at home on *soure croute*, which his wenches told him was much genteeler pastime than guzzling the Squire's beef and ale. "Every one to his liking," sighed Bill, when his wife went out; and he cast a longing look towards the lawn, it is said, on which Hookey drew down the window blind. * * * * * * * * * * Both Pat and Peg had still some small matters of their own to settle. Pat left his to Dan, but Peg spoke to John herself. She was prepared to start for the moors with the first of the moonlight, and had already stripped off her hose and shoon; so she pulls John's sleeve. "Hark a word in your ear, brother John; we have been ower lang strangers, though I hope we'll ne'er be so again: especially in seasons of family trouble, such as that ye have just weathered, though I'm at sea yet. It might not be mensefu' in you to meddle or make in my present matrimonial dispositions, who am come to the years of discretion myself, and maybe my proud spirit might ill brook it:—there's a respect

to be shewn even amang near kindred. But you have now a wife who is a crown of glory to ye; who being of my own sex, might say a good word for me when it's most wanted; and this is my case. Our two Gabbie Geordies,* for we have a brace o' such moorcocks, the greater is our blessing!—misleared rogues baith, or I wrang them, to me and mine, especially in this affair of my matrimonial dispositions;—they would without a word have seen me buckled till the next Mirk Monday to that crawling mass o' corruption Borrowstoun, or to that gilligapus, the cock-laird, a noted dicer, if not a dyvour; and thought me even ower bold to complain of my luck in marriage. But now that I'm likely, as the Book says, to have my reproach taken away among women, and to be courted for the first time in my own house in a wiselike, respectfu', mensefu' manner, what think you of them that will hear of nothing in the shape of man for Peg under six feet two!†—the new statute measure o' the Geordies—Feint a hair shorter, it seems, will do, with my great walth in tocher-gude,‡ for a strapping hizzie like myself."

"And what makes you so angry at that, Peg," cried John laughing; "is not that a high compliment to you, lass."

"A compliment, John!—ye are a simple man still. It's allenarly to bubble me out o' a husband a'thegither! that's what it is! De'il come ower their sooplesnouts for't. Never a word, as ye may remember,—though I believe ye are ay taken up mostly with your ain family affairs"—said Peg, dryly—"never a word of the scrimp stature of the auld gudeman, I got the name o': for what was it but a name? though a Droich, a Pech, a Trow, scantly four feet by five.‖ Now has not that a queer look? But ye will tell your mettlesome wife (and I am sure to get poor Pat's good word) to speak up for me when my back is at the wall; and say that if I get a man to my mind, and aboon all of my ain waling, I'm no sae preceese and pernicketty about his inches. Now mind this; and I may do so as much for you again, brother John. The King's errand has erenow lain i' the cadger's road."

"You speak like the lass of sense, Peg, all the world knows you for; and my wife *shall* speak for you, were it her dying speech." But Peg was crossed in what she called her "matrimonial dispositions" again after this, and in a wilder rage than ever; for what does her Loudon Geordie, but insist that she should marry no husband who did not, when in town, keep a riding elephant!§ On hearing this, Peg was neither to hold nor to bind. "An elephant!" she shouted, "will neither colt, nag, mare, gelding, mule, nor cuddy serve the turn?" And off she sends a caddie to Mrs. Bull and Gaffer, who soon took up the cause, and put an end to this new device to mar her marriage; about the framers of which Peg hinted that she had her own suspicions, though it was all fathered on Loudon Geordie.

This was the first time that ever John and his sister Peg drew cor-

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* Sir George Clerk and Sir George Murray. *Query?*

† Those who first disclaimed all change in the representation of Scotland, at last insisted that sixty-two members were the least number that could be accepted!

‡ The increased wealth of Scotland was next insisted upon, as the measure of increase of members.

‖ The old forty-five.

§ This probably typifies the clause for raising the qualification of candidates for boroughs to L.300 a-year in landed property, which threw Peg into such a fury when the Scotch Bill was on the eve of passing; a mysterious affair, of which the blame was fathered on Sir George Clerk, though there were shrewd suspicions at that time in Scotland, that certain Whigs should have divided it with him.

dially together. It is to be hoped it may not be the last, for blessed, as Brummagem Tom said, is family UNION; a truth illustrated in those LATE REMARKABLE PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF JOHN BULL, ESQUIRE, and which may be farther evidenced before this play is played out, between the *Steels* and *Rustys*. The latter knaves insist that the bringing in of Madam is but the beginning of sorrow; and the fault will not be theirs if they fail to make it so. From which, and from all their wicked and villainous devices! MAY WE BE PRESERVED! AMEN.

MEET ME TO-NIGHT.

BY CAPTAIN CALDER CAMPBELL.

MEET me to-night! when in the sky is gleaming
The royal moon, that shineth sadly down
On sleeping heads, the dreamless and the dreaming:
On silent valley, and on stirring town,
Sadly she shineth, Queen of heavenly quiet!
For, oh! Endymion's sleep hath ended now;
And, vanish'd from the earth, its rush and riot
Have spread a holy sorrow on her brow.

Meet me to-night! when silence is around us,—
The silence that partakes of rapture; when
The chains of custom which, by day, have bound us
To follow in the track of common men,
And pace the treadmill of the stagnant spirit,
Have crumbled into nothingness, and freed
The panting intellect that would inherit
Such liberty as soaring spirits need!

Meet me to-night! Our converse shall be taken
From the rich stores of thought which night flings forth;
And thy sweet voice shall, in my heart, awaken
Bright hopes that have no business with earth!
Glory shall be above us,—clear stars o'er us—
The winds that whistle to the leaves that dance—
The wide expanse of ocean stretched before us—
All shall revive our first youth's sweet romance!

And we shall talk of mysteries that darken
Around the path of man till light breaks in,
When to the wisdom of the sage we hearken,
And from the page of truth bright knowledge win;
Of human learning, and its various ranges,
Where sophisms dazzle, or where facts convince;
Of mind, with all its weaknesses and changes,
Till strengthen'd by the woes from which we wince.

Meet me to-night! Our musings shall be given
To more than the lost pleasures of our youth:
Alas! how many in the book of Heaven,
Detecting falsehood, not discovering truth,
Yield to the flippant dogmas that are quoted
By dull-eyed sophists, while their sight they blind
In wilful madness to such facts as noted,
Would scatter sunshine on the darken'd mind!

Meet me to-night! There is around thee breathing
An atmosphere of purity and grace,
That, like the healthful honeysuckle, wreathing
Its populous petals o'er a desert place,
Impart sweet trains of thought and tender feeling;
While, from my breast, ill omens wing their flight,
Like owls, that long in darkness, wildly wheeling,
Fly from the smile of day!—*Meet me to-night!*

THE HISTORY OF A STONE OF TAXED FLOUR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CORN-LAW RHYMES."

In a certain city once dwelt a poor honest man, called Work Payall, who had been accustomed to give fifteen pence per stone for that sort of wheaten floor which is named "Bakers' Fine." There was no bread-tax in those days; and it came to pass, that Work Payall having earned half-a-crown, affirmed in his soul, and to his wife, and to his children, and to the uncle of his neighbour, that he would buy in the market a stone of Bakers' Fine, and also a hat for his bareheaded son, Bob. So, on the evening of Saturday, Work Payall and his son went to market, where they were told by Mealface, the huckster, that Lord Starveall had made a law to tax bread, and that "Bakers' Fine" was no longer fifteen pence per stone, but two shillings and sixpence; and Work Payall paid his half crown, even all that he had, for a stone of "Bakers' Fine;" but he grumbled in his gizzard, and thought, very absurdly, that Starveall had picked his pocket of fifteen pence; and then he cursed aloud, and called Starveall a "rogue in grain." So they returned home, and the howlings of bareheaded Bob alarmed the whole market; and, when they were returned, the uncle of their neighbour laughed at them.

But the calamity did not end here; for if Plaits, the hatter, had sold to bareheaded Bob, for fifteen pence, the hat which he had in his shop, he would have gained three pence by it; but not having sold the hat, he was fain to expend three pence in food out of his substance, and was therefore, of course, so much less able to find employment for his man, Botts, who made hats for him. And it came to pass, on the morning of Monday, that Botts came to Plaits, and said unto him, "Let me make you another hat;" but Plaits answered him, and said, "Not having sold the hat, I do not want another." "But," said Botts, "we are clamming—what are we to do?" "Go to the devil," said Plaits. But Botts went to the workhouse. And on the morning of Tuesday, Statepoke, the overseer, came to Work Payall, and demanded and obtained an additional poor rate of one penny; whereupon Work Payall said, very absurdly, that Starveall's new law had already robbed him of sixteen pence; nevertheless, Statepoke reprehended him, and proved that every farthing of the loss was two pence gain. But Botts sickened in the workhouse, and remained there; and Mary, the wife of Botts, wandered in the streets, even when they were brilliant with gas, and she played the harlot with every man who gave her sixpence; and the righteous were offended, and they called the beadle, and he flung her into his dungeon; and, before it was morning, the frost had killed her. And William, the son of Botts, became a robber, and a murderer, and he fired his master's house, and the hangman slew him; and his tongue was bitten almost in twain by his teeth, and the end of it hung down over his lip, by a shred of skin. And Statepoke gave unto Sarah, the sickly daughter of Botts, one shilling weekly, for food and raiment, and fire and lodging; his heart yearned to give her more, but he dared not, because of the payers; so she drank gin for meat, and when she was dead, the vermin which had fed on her departed. But Botts, who sickened in the workhouse, loved his daughter; and when he heard that she had died, he smote his hand against his side, and fell down dead; and the idiots of the place, they who knew not good from evil, bore him to his grave; and they laughed, and the buriers laughed with them.

But the calamity did not end here, for it happened that Plaits, the

hatter, owed nine pence to Resurrection Jack, and also, that Resurrection Jack owed nine pence to Work Payall; and further it came to pass, that Work Payall owed eight pence for rabbit fur to one Skunks Suckegg. Now, if Plaits, the hatter, had sold to bareheaded Bob the hat which he had in his shop, he would have paid Resurrection Jack the ninepence which he owed him; but, not having sold the hat, he could not pay Resurrection Jack; so Resurrection Jack could not pay Work Payall, and Work Payall could not pay Skunks Suckegg. And Skunks was wroth, and sware an oath, and with his fist split the table; and he gnashed with his teeth, and his nose and chin smote each other; and he sued Work Payall in the Ten Penny Court, and cast him into prison. And when Work Payall had become very lean and pale in prison, being evil advised by the devil, he wrote a letter to Starveall, in which he stated, that he, Starveall, having, in a single stone of flour, robbed him, Work Payall, of fifteen pence, and a penny, and nine pence, and 10 per cent on three pence, which Plaits would have laid out with him in rabbit fur, had he sold the hat; and expenses of trial in Ten Penny Court, and horrible jail fees, and precious time fatally lost in prison, not to mention such trifles as an establishment subverted, a trade ruined, children made paupers, and a wife self-hung in despair over the marriage bed; he thought his lordship could not refuse to lend his victim a shilling. To which infamous epistle, Work Payall, in due time, that is to say, in about six weeks, received the following most gracious answer:—

Big Beggar Hall, 23d July, 1831.

Low Scoundrel,

You be d——d. Though I robbed fifteen pence, I only sacked a groat. Eleven pence of the swag was lost in growing corn for you vagabonds on Robb'd Cotter's Rock. It is true I succeeded in growing corn, where Martha once fed her ewe, and where God never intended that corn should be grown: so much the greater my merit; but then I could not sell the crop for a fourth of what it cost me; for when I got it to market, I found that half of the rascally manufacturers had become bankrupt, although I had doubled the price of their bread, and in every market prevented them from selling their goods. Besides, only a day or two ago, when I sentenced an operative for conspiring to stop his master's circular saw, the fellow had the impudence to say, in open court, that the question in dispute between him and his master merely was, whether the master, out of his profits, or the workman out of his wages, should pay my bread-tax, and keep me. So go to—the New Jerusalem. I have the honour to be,—Starveall.

And it came to pass, after many weeks, that Statepoke, the overseer, becoming weary of feeding the children of Work Payall, paid the debt which was owing to Skunks Suckegg; so Work Payall arose out of prison. And the nails of his toes pierced through the leather of his shoes; and the children of his neighbours fled away from him, and their dogs barked at him, smelling him afar off. And his son, Bob, was lame with cold, and his daughter, whose name was her mother's, was foolish, and knew him not; and he wept, and trembled, and was silent; and the colour of the white of his eyes was changed; and his cheeks were of a pale blue, and his shrunken fingers were blue, and his tongue was an icicle, and his lips were black; and he became the death-spirit of Cholera incarnate; and all who looked on him, and breathed his breath, died. Nevertheless, Starveall waxed madder than ever; for, while he kneeled on his knees, and prayed with his lips, he cursed the poor in his heart; and, in his carousals, he stamped on the earth, and sware that he had dethroned God; but it was only the shadow of his miserable self that he trampled under foot.

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE GENIUS OF SCOTT.

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.

The advent of genius is the most striking, and will, in time, be perceived to be the most important species of circumstance which can befal society. When, as in the case of Scott, it manifests itself, not only in a highly popular form, but in a peculiarly healthy state, it becomes equally interesting to analyse it as an object of psychological research, and a duty to inquire into the process of education by which it has been brought to sound maturity. Such an inquiry may seem as an instrument wherewith to measure the achievements of genius in this particular instance of its manifestation, and also as an indication how most wisely to cherish any future revelation of the same kind with which the world may be blessed. This is a social service enjoined upon survivors by departing genius; a service which may not be refused, though emotions of grief must be largely mingled with the awe and hope which arise out of the contemplation of the past and future influences of the high presence which has become hidden. We, therefore, proceed, first, to inquire into the discipline of the genius of Scott, and the characteristics of its maturity; and, next, to attempt an estimate of the services that genius has rendered to society.—Walter Scott was happy in his parentage and condition in life. His father had good sense, benevolence, and sincerity; his mother added to these virtues vigorous and well-cultivated talents. The experience of pain which appears to be essential to the deepening and strengthening of genius, was not, in his case, derived from hardships which infuse bitterness with strength, and corrupt while they expand. There was neither the domestic oppression under which Byron grew restive, nor the over-indulgence which prepares its victim for finding the world an oppressor. Scott was, it appears, surrounded with a kindly moral atmosphere from his birth. There was no thwarting of his early tastes; his young sayings were laid up in his mother's heart; his brothers were his friends; and we have his own word for the tenderness with which he was regarded in his second home—his grandfather's farm at Sandyknow:—

> "For I was wayward, bold, and wild,
> A self-willed imp, a grandame's child;
> But half a plague, and half a jest,
> Was still endured, beloved, carest."

Neither was his experience of pain derived from poverty, from a baffling of desires, from a deprivation of means to an earnestly-desired end, from the irksomeness of his occupations, or a sense of the unfitness of his outward condition to his inward aspirations. He was spared all that sordid kind of suffering which irritates while it excites, and even while communicating power, abstracts its noblest attribute,—its calmness.

Of this class of evils, from which genius has extensively suffered, Walter Scott knew nothing; and, happily for him, it did not therefore follow that he was raised above that experience of real life, which is the most nourishing aliment of intellectual power. It is a rare thing, and happier than it is rare, to lay hold of reality under a better impulse than that of hardship, and with sufficient power to make it serve its true end. The lordling knows nothing of reality. What he is told he believes, be it what it may. What he is commanded he does, or leaves undone, according to a will which is not the more genuine for being perverse;—a

will which springs out of convention, and is swayed by artificial impulses. His very ailments are scarcely teachers of reality, for they are not only artificially beguiled, but are made the building materials of a spurious experience. The fever of a lordly infant leaves its victim less wise than the fever of a cottage child, which is to the latter an evil felt in its full force, but uncompounded with other evils. On recovery, the cottage child knows best what sickness is; and, yet, bodily affections are the least susceptible of admixture of any: they afford to the lordling the best means of gaining genuine experience. All else is with him passive reception or conventional action, though he may travel in his own country and abroad, and learn to play trap-ball at Eton. As for those who have to do only with what is real, the hewers of wood and drawers of water, they are too generally unprepared to make use of reality. Their power, as far as it goes, is superior to the lordling's; but it is a scanty and unfruitful power. They are for ever laying a foundation on which nothing is seen to arise. This is better than building pagodas of cards on a slippery surface like the lordling; but it is not the final purpose for which the human intellect was made constructive. It is not enough for the little cotton-spinner, or ploughboy, to know what the lordling only believes,—of the qualities of twist, and the offices of machinery, and the economy of the nests of larks and field-mice. They should be led beyond cotton-spinning and field labours by such knowledge; but it as seldom happens that they are so as that the lordling exchanges his belief for knowledge; which is the same thing as saying, that genius is as rare in the one class as in the other; being, in the one, overlaid with convention; in the other, benumbed by want. The most efficacious experience of reality must be looked for in the class above the lowest, and in individuals of higher classes still, fewer and fewer in proportion to the elevation of rank, till the fatal boundary of pure convention be reached, within which genius cannot live except in the breasts of one here and there, who is stout-hearted enough to break bounds, and play truant in the regions of reality. The individuals who may thus come out from the higher ranks (where all efficacy is supposed to reside in teaching, instead of enabling to learn) may generally be observed to bear some mark of providence, which they themselves may endure with humiliation, which their companions regard with ignorant compassion; but in which the far-sighted recognise, not only a passport to the select school of experience, but a patent of future intellectual nobility. What this mark may be, signifies little. The important point is, that there should be pain,—inevitable pain,—not of man's infliction,—natural pain, admitting of natural solace, so that it may produce its effects pure from the irritation of social injury, and be bearable for a continuance in silence. Whether the infliction be orphanhood, leading to self-reliance; whether it be the blindness which has exalted the passion of many bards, or the deafness which deepened the genius of Beethoven, or the lameness which agonized the sensibilites of Byron, or mere delicacy of health (which has often, after invigorating genius, been itself invigorated by genius in its turn;) whether the infliction be any of these or of the many which remain, matters little; its efficacy depends on the degree in which it is felt; that is, on the degree of the knowledge of reality which it confers.

To pain thus inflicted, to a knowledge of reality thus conferred, was Scott, in a great measure, indebted for the prodigious overbalance of happiness which afterwards enriched himself, and the world through him. He suffered in childhood and youth from ill health and privation.

His ill health caused his removal into the country, where, from circumstances of situation, &c. those tastes were formed which predominated in him through life, while the passion with which they were cherished must have been deepened by the one affliction which he had to bear alone, —his lameness. Few have any idea of the all-powerful influence which the sense of personal infirmity exerts over the mind of a child. If it were known, its apparent disproportionateness to other influences would, to the careless observer, appear absurd; to the thoughtful, it would afford new lights respecting the conduct of educational discipline; it would also pierce the hearts of many a parent who now believes that he knows all, and who feels so tender a regret for what he knows, that even the sufferer wonders at its extent. But this is a species of suffering which can never obtain sufficient sympathy, because the sufferer himself is not aware till he has made comparison of this with other pains, how light all others are in comparison. Be the infirmity what it may, as long as it separates, as long as it causes compassion, as long as it exposes to the little selfishness of companions, to the observation of strangers, to inequality of terms at home, it is a deep-seated and perpetual wo; one which is, in childhood, never spoken of, though perpetually brooded over; one which is much and universally under-rated, because it is commonly well borne; and, again, well borne, because under-rated, and, therefore, unsympathized with. That this was the case with Walter Scott, is certain. His lameness in childhood was, no doubt, thought much less of by every one, even his mother, than by himself. Not an hour of any day, while with his young companions, could this pain of infirmity have been unfelt. In all sports, in all domestic plans, in all schoolboy frolics, he either was, or believed himself to be, on unequal terms with his playmates; and though he happily escaped the jealousy which arises too often from a much less cause, he suffered enough to drive him to a solace, whose pure and natural pleasures might best counterbalance his peculiar and natural pain. We have notices of these things from himself; a touching recurrence in one of his lightest pieces, to the days when the little lame boy lagged behind with the nurse-maid, while his brothers were running wild; when he was painfully lifted over the stiles which others were eager to climb. More at large we have tidings of the opposite pleasures, in which he found the best repose from his mortifications. His worship of Smailholm Tower, amidst the green hills; his quest of wallflowers and honeysuckles, and of the blossoms of traditionary verse which adorn the retreats where he sought his pleasures. The immediate enjoyment arising from the study of nature, is probably as much less in childhood than in mature years, as the pain arising from personal infirmity is greater—the pleasure being enhanced and the pain alleviated, by the variety and complexity of associations with which each becomes mingled; and Walter Scott, therefore, gained in pleasure with every year of his youth. But yet there was a sufficient balance of enjoyment, even in these early days, to render his genius of that benignant character which proves its rearing to have been kindly. He not only gained power by vicissitude, (which is the most rapid method of knowing realities,) but pleasure fast following upon pain, the pain was robbed of its irritation, and the pleasure was enhanced by a sense of freedom, the welcome opposite of the constraint which any species of infirmity imposes in society. Scott's childhood was, in short, spent in *feeling*, the best possible preparation for after *thinking*. His limbs were

stretched on the turf, his hands grasped the rough crags, and wallflower scents reached him from crumbling ruins, and streams ran sparkling before his eyes; and these realities mingled with the no less vivid ones which he had just brought with him from society.

Nor were these the only vicissitudes he knew. His tastes thus formed, suited little with his school pursuits; and hence arose wholesome and strengthening exercises of fear and love. It seems strange, contemplating Walter Scott in his after life, as firm as mild, to think that he could either experience or cause fear; but there is no doubt whatever that this formed part of the discipline of his genius. He was a naughty schoolboy, as far as learning lessons went. He tells us of disgraces and punishments for being idle himself and keeping others idle,—and of the applause of his schoolfellows for his tale-telling being a sort of recompense for what he thus underwent. Since he felt this applause a recompense, the evil of punishment was feared and felt. Since he continued to incur punishment, his love of nature and romance was yet stronger than his fear. This alternation went on for years, for he never gained credit as a learner of languages, and finished in possession of "little Latin and less Greek." For a long continuance then, there was disgrace in school, and honour in the playground; fear in school, and a passion of love among the green hills; slavery between four walls, and rapturous liberty when rambling with a romancing companion amidst the wildest scenery that lay within reach. A glorious discipline this for a sensibility which could sustain and grow under it!

Half the work was now done. Through the exercise of the sensibility the faculties were strengthened. There was yet little knowledge, but there was power,—power which would soon have preyed upon itself, if objects had not, by a new set of circumstances, been presented for it to employ itself upon. An illness confined him long to his bed, in a state which admitted of no other amusements than chess and reading. He read ravenously, and, as he himself says, idly; that is, he devoured all the poems and novels which a large circulating library afforded, till he was satiated, and then took to memoirs, travels, and history. He continued this practice of desultory reading, when afterwards removed once more into the country on account of the state of his health; and thus was he initiated into the second of the three great departments of knowledge, which it was necessary to traverse in preparation for the work of his later years. He had now made acquaintance with nature in her aspects, though not in her constitution, and with man as he is displayed in books. History showed him man in his social capacity; tales of real and fictitious adventure showed him man in contest with natural difficulties, and passing through the diversified scenery of various climates and nations; memoirs showed him man going through the experience of human existence, but all this was at second-hand. The third great study which remained was, man as he appears in actual life. It remained to verify what man seems in books by what he is before the eyes. And for this also opportunity was afforded by another change of circumstance. Walter Scott recovered his health, or rather became, for the first time, vigorous in body, and able to enter the world on the same terms with others. He studied law in college as well as under his father, and mixed in society far more than ever before; and though looked upon rather as an abstracted young man, very fond of reading, than as a particularly sociable personage, he was actually at this time, and for some years afterwards, making acquaintance with human nature under a great

variety of forms, whether in the courts, or in his own rank of society, or wandering, as was still his wont, among the vales of Tweeddale, gathering legends from the shepherds, or domesticating himself by the farmer's fireside. During this stage of his preparation, it was an important circumstance that he became enrolled in a cavalry regiment, formed under the apprehension of an invasion from France. Here he was far from being considered "an abstracted young man;" being highly popular, from his good humour and his extraordinary powers of entertainment, which probably were exercised in a somewhat different way from the goblin romancing, which made him a favourite among his school-fellows. He now probably communicated the results of his observation of actual life, while he no doubt improved them at the same time.

During the next few years he continued to enlarge his knowledge in all these three departments, by travelling, by the study of German literature, and by the performance of the active duties imposed upon him by his office of Sheriff of Selkirkshire; an office which, no less than his travels, brought him into communication with human nature under a variety of modifications. The study of German literature alone,—(we say nothing of the language, as, by Sir Walter's own confession, he only used it as a means of scrambling into the literature)—this new acquisition alone might serve, to a mind so prepared as his, as a sufficient stimulus to the work he afterwards achieved; and to it we cannot but attribute much of that richness of moral conception, much of the transparent depth of his philosophy of character, which is, to merely English readers, the most astonishing of his excellencies.

Here, then, we have gained some faint insight into the process by which an organization (probably of great original excellence) was made the most of, and rendered the constituent of a genius as kindly as it was powerful; that is to say, as healthy as it was rare. Such an organization may not be rare. We cannot tell; so little do we know of its mysteries, and so complicated is the machinery of education and of society by which it may be ruined or impaired. As probable as that there might be a Milton or a Hampden in Gray's presence, when he pondered his elegy, is it that there may be many Scotts in our regal halls, in our factories, in our grammar or dame schools; one weakened in the hot-bed of aristocracy, another withered by want and toil, a third choked with what is called learning, a fourth turned into a slave under the rod. It seems that some light is thrown upon the matter of education by such a case as the one before us. Here is a discipline diametrically opposite to received notions of what is fitting. Here is a boy,—not so unlike other boys in the outset as to make this case an exception to all rules,—here is a boy lying about in the fields when he should have been at his Latin grammar; romancing when he should have been playing cricket; reading novels when he should have been entering college; hunting ballads when he should have been poring over parchments; spearing salmon instead of embellishing a peroration; and, finally, giving up law for legends, when he should have been rising at the bar. Yet this personage came out of this wild kind of discipline, graced with the rarest combination of qualifications for enjoying existence, achieving fame, and blessing society; with manners which were admitted by a king to ornament a court, although his accomplishments were to be referred solely to intellectual culture, and in no degree impaired the honesty of his speech and action; deeply learned, though neither the languages nor the philosophy of the schools made part of his acquisi-

tions; robust as a ploughman, able to walk like a pedlar, and to ride like a knight-errant, and to hunt like a squire; business-like as a bailiff; industrious as a handicraftsman; discreet and frank to perfection at the same time; gentle as a woman; intrepid as the bravest hero of his own immortal works. Here is an extraordinary phenomenon, to result from an education which would give most people the expectation of a directly contrary issue. Here is enough to put us, on inquiring, not whether learning, and even school discipline, be good things, but whether the knowledge usually thought most essential, the school discipline, which is commonly esteemed indispensable, be in fact either the one or the other; whether the study of nature, in her apparent forms, may not be found a much more powerful stimulus to thought than it is at present allowed to be, let the study be pursued among the hills of Tweeddale, or in the laboratory, Botanic Garden, or Observatory: whether again, the discipline of pain and pleasure, appointed by Providence, may not effect more by being less interfered with than it is under our present educational methods, which leave scarcely any experience pure from artificial admixture. Many parents will say that they do not wish their children to become poets and romance writers, and will plead that Walter Scott was but little of a lawyer after all. But it should be remembered, that the generation and direction of power are very different things. It was the discipline of natural vicissitude which generated power in Walter Scott; its direction was owing to local and individual circumstances. The example might be followed exactly in the first particular, and only analogically in the other. This might be done without any apprehension; for no one will deny the practicability that there was for turning Sir Walter's genius in some other direction, if it had been thought desirable. There was such a practical character about all his undertakings, such good sense pervading his conversation and views of life, that there can be no doubt of his power being of that highest kind, which is as flexible as it is strong; which can change its aims as readily as it can pursue them perseveringly. The question is, how to obtain this power, much more than how to direct it. The movements of society must not, it seems, be trusted to originate it; but the pressure of society may probably be trusted to direct it.

While few inquiries can be more interesting than that of how the genius of Scott grew up, few contemplations can be more pleasurable, more animating, than that of the same genius in its matured state. It is difficult to decide where to begin in reviewing the qualities which serve as tests of its healthfulness; but perhaps the most striking, not from its predominance, (where none can be said to predominate,) but from its importance, is its *purity*.

This purity is not solely to be ascribed to the purity of the aliment on which the genius was nourished. All the aliment presented to genius is pure in itself, whether it be the tranquil beauty of blue skies and verdant hills, or the mournful beauty which sanctifies the relics of things passed away, or the idealized beauty of works of art, or the suggestive beauty of passing circumstances, or that moving pageant in which many see no beauty, that display of society, in which crime, littleness, and wo, are mixed up with whatever is more honourable to humanity. All these things are pure, in as far as their action upon genius is concerned, as stimulants of sensibility, and provocatives to thought; and there can be little doubt that Scott would, if placed, without Byron's training, in Byron's position, amidst the licentious intrigues of fashionable life, have

painted that life in all its hideous truth, with perfect purity of spirit. There is no more reasonable doubt of this than that Byron would have carried his stormy passions with him into the stillest nooks of Tweeddale, and wakened the echoes of Smailholm Tower with his bitter mockery of certain of his race. It is not the material on which genius employs itself that can ever be impure; since genius has nothing conventional in its constitution, and the purity or impurity which is thought to reside in objects, is wholly conventional. All depends upon how the material is received; whether as the food of appetite, or of the affections, chastened by philosophy. It is not true genius which defrauds its own aliment for its own pleasure; and where depravity exists in combination with genius, it is by a forced connexion, and the depravity goes to feed the appetites, while the genius finds its nourishment elsewhere. Such a combination exhibits the two-headed monster of the moral world, one of whose countenances may be regarding the starry heavens, while the other is gloating over the garbage of impurity beneath it. The employment of the one has nothing whatever to do with the contemplation of the other. The genius of an artist is no more answerable for his gluttony or drunkenness, than his gluttony and drunkenness for his genius. Where genius is somewhat less unfortunate in its connexion, where it is linked with the licentiousness of caste and custom, rather than with that of brutality, it is supposed to be nourished by this licentiousness, and Don Juan is appealed to as a proof; but it is not the licentiousness, but the knowledge of human passions, gained by its means, (a knowledge which might be much better gained by a thousand higher means,) by which the genius is enriched. Genius accepts the knowledge, and rejects the poison amidst which it is conveyed. The more the experience savours of impurity, the less is there for genius to appropriate; the more there is of philosophic investigation, (and this was at the bottom of much of Byron's pursuit of experience,) the more is genius profited, and the less base are the excesses with which it is mixed up. Where, with this philosophical investigation, is united that chastened affection for humanity which makes the observer far-sighted, and connects him with his race by generous sympathies instead of selfish instincts, no impurity can attend any knowledge whatever of the doings of the race, no more than pollution could dim the brightness of an angelic presence passing through a Turkish harem, or kindle unholy fires in the eyes of the Lady while watching the rabble-rout of Comus. The genius of Scott was not only innocent as the imagination of a child—all genius is so in itself—it was also pure; that is, it did not bring into combination with itself any thing which could deteriorate its power, or defile its lustre. His purity of thought and feeling was not of the still and cold, but of the active and genial character. It was not like the mountain snow, which is all whiteness under common circumstances, but which, if by chance melted, may be found to have held many dark specks congealed within it; but rather like the running stream, which catches light, warmth, and colouring, from all substances through which it passes, and sweeps away, or buries, all with which it has no affinity. No one can dispute Walter Scott's knowledge of life, and his insight into the mysteries of society. He could have told, more than most men, of the intrigues of courts, the licentiousness of nobles, the secret revels of divers classes of men, and the excesses which follow close on both the gratification and the disappointment of all the stronger passions. No one had a warmer sympathy with the stirrings in men's bosoms, or could make larger allowance for frailty, or feel more genially

the pleasures of conviviality and other social excitement; yet no man was ever more remarkable for combining perfect purity of conception with truth and freedom of delineation. He was himself temperate in his habits as genial in his temperament; and his works are like himself. The Templar, Varney, Mike Lambourne, Christian Dalgarno, find each their place in his pictures of life—they are not made the text of a sermon, but rather allowed to speak for themselves in a not very sermon-like style; and the issue is, that they leave on the mind of the reader not a single impression which can defile, but instead, a conviction that, as respects the mind of the author, they came and went, leaving no spot or stain behind.

Closely allied with the purity of Scott's genius was its *modesty*—a modesty as astonishing to his distant admirers as it ever was amusing to his near friends. It is scarcely possible to imagine how, with his quick sense of the good and the beautiful, he should have remained so innocent of all suspicion of how much there was of both in his own works. If the ingenuousness of his mind had been less remarkable than it was, there would have been a pretty general suspicion that he was not above the common affectation of pretending to dispute the decision of the public; but the entire simplicity of his speech and conduct place his ingenuousness beyond question. It is certain that he alone failed to perceive or to bear in mind the power and richness of his own conceptions and delineations, while it is no less certain that, if he had met with the most insignificant of his characters in any other novel, or had (like Dr. Priestley) stumbled upon a forgotten odd volume of his own, without the titlepage, and had not known whither to refer it, he would have fallen into an enthusiasm of admiration upon it, as, to the great amusement of his friends, he was wont to do about productions of much inferior merit. Credulous as he was where merit was to be ascribed, here only he declined taking every body's word. Deferential as he was to the voice of society, here only he evaded its decision. Sometimes he seemed scarcely aware what was comprehended in the words of its laudatory decrees: sometimes he ascribed his success to novelty, sometimes to fashion; now to one temporary influence, now to another—to any thing rather than his own merit. This modesty so verges upon excess as to cause some passing feelings of regret, that it was impossible to inspire him with a due sense of what he had done, with that virtuous complacency which is the fair reward of such toils as his; till we remember that he could not but have had his private raptures over the beauties of his own creation; his thrillings of pleasure in converse with the divine Die Vernon, and of lofty emotion when winding up his most solemn scenes; and his paroxysms of mirth after calling up a Friar Tuck, or a Triptolemus Yellowley; till, reminded by the world that all these bore the closest connexion with himself, they, with the pride of pleasure they had afforded, were swallowed up and forgotten in his modesty. That they should be thus forgotten or lightly esteemed, still seems unfair, however the fact may be accounted for; and it is a positive relief to meet with a notice here and there, in Sir Walter's notes and prefaces, which indicate that he did derive some gratification from his success, that he did consent to taste a little of the delicious brimming cup which his brethren of the craft are usually all too ready to drain before it is half full. "I have seldom," he says, "felt more satisfaction than when, returning from a pleasure voyage, I found Waverley in the zenith of popularity, and public curiosity in full cry after the

name of the author. The knowledge that I had the public approbation, was like having the property of a hidden treasure, not less gratifying to the owner than if all the world knew that it was his own." We thank him for having let us know this. It is one of the most precious passages in his writings, though, if occurring in those of almost any other of the *genus irritabile*, it is probably one to which we should have given little attention. The delicacy of his modesty appears in the following passage, which, coming from a man who had stood as severe a trial of his humility as was ever afforded by the sudden acquisition of unbounded fame, bears a very high value, and ought to be taken to heart by many who are more frail, though less tempted than himself. Our readers have all probably seen it before; but a second, or even a twentieth, reading can do them no harm.

"I may perhaps be thought guilty of affectation, should I allege, as one reason of my silence [as to the authorship of the novels,] a secret dislike to enter on personal discussions concerning my own literary labours. It is in every case a dangerous intercourse for an author to be dwelling continually among those who make his writings a frequent and familiar subject of conversation, but who must necessarily be partial judges of works composed in their own society. The habits of self-importance which are thus acquired by authors are highly injurious to a well-regulated mind; for the cup of flattery, if it does not, like that of Circe, reduce men to the level of beasts, is sure, if eagerly drained, to bring the best and the ablest down to that of fools. The risk was in some degree prevented by the mask which I wore; and my own stores of self-conceit were left to their natural course, without being enhanced by the partiality of friends, or adulation of flatterers."

It may, however, be observed, that this degree of discretion is desirable, perhaps practicable, only where the authorship relates to light literature, and that it would be an injustice to works of a grave and scientific character, to deprive them of whatever advantage the author may gain by the discussion of his subject during its progress. In these cases, however, the discussion should be of the topics, not of the authorship; of the work, not of the writer. Simplicity is the true rule, as in all other cases so in this: the simplicity which was exemplified in the Author of Waverley, and which is equally far removed from the jealous unsocial secresy of Newton respecting his scientific researches, and the prattling vanity of those weak-minded literati and philosophers who do all that in them lies to bring contempt on their calling.

In fairness, it should be added, that the genius of Sir Walter owed some of its modesty to his Toryism, which prescribed other objects of ambition than literary fame. To his aristocratic taste it was more agreeable to be ranked among the landed proprietors than among the authors of his country. He was better pleased to be looked up to as the local dispenser of justice than as the enchanter of Europe. He wrote a score of matchless romances for the sake of improving a patch of bad land; and while apparently insensible to flattery on the score of his works, and unable to account for even reasonable praise, he exhibited a gratified complacency in his title of "the Shirra," and in his rank as a country gentleman of Roxburghshire. So much for the variety in men's estimates of good!

This, his modesty, guarded by his Toryism, partly accounts for the extraordinary union of *frankness* and *discretion* in his character. It could only be by lightly valuing his achievements, by thinking little of

himself and his doings, that a man of his sincerity could have been such a secret-keeper. It was not by measures of precaution as regarded his own conduct; it was not by plot and underplot, that the public was misled as to the authorship of the novels. It was by the coolness of his manner, and the simplicity of his speech and demeanour, that inquirers were baffled; and this coolness could scarcely have been preserved by one so ardent and simple, if he had thought his achievements as marvellous as they appeared to others, or if they had been the objects of his principal interest. In what light he regarded them may be gathered from a passage in which he offers us his views of the duties of those who are entering on a literary life. "Upon the whole, as I had no pretension to the genius of the distinguished persons who had fallen into such errors, [vanity and irascibility,] I concluded there could be no occasion for imitating them in such mistakes, or what I considered as such. With this view, it was my first resolution to keep as far as was in my power abreast of society; continuing to maintain my place in general company, without yielding to the very natural temptation of narrowing myself to what is called literary society. By doing so, I imagined I should escape the besetting sin of listening to language which, from one motive or another, ascribes a very undue degree of consequence to literary pursuits, as if they were indeed the business rather than the amusement of life."

Whatever may be conjectured as to how much Sir Walter included under the term "literary pursuits," and as to how differently he might have estimated them if he had beheld another in his own position, the above passage vindicates the truth, that "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." The abundance of his heart did not consist of that of which he did not speak—of himself and his fame. He spoke of politics, of other men's literature, of antiquities, of planting and farming, of law and justice, of fishing and shooting; "of man, of nature, of society;" and of these things his heart was full. He did not speak or encourage others to speak of his labours of the desk, and of their rewards; and of these things his heart was not full.

It seems rather strange that he should have spoken thus lightly of literature, when he himself applied its forces to some of the gravest purposes in which they can be employed,—in the delineation of the working of the darker passions. If the inquiry had been brought home to him he would scarcely have persisted that there was mere amusement to himself in the conception, or to his readers in the contemplation of such characters as his Dirk Hatteraick, Front-de-Bœuf, the Templar, Tony Forster, Varney and Leicester, and Rasleigh Osbaldistone, and many more, whose dark thoughts and deeds it would be as wrong as it is impossible to allow to pass before us as a mere spectacle, and be forgotten. There is too solemn a character belonging to the sufferings of Amy Robsart, and of the Master of Ravenswood, to permit their having no permanent effect on philosophy and morals, and too much depth in the genius which delineated them to justify the speaking lightly of such of its efforts as those in question. If the office of casting new lights into philosophy, and adding new exemplifications and sanctions to morals, be not the "business" of literary genius, we know not what is. It is the "business," the first business of every man, to deduce these very lessons from actual life; and we can conceive of no more important occupation than his who does the same thing for many, while doing it for himself; presenting the necessary materials, and their issues, unravelled from the

complications, and separated from the admixtures which may impair their effect in real life, but no less palpably real than if they had passed under actual observation. This is the task, the real "business" of moral philosophers of all ranks and times; of Socrates, Zeno, and Epicurus, in the temple and the garden; of the Fathers of the Church in their twilight cells of learning; of the philosophers and bards of the middle ages; and, in the present, of Scott in his study, no less than of the divine in his pulpit. How much more conscious Scott really was than he seemed, of the importance of his office as an exhibitor of humanity, can probably never now be known; but that that office did, in fact, constitute the real business of his life, is as certain as it will be evident, when not one stone of Abbotsford shall be left upon another, when the last tree of his planting shall have tottered to its fall, and the last relic of the man shall have been lost, except that which is enshrined in his works.

It may be said, that he had little to do with the darker passions, and proved that there are but few villains among the host of characters; but these dark passions cast their shade far and wide, and one villain modifies the fortunes of many innocent persons. Rashleigh is at the bottom of all that happens in Rob Roy, and ambition gives its entire colouring to the romance of Kenilworth. These dark passions cause the predominant impression left by moral pictures; as a thunder cloud characterises the summer landscape, though the streams of sun-light may far outnumber the flashes of the lightning. That dark passions are introduced, and have excited an interest, is a sufficient basis for the argument, that their exhibition constituted an important part of the business of his life, who conceived and portrayed their workings.

The world, at least that part of it which knows what it is talking about, has ceased to be astonished at the union of *mirth* and *pathos* in the effusions of genius. That mirth is often found without pathos, and pathos without mirth, is no argument against their co-existence; as there have been some in every age to prove, beginning (at the nearest) from Solomon, when writing the Proverbs and Ecclesiastes, and finishing with Sir Walter Scott. Indeed, as an acute discrimination of analogies is the basis equally of poetry and wit, and as the same discrimination, applied to the workings of human emotion, is the chief requisite to pathos, the wonder is rather, that Milton should have been able to keep ludicrous combinations of ideas always out of sight, than that Shakspeare should have been profuse in them; that the Man of Feeling should never have been moved to mirth, than that Uncle Toby should have brushed away his tears with a laugh. The power produced by this union has seldom been more fully shown than in the Abbot Boniface of Scott. While the Abbot of the Monastery, he is little better than contemptible. The man moves no sympathy, and is regarded as a fine satirical sketch; as a representation of an obsolete class, and in nowise interesting as an individual. How miraculously he comes out as the old gardener, grown innocent in his tastes, and crossed in his sole desire,—their harmless indulgence! The comic aspect of his official character is preserved, while we are made to feel a respectful compassion for the individual; and his last words sink deep into the heart, and return for ever upon the memory and the ear.

"The Ex-Abbot resumed his spade. 'I could be sorry for these men,' he said; 'ay, and for that poor Queen; but what avail earthly sorrows to a man of fourscore? and it is a rare dropping morn for the early colewort.'"

The most remarkable circumstance attending Scott's opposite powers of moving is, not their co-existence, but their keeping one another in check, as they ever did, except in the one (repented?) instance in which he allowed his wit to run riot—in his sketches of the Covenanters in Old Mortality. None probably deny, that fanaticism is a most tempting subject for wit to divert itself upon, and that there may be little exaggeration in the reports given of Mause Headrigg's conversation and achievements; but there are also few to defend a needless outrage upon the religious prejudices of a nation, at the risk of disturbing something better than prejudices. Sir Walter did not excuse himself for this single indiscretion, or probably intend to do so, by his subsequent exposition of the absurdity of men of the present day clinging to the letter of the faith and practice of their forefathers. In all other instances his mirth was as discreet and innocent as his pathos was deep and true. Each enhanced, while it controlled the other; and their union afforded an infallible test of the power of the genius whose healthy development it characterised.

In no respect has the character of genius been more importantly vindicated by Sir Walter than in his habitual *cheerfulness*. There may be, and ought to be, an end for ever to the notion, that melancholy is an attribute of genius; for Sir Walter was as little given to melancholy as any whistling ploughboy within the realm of Scotland. If it be true, that genius dives deep into the recesses where pain shrouds itself from the light, it is also true, that genius opens up new and everspringing sources of joy; while the common and wearing troubles of life are thrown off by its elasticity, and its own light sheds beauty on all that surrounds it. That many geniuses have been moody men, is not owing to their genius, but to habit of body or mind, which their genius was not powerful enough to overcome. If the mind be its own place the highest mind must hold the happiest place; the wider its ken the more numerous the objects of good within the circle; the more various its powers the more harmonious the creation of which those powers take cognizance. Thus was it with Sir Walter Scott; his internal cheerfulness breathing music through the fiercest storms that gathered at his spell, and forming the basis of all the varied melodies which he drew from the chords of the human heart. It is never lost—not in the darkest scenes where his personages are raging, suffering, sinking under violence and wo: there is even here a principle of vigour in the humanity displayed,—a tacit promise, that there are better things beyond, which, without any obtrusion of the author's individuality, supports the reader's spirits upon the buoyancy of the writer's. We will not flatter even the dead. We will not say that this cheerfulness appears to us to spring so much from a lofty faith in humanity as from other causes, equally pure, but with which it is a pity that the faith we speak of should not co-exist. Walter Scott had a perpetual spring of joy within him from his love of nature, from his secret sense of power, from his wise regulation of his tastes and desires, and from the kindliness of disposition which endeared him to every one, and every one to him; but there are no traces of that long clear foresight of the issues of social struggles, no evidences that he caught the distant echoes of that harmony into which all the jarrings of social interests must subside; no aspirations after a better social state than the present; no sympathy beaming through its tears, for the sacrifices of patriotism, and the patient waiting of the oppressed for redress. No one showed more respect for opinion as the basis of prac-

tice, or more sympathy for individual sorrows: no one could put a more benevolent construction on what passed before his eyes, or was more disposed to make the best of whatever is; but his perpetual, fond recurrence to the past, his indisposition to change; in a word, his Toryism prevented his recognising the ultimate purposes of society, and reposing amidst that faith in man which is next to trust in God, (of which indeed it forms a part,) the best resting place of the spirit amidst the tumults and vicissitudes of life. It was from a deficiency of support of this kind that his spirit once quailed: that once, that will never cease to be mourned, when multitudes, far his inferiors in all besides, were enabled to rejoice while he suffered, trembled, supplicated, all the more keenly, all the more urgently, from the might of the heart within him. The fear of change perplexed him, and he warned and petitioned against it ineffectually, and to his own great injury; when, if he could but have seen that change was inevitable, and might be directed to the most magnificent achievements, he might have been one of the adored leaders of a heroic nation, instead of being made a spectacle to the people while offering his affecting farewell—"*Moriturus vos salutat.*" He had vigour to support his own misfortunes, and to set about repairing them with unflinching heroism. But he had not faith in man collectively as he had in individual man, and could not resist the sadness with which political change inspired him, and which, more than any private sorrows, were thought to accelerate his decline. From the hopefulness which springs out of faith in man's progression, he was cut off. It was a great misfortune. Far be it from us to taunt his memory with it, or to ascribe it to any thing but the outward circumstances of his training. If the world lost something by it, he lost more, and moreover suffered by infliction as well as deprivation: and all this makes the depth and continuity of his cheerfulness the more remarkable. This cheerfulness, this tendency to put a kindly construction on all which has been and is, accounts for his popularity notwithstanding his Toryism, and is, in its turn, partly accounted for by his *industry*,—another test of the healthiness of his genius. On this industry little can be said. Its achievements are before every one's eyes, and are, we suppose, nearly as unaccountable to most people as to ourselves. We give up the attempt to settle how he did all, and when he did it. We have his own word for his works (except during an interval of two years) being all written by his own hand; and if we had not had this unquestionable word, we should have dissented from Göethe's supposition, that he sketched and touched up, and left it to inferior hands to compose the bulk of his works. There is such a character of unity amidst all the diversity; the dullest scenes are so evidently enjoyed by the author, however little they may be so by the reader; there is such gusto, such an absence of all sense of drudgery throughout, that we could (as we said at the time) have staked our character for penetration upon the fact, before the disclosure was made, that every chapter in this library of novels was written by the same hand. How it was done is another matter. How he wrote for years together, sixteen pages of print per diem, on an average, while discharging his official duties in town, or before beginning his daily occupations and pleasures of hospitality in the country,—sixteen pages of historical, as well as fictitious, narrative, including all the research which either required, is to us matter of pure astonishment. We must be content with it as a fact; and taking it thus, we can understand how so perpetual a flow of fresh ideas, so animating a consciousness of power,

so ever-present an evidence of achievement must have fed the springs of his cheerfulness, and have given that character of luxury to his intellectual refreshments which bodily toil gives to the meal and the couch of the labourer. There is a delight appertaining to earned pleasures which is common to all classes in the intellectual and social world; and herein was Sir Walter least of all aristocratic. His example of this truth is so valuable, his sanction so impressive, that we must be excused the triteness of our morality. If there be any in whose eyes industry has not hitherto been majestic, they may now perhaps be led to appreciate her dignity. All others will dwell thankfully on every new testimony to her congeniality with genius.

It is not easy to see how it can ever be tolerable to genius to be idle. To conceive achievements, and not attempt them; to discriminate beauty, and not reach after it; to discern that action is necessary to further contemplation, and not to act;—these things seem, if not contradictory, unnatural; and the impulses arising from them are quite sufficient, without any help from the ambition of which Sir Walter had a very small share, to account for any degree of exertion that physical and mental energy can sustain. They are enough to render the spirit willing; and where the spirit is willing, the might is strong; and this willingness and might together constitute industry; an indispensable grace of the lofty, (whatever some who are great in their own eyes may think,) as well as the most ennobling virtue of the humble. Genius implies toil, both as its cause and its consequence; and the example of Walter Scott (unnecessary as a proof, though welcome as a sanction to some) will open the eyes of many as to a new truth. And herein we recognise another of his mighty services as a vindicator of genius.

The *practical character* of his conduct and conversation was another of his valuable characteristics,—implied in his industry, indeed, but remarkable apart from that. Good sense is as remarkable a feature of his most imaginative writings as illustration and humour were of his homeliest conversation. He had a considerable degree of worldly sagacity, not only of that which, being worked out in the study, makes a good show upon paper, but of that shrewdness which is ready for use in all the rapid turns of life, and sudden occasions of daily business. This is evident, not only in his portrait, and in his exposition of the system of Scotch banking, but in his most delicate delineations of his fairest heroines; in his records of the conversation of the glorious Die Vernon, in the *tête-à-têtes* of Minna and Brenda, and conspicuously in the interview between Rebecca and Rowena. It is the practical character, *i. e.* the reality which pervades his loftiest scenes, that gives to them their permanent charm: in the same manner as the writer himself was respected as a man of superior rationality, and beloved as an endearing companion, instead of being regarded as a wayward dreamer, merely tolerated on account of supposed genius.

Here we must stop for the present. In pursuing this inquiry into the education and characteristics of his genius, we seem to have done little towards expressing the emotions which his name awakens, exalted as it is amidst the coronach of a nation. We shall hereafter attempt some estimate of his achievements, and of his services to his race—services of whose extent he was himself nearly as unconscious as his contemporaries are proud.

THE BOAR SONG.

BRING me the hunter's goblet deep ;
It holds a flask and more :—
But a single quaff shall drain it off,
To pledge the mighty Boar !
For to-morrow's field this cup of the Rhine
Thy prowess shall restore :
Oh ! never should less than a flask be thine,
To pledge the mighty Boar.

(*Chorus.*)—A flask of wine from the sunny Rhine,
To pledge the mighty Boar !

We have not chased the coward fox,
Nor slain the feeble hare :—
A noble prey was our's to-day,
When the wild swine left his lair.
He fell not by rifle, he fell not by hound,
Nor by six-foot spear he fell :—
'Twas the hunter's glaive that dealt his wound ;
Be the hunter's song his knell !

(*Chorus.*)—His pledge be the wine of the sunny Rhine,
And the hunter's song his knell !

Peril is on the antlered brow,
While lowered for the fray ;
And steady the hand, that guides the brand,
When it strikes the stag at bay.
And the villain wolf has a sharp white fang,
When he turn's on the woodman's edge ;
But we honour not his dying pang,
Nor give him the goblet's pledge.

(*Chorus.*)—No flask of wine from the sunny Rhine,
To wolf or stag we pledge !

Nor stalwart arm, nor steadfast heart,
Are ever needed more
Than when hunters kneel, with levelled steel,
To receive the rushing boar.
'Tis thus the serf should crook the knee
Across his Tyrant's path ;
Bending his brow in mockery,
And pointing his sword in wrath.

(*Chorus.*)—Then fill the wine from the sunny Rhine,
To pledge the freeman's wrath !

Speed now ! The hunter's feast array !
Bring on the vanquished Boar !
With vine leaves spread his grisly head,
The king of the chase before !
To *him*—he slew the fierce wild swine—
One princely cup we pour ;
And a second from the sunny Rhine,
We pledge to that mighty Boar.

(*Chorus.*)—A flask of wine from the sunny Rhine,
We pledge to that mighty Boar !

FALLACIES CONCERNING TITHES.

THE following remarks on the reasoning by which the opponents of the true doctrine of tithes uphold their opinion that tithe is a rent tax, and therefore paid at present from the rent of land, were originally intended as notes to an article on Ireland, which appeared in our sixth number. Their insertion, however, would have extended that article beyond proper limits, and mingled up with it certain abstract reasonings partfrom its main object; so we preferred postponing them, and presenting them as follows.

Our leading opponents of this day are Dr. Chalmers, Mr. Senior, Colonel Thompson, and perhaps the late Dr. Robert Hamilton of Aberdeen. Their opinions we shall now shortly discuss, taking them in the foregoing order.

I. Of Dr. Chalmers' tithe theory, we deem it necessary merely to state, that it rests on grounds peculiar to the author's *unique* creed, and not accepted by any other economist of the time. In passing it by with this slight notice, we are the farthest possible from intending disrespect. Our work is a practical one—not speculative; and when the Doctor's ideas shall appear to have the least chance either of being reduced to practice, or of in any way influencing practical men, we shall then give them the attention they merit. Our countryman does not himself expect that this will be soon. Like the great Verulam, he commits his thoughts to *posterity*.

II. Let Mr. Senior state his own opinions.

"It is true that tithes are not a burden on the wages of the labourer or the profits of the farmer, but are a deduction, or rather an exception, from the landlord's rent; and that, except so far as inconvenience arises from the mode in which they are collected, or from their interference with the employment of capital, (the latter of which inconveniences affects consumers in general, the citizen as well as the rustic,) neither the labourer, the farmer, nor even the landlord, can justly complain of them: neither the labourer nor the farmer, because he does not pay them; nor the landlord, because they are an interest in the soil which never was his; which he may wish for, as he may wish for his neighbour's field, but with no more right to appropriate."—*Letter to Lord Howick on Commutation, &c. p. 56. Third Edition.*

Next let Mr. Senior illustrate his opinions.

"It is true that its great evil, the dissociating the people from their best instructors, the clergy, is not the subject of vulgar complaint; but effects are attributed to them which, though they are not their real consequences, are yet real grounds for their removal. This may require some explanation. The supposed effects to which I allude are the raising the price of provisions, and occasioning agricultural labourers to be out of employ. Now it is perfectly true that, where tithes have long existed, they produce neither of these effects. But it is equally true that their removal *would* produce an immediate fall in the price of provisions, and increase the demand for agricultural labourers. Their effect, where they have long existed, is the same as if the country in which they prevail were thereby rendered rather less extensive, or rather LESS FERTILE,* and consequently rather less populous, than it otherwise would have been. If England, from time immemorial, had been rather more extensive, or rather more fertile than it now is, no one will suppose that the price of provisions would have been lower, or the number of labourers out of employ smaller than they now are. We should have had rather more corn, rather more rent, a demand for rather more labour, and a rather greater population to eat that corn and perform that labour than we now have. The increase would have been in all cases

* These and the following capitals are ours.

positive, not relative. So, if Devonshire or Lincolnshire had never existed, the rental, the fund for the subsistence, and the population of the country, would all have been positively diminished; but as they would have borne the same proportion to one another as they do now, the price of the existing quantity of corn, and the demand for the existing supply of labour, would have been just what they are now. So if tithes had never existed, we should have had rather more corn, a rather larger amount of rental, and a rather larger population. Every thing else would have been as it is. But if a new Devonshire or a new Lincolnshire, fit for immediate cultivation, were now suddenly added to our shores, the immediate consequences would be, an increased demand for agricultural labour, an increased supply of provisions, and a rise of wages, both as estimated in money and as estimated in commodities. It is true that, if this accession to our territory were followed by no change in our habits and institutions, the increased prosperity, which would be its immediate consequence, would gradually disappear as our population rose with the increased supply of subsistence; and ultimately we should be just where we are now, excepting that we should be rather more numerous. SO IF TITHES WERE SUDDENLY COMMUTED, AND THEIR INTERFERENCE, SUCH AS IT IS, WITH AGRICULTURAL IMPROVEMENT, GOT RID OF, THE SAME CONSEQUENCES WOULD FOLLOW AS IF THE EXTENT OF OUR TERRITORY, OR ITS FERTILITY, WERE SUDDENLY AUGMENTED. And supposing no improvement to take place in our institutions and habits, the consequent increase of our population would bring us back, as far as the price of provisions and the demand for labour in proportion to the number of labourers are concerned, to the precise point at which we are now."

This illustration might, by an ill-natured or captious adversary, be easily twisted into a refutation. Wherein Mr. Senior differs from us, we shall attempt to make apparent in a subsequent section:—it is more important to notice wherein he agrees with us. He holds that tithe is a rent-tax; but, at the same time, that it renders the tithed land as if *less fertile*, and that its abolition would, to the consumer, have precisely the effect of a sudden improvement of our agricultural territory, or a creation of new land, i. e. *it would lower the price of agricultural produce.* The consumer then would be relieved by the abolition; and therefore now lies under the burden, whether the landlord be affected or not. Not only does he lie under that burden now, but has likewise done so in all time bypast. Mr. Senior's attempt to show that this is no grievance, is a curious one. He tells us, that if at any previous period this burden had been removed, the people would have just procreated the faster; and that in consequence of new land being thus forced into cultivation, wages, profits, and the price of provisions, would in all probability have been at this day, exactly at their present low point. And he warns us, besides, against being misled by the delusion, that their present abrogation would permanently benefit us, seeing that it could only act as a sort of premium on procreation! We call argumentation of this sort, Malthusianism run mad. If it goes any length, it must go the full length of demonstrating all attempts to benefit a people by improving their physical or economical condition, nothing more hopeful or profitable than the labours of Ixion. Dr. Chalmers, indeed, manfully carries it even to this ludicrous extremity, and speaks of paltry economics with lofty disdain; but Mr. Senior will scarcely be so bold. Our Malthusians are often not good philosophers, and show little skill in the complex movements of society. The progress of what their leader terms the MORAL CHECK, is in fact most intimately bound up with that physical improvement which they hold in so mean account. One theorem of the higher science we shall here announce, and be content with merely announcing it. Mr. Senior may think over it, and draw inferences at his leisure. It is this: —*The progress of civilization*, i. e. *of moral and intellectual culture, is* (physical circumstances remaining the same) *slow or rapid in society,*

nearly in proportion to the thinness or density of population: or, to take an illustration, *had Great Britain been at the present moment twice as populous as it is, while at the same time our powers of obtaining physical comfort remained such as they now are, our people would have been both wiser and better, and our empire therefore greater and happier.**

III. We come now to the leader of the heretical rebellion—the very head and front of this band of recalcitrators against the orthodoxy of Ricardo,—we mean Colonel Thompson, author of "The True Theory of Rent," and of several other well-known economical essays. The doctrine of rent, as propounded by Colonel Thompson, is unquestionably correct; but he errs in supposing that any inference regarding tithes can be drawn from it different from what follows directly from Ricardo's statement. We are hardly disposed to acknowledge even that the rent-theory is different from the development of the same subject by this latter great man; though it is certainly an admirable and necessary correction of the language of his more incautious disciples. Our readers MUST become conversant with the whole *ambages* of this question; so that we make no apology for bringing an outline of it before them. The followers of Ricardo too, often allege that the difference of the fertilities of soils is the *cause* of rent, whereas it only measures its *amount*. Colonel Thompson states truly that the limited quantity of good soil, coupled with a constantly increasing demand for produce, is this *cause;* and while he thus supports the original view of Adam Smith, he is, in his turn, supported by Mr. Say. The process which brings about the origin of rent appears to be as follows, and may be seen actually in operation in the less cultivated districts of America:—So long as the best soil alone of any country is cultivated, the corn sells at the mere cost of production; *i. e.* its price pays the wages of labour and the ordinary living profit for capital, but no rent. Were this species of land of indefinite extent, no rent would ever arise, and corn would thus obey the same economical laws with manufactured articles; but the good soil wears out as population proceeds; and while the demand for produce, therefore, goes on constantly increasing, the supply is limited. Corn, however, must be had; its immediate rise in the market is a necessary consequence; and the holders of the superior lands are thus *bona fide* holders of a monopoly. Whatever sum they obtain for their produce over and above its cost of production, may be termed the monopoly exaction or *rent;* and they can only raise this rent in amount, until by some means the public obtain a power of reaction, and are enabled to defy them. Now the patent means of public defence are the soils still uncultivated, which, though inferior, may nevertheless yield a return. These next lower soils were not cultivated at first, because with corn at its original price, they could not have been tilled profitably; but so soon as the price of corn gets sufficiently high to allow of their smaller produce paying for wages and profits, they will unquestionably be cultivated; the monopoly price will stop ascending, and the

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* Mr. Senior sees very well the humbug of any plan of commutation into a tax on rent.—He says truly in page 58, that in time the landlords would forget that tithes had been surrendered to them as an equivalent, and would call out for corn laws and restrictions as an indemnity. The fact is, they have done so already, even where they paid tithe only in imagination, and we may therefore guess what sort of a relief we shall have from Mr. Stanley's plan.

amount of the rent of the better soils be determined.* A proper consideration of this will show that it differs nothing in the main from Ricardo's notions; nor will it permit of a different inference in the question of tithes. Previous to the exhaustion of the best soils, corn plainly obeys the laws of all necessary manufactured articles; and were tithe then imposed, its burden would, without doubt, be thrown upon the consumer. The agriculturist obtained nothing more for it originally than the cost of its production; and as he will not produce it for less, he must, the moment he is laid under the necessity of giving a tenth of it away, raise his price until the remaining nine-tenths yield him this profitable return. If he cannot do this by a mere extra demand upon his consumer, he will do it by lessening his supply, or in other words,

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* We entreat our readers to make themselves acquainted with the doctrine of Rent. If they knew it, it would unveil many a financial iniquity, of which, without such knowledge, they can think only in vague and unsatisfactory terms. Finance is a cunning tyrant, and we require to study well to become acquainted with its subtle oppressions. We are tempted to add here a refutation by the redoubted Christopher North, of some absurdities upon this subject, advanced by one of his more forward than wise correspondents. The refutation is complete and admirable, and incidentally illustrates our subject:—

"Our correspondent puts a case, the substance of which may be very briefly stated thus:—Edinburgh wants ten millions quarts of water, which can be furnished at one penny each. Afterwards Edinburgh wants one thousand quarts more, which cannot be furnished at less than one penny farthing. Now, is *that* any reason, says he, why the ten million men should renounce their advantage, and raise their price by a farthing in order to countenance the thousand men? This is his question. But he forgets one little thing. Before any man would think of producing the last thousand quarts, the ten millions must have been found insufficient for the demand; that insufficiency would express itself by a rise in the market price of the ten millions. This rise would act as a summons to the production of the last thousand quarts, and would take place not *after* (as our correspondent supposes the Ricardian to say), but *before* the production of that last thousand. That this increased price would be sustained after the supply was equalized with the demand, is evident, because the penny men could not return to their old price, and undersell the penny-farthing men, without driving them out of the market; since a penny-farthing, by the supposition, is the least sum that will pay profits and wages on the thousand quarts. But the penny-farthing men cannot be driven out of the market, because the whole product by the very means of the case, is no more than sufficient for the demand; and if for a moment they should be driven out of the market, the increase of price consequent on insufficient supply would immediately recall them. In this state of things, the landlords of that land, or of those wells which produce the ten million quarts, finding that the producers have an advantage over the thousand quart men, step in and demand the whole difference between them, viz. a farthing—and so commences Rent. For those who raise water at a penny-farthing have the ordinary rate of profits; and therefore those who can raise it at a penny, have more than the ordinary rate by a farthing. This rent becomes confirmed by contracts; and after *that* all attempts to undersell become impossible, except by sacrificing some part of the ordinary rate of profit.

"Our excellent correspondent will find it vain to kick against these irresistible doctrines. But he must allow us to add, that the old theory of Rent is not (as he supposes) *opposed* to the new theory, but simply different from it. Adam Smith did not *deny* any thing essential to the new views; he merely *overlooked* something, viz. the fact of the different rates of fertility in the soil. Neither did he uniformly overlook this; some things which, he says, imply that he had a glimpse of it; and with regard to mines, he was pretty sensible of this scale of differences, and of its consequences.—C. N."

Hadst thou always written thus, O, Christopher! thy crutch would have dealt many a good blow for the Good Cause!

by withdrawing his capital from an unprofitable investment. The only question that remains, then, is what may be the effect of this tax, after rent has arisen; or when the inferior soil is in the act of being forced into cultivation. Now, it will be noticed that this inferior soil is a check upon the monopoly exaction, or a means of defence in the hands of the public, exactly in proportion to its fertility. The more barren it is, or the smaller the quantity of corn which it will *effectively* return to the cultivator for his outlay of capital, the farther removed as it were will be the check it institutes; and the price may, and will be raised by the monopolists, exactly in proportion. But the tithing of the produce clearly diminishes the capitalist's effectual return, just by one-tenth, so that the check is by so much farther off; and, in this case too, the burden of the tax is shifted upon the consumer.

The subject is so important that it deserves numerical illustration. Suppose that the best soil we speak of produces twenty quarters per acre, and the next inferior soil only ten. Suppose also, that the cultivator of the first soil (while it alone was cultivated, and paid no rent) conceived himself remunerated for labour and outlay of capital, by 20s. per quarter, or a return of £20 per acre. So long as this good soil remains unexhausted, there is no circumstance which can occasion any disturbance in the price; but when it is exhausted, and no additional supply can be forced from it, the demand of the growing population will evidently raise that price:—a sum will hence accrue over and above wages and profits, or—rent. Now, the limits of that rise of price is plainly this:—It cannot rise higher than will enable the produce of the inferior soil to be sold for £20 per acre, the sum already supposed as the remunerating return; or, in other words, it cannot rise higher than £2 per quarter. So soon as it arrives at this point, the inferior soil will be broken up, and the supply henceforth go on in steady proportion to the demand. Let a tithe imposition be now imagined, and let us look at the result. If imposed before the first soil is exhausted, the farmer will have remaining, as his corn return, eighteen quarters in place of twenty, and from this eighteen he must extract his former money return of £20, or discontinue his trade. Fall back upon rent in the meantime he cannot, as he pays none, so that his only resource is a partial and temporary withdrawal of capital until the price is raised to £1 one-ninth, per quarter, by a temporary diminution of supply. At this price he will go on producing as before, and the markets will suffer no new disturbance until the good soil becomes exhausted. A rise of price will now take place, and proceed until checked by the productive powers of the next lowest soil. But this soil which, when untithed, returned ten quarters, will now only return nine *to the capitalist*;* and the limit of monopoly exaction is precisely that sum which will make the price of nine quarters £20, or £2 two-ninths per quarter. It will be seen then that the price is in both these latter cases raised upon the consumer, and the rent will plainly be quite the same whether tithe is imposed or not. If the land is tithe-free, the rent afforded by the higher soil, when the less fertile is just

* From this may be apparent, the full weight of Mr. Senior's assertion, or admission, that the influence of tithes, as respects the consumer, renders the soil "less fertile." Really we have a strong desire to seize forcible hold of this ingenious economist, and without farther ceremony, give him a corporalship in our ranks.

broke up, will be £20 per acre; and, if tithed, it will be nine quarters at £2 two-ninths per acre, or £20 also. It may be indeed alleged that the quantity which the bishop gets in this latter case, viz., three quarters, or a value of £6$\frac{2}{3}$, being also a part of the *residuum* over and above the cost of production, has as much right to be named *rent* as the £20 which goes to the landlord,—that the total amount of real rent is thus £26$\frac{2}{3}$,—and that this full sum would go into the proprietor's pocket, were the practice of tithing demolished. Now, we will not quarrel about a name, as our dispute is concerning things. What we assert is, that if tithe had not existed, the consumer would have paid only £2, instead of £2 two-ninths per quarter for his corn. If the foregoing statement proves any thing, it proves this; and it also demonstrates that the *anonymous* part of the *residuum* which the Bishop receives, *would not, in other circumstances, have arisen at all.* The noxious influence of the tithe diminished the power of the inferior soil as a check, just so far; and enabled the monopoly exaction to exceed its natural and free amount, precisely by this sum. This being granted—and we see not how it can be denied—our case becomes a very plain one. By what process matters would be restored, on the abolition of tithes, to their original state, and the price of provisions lowered from £2$\frac{2}{3}$ to £2 per quarter, instead of the increment being put into landlords' pockets, we shall explain in a subsequent section.

If the public have any means of defence against the economical results now demonstrated, it must be in what has sometimes been adduced in controversion of the Ricardo doctrine of tithes; viz. a diminution in their consumption of corn, according as the price rises, and a consequent throwing of land out of cultivation, or a preventing it from being broken up so soon as it would otherwise have been. Now, there is a great deal of reality in the matter of fact of this statement; but it militates nothing against our proposition. It is certainly one of the best established truths of finance, that a tax cannot be laid upon any manufactured article, to the heightening of its price, without to a greater or less degree narrowing the use of that article. There is an ideal standard in most men's minds, by which the *worth* of articles of consumption is tried, and the moment their price exceeds this, the use of them is given up or abridged. In this event, the manufacture is also narrowed. But, it must be observed, that, though less is manufactured, nothing is manufactured *cheaper.* The high price caused by the tax is still paid by every consumer, though numbers are rendered unable to become consumers. The effect, in regard of corn, will, in similar circumstances, be precisely similar. If a diminution of demand takes place, permitting of a certain withdrawal of capital altogether, without necessitating a rise of price, so much more will just require to be temporarily withdrawn, in order to the permanent elevation of the price to the profitable point. The permanent diminution of demand will cause a permanent diminution of supply, but it will not cause that supply to be brought to market on unprofitable terms. The whole corn grown, *then,* will be still grown under the precise laws we have just unfolded; and the tithe-raised price will be paid by those who eat, although those who do not eat escape. It is absurd to regard this operation, as a means of relieving the consumer from his burden. The only effect it can have is the reducing of our poorer classes to half food, and thereby making tithe as well as rent less than they would be, if these classes consumed

full food. But there is yet an increment upon every morsel consumed, which goes to the payment of tithe, and our proposition remains unhurt. If any inference can be hence drawn, it is, that the landlord also would benefit by the repeal of this noxious impost; that, as the people were enabled to live more generously, rents would rise, cultivation being extended and advanced.

These are the remarks which we offer for the guidance of the student who would explore the Fallacies of "*The True Theory of Rent.*" Colonel Thompson also gives somewhat into that ultra-Malthusianism we reprehended in Mr. Senior. What would the author of a certain admirable Catechism think of the application of such reasoning to the Corn Laws?

We shall not advance farther at present; the foregoing dose of abstractions being quite enough for one month. We shall return to the inquiry, and look into all its practical details. It is these last which make out that popular and plausible case against us, to which we attribute the great prevalence of error. Let our friends, in the meantime, give the foregoing an attentive and thoughtful perusal; and we pledge ourselves to convince the most incredulous, in our next article on the subject, of the all important truth, that TITHES ARE PAID BY THE CONSUMER.

SONNETS TO IONE.

I.

I CANNOT woo thee, dearest, in such wise
As daily suitors borrow—'twould offend
The sense of my deep passion, so to bend
And smile, and play with velvet words and sighs:—
And art thou angered by this bolder guise?
'Tis but a feint, sweet chider, to extend
Thy sway still further o'er the wayward friend
Who doats too dearly on those sovereign eyes!
Thou know'st thyself—for all that pretty scorn,
And peremptory state of thy sweet kind—
Loved to thy worth and wish, and close entwined
By his most clasped heart-strings, whether borne
In absence on the tablet of the mind,
Or present, bringing joy, as sunbeams bring the morn!

II.

O chide me not for silence! Let me lie
Still at thy feet, upgazing, love! Do thou
But lay those silken fingers on my brow,
And fill my vision with thine answering eye;
Then bid me sing! and lip and lute shall vie,
Though wont of late such biddings to refuse,
In mingling strains for thee, mine own fair muse!
So is my being raised, when thou art nigh!
Alone, I struggle with dark thoughts,—my tongue
Hath learned harsh syllables from Time; and, yet,
When folded in thy shadow, I forget
All sense of hate, and weariness, and wrong,
While thoughts, like thee, all beautiful, beset
The prison of my heart, and loose its captive, Song!

SEA-BURKING;

OR, THE MYSTERIES OF LLOYD'S,

EVERY DAY A SHIP IS LOST.—From an examination of Lloyd's Lists, from the year 1793 to the commencement of 1829, it has appeared that the number of British vessels alone, lost during that period, amounted, on an average, to no less than one and a half daily. We learn, from Moreau's tables, that the number of merchant-vessels employed at one time in the navigation of England and Scotland, amounts to about 20,008, having, one with another, a burden of 120 tons. Out of 551 ships of the royal navy of England, lost to the country during the period above-mentioned, only 160 were taken or destroyed by the enemy; the rest having either stranded or foundered, or having been burnt by accident—a striking proof that the dangers of naval warfare, however great, may be far exceeded by the storm, the hurricane, the shoal, and all the other perils of the deep. During the last great war in Europe, 32 British ships of the line went down to the bottom in the space of 22 years, besides 7 50-gun ships, 86 frigates, and a multitude of smaller vessels. The navies of the other European powers, France, Holland, Spain, and Denmark, were almost annihilated during the same period, so that the aggregate of their losses must have many times exceeded that of the kingdom of Great Britain. These numbers, we believe, very far exceeded what most people would have supposed. To this immense loss of ships of war and of commerce, the imagination must be left to supply the incalculable amount of wealth swallowed up with them, and the thousands of human beings who thus found a watery grave. More strength in the building might save half of this suffering.

The following account of loss and accidents of British vessels is extracted from Lloyd's List of 1829:—On foreign voyages, 157 wrecked; 284 driven on shore, of which 224 are known to have been got off, and probably more; 21 foundered or sunk; 1 run down; 35 abandoned at sea, 8 of them afterwards carried into port; 12 condemned, as unseaworthy; 6 upset, one of them righted; 27 missing, one of them a packet, no doubt foundered. Coasters and colliers:—109 wrecked; 297 driven on shore, of which 121 known to have been got off, and probably many more; 67 foundered or sunk, 4 of them raised, 6 run down; 13 abandoned, 5 of them afterwards carried in; 3 upset, 2 of them righted; 16 missing, no doubt foundered. During the year, 4 steam vessels were wrecked; 4 driven on shore, but got off; and 2 sunk.

SEA-BURKING, TO THE ALARMING EXTENT OF TWO THOUSAND LIVES AND UPWARDS A-YEAR.

THE following dialogue, between two clerks, sitting on the benches of the Royal Exchange, London, was lately overheard.

1*st Clerk.* "What a melancholy loss that is of the Shannon whaler, with most of the crew!"

2*d Clerk.* "Ay."

"What a dreadful state for the crew to be in, for seven days and six nights, without shelter, amongst wet, cold, frost and snow, with nothing to eat and drink but flour, raw salt beef, and salt water, and obliged to drink their own blood for thirst, until some died raving mad, and others had the very flesh rotted off their bones!"

"Yes."

"What a pity such disasters could not be prevented in future!'

"It would be a pity for some, but not for all."

"Why not for all?"

"It would be no pity for ship-builders, ship-wrights, and ship-trades men."

"Why not?"

"Because another vessel will be required to supply the place of the Shannon, which gives employment to all these parties."

"Then, do you mean to say, that it is to the profit of all these parties that vessels should be lost?"

"It is so clear, as not to admit of dispute."

"But surely it would have been to the advantage of the owners that the vessel had been preserved?"

"I doubt that very much."

"Why so?"

"Because, probably, it was insured to, or even above, its value."

"I do not understand you."

"Suppose, for instance, the ship to have cost, when new, six thousand pounds, and suppose it, during the time it lasted, to have made considerable profit, but to have much decreased in value, no person would probably have given above half value for it to purchase; but the owner, without doing any thing dishonest, or which is not done every day, may keep it insured to the full value it cost him, when new; and if it be totally lost, he gets three thousand pounds more for it than he could have got from a purchaser."

"Ay; but you supposed it to have made a profit; suppose it had not made a profit?"

"Then, he has the more need to get quit of it."

"Then, by that reasoning, a ship-owner may often make a profit by his vessel being lost?"

"It is done every day. It is as common a trade as selling old clothes in Rag Fair."

"Then I am sure it would have been for the advantage of the underwriters that the vessel had been preserved?"

"That it most certainly would not."

"How so, when the property was sacrificed in the sea?"

"It requires but little reflection to discover that, if there were no losses at sea, there would be no sea insurances; and it requires just as little to see that the underwriters must get more money than they pay away, otherwise they would become bankrupt."

"Please to explain yourself a little farther."

"If there be a million of money paid away in Lloyd's every year, for losses at sea, there must be above a million received; for instance, say a million and a half, and the half million, or surplus above what is actually paid away for losses, just goes into the pockets of the underwriters."

"Then, by whom is this million and a half paid?"

"By the public."

"But how is it paid?"

"By a tax on merchandize, and all sea-borne commodities."

"I will again be obliged by your explaining yourself."

"The Shannon whaler was going to the Davis' Straits whale-fishery, and was lost on the passage out; this, of course, made one ship less at the fishery; and, of course, there will be one cargo less at the market; and this increases the price of whale oil and whale-bone: and if, instead of the Shannon only being lost, there be twenty more ships lost at the fishery, the price of these articles will just be increased by the amount, or value, of twenty-one vessels less at market."

"I do not believe the public view the loss of ships in this light."

"No. The great art is to keep them from knowing this: otherwise Lloyd's would be deserted."

"How so?"

"I have already said, if there were no losses at sea there would be no sea insurances."

"Had the whole crew of the Shannon been drowned, and the vessel not heard tell of, what would have been done?"

"The owner, or his broker, would probably have gone into the room up stairs, and offered, perhaps, 30, 40, 50, 60 per cent or upwards, of premium, for any person to take risks upon it, and insure its return."

"What is premium?"

"Money paid to induce parties to take risks."

"And what would be the consequence if the vessel did not return?"

"The party just loses so much over and above the premium he received, paid back for every £100 of risk he took upon it."

"And if it did return?"

"He just pockets so much of premium, as he took of £100 risks upon it."

"Does either party know where the vessel is all this time?"

"No. If they do, it is fraud."

"Then, is this not a hazard upon an uncertain event, of which neither party knows what will be the issue?"

"It is precisely so."

"Could vessels be built stronger and safer, and such melancholy accidents as the loss of the Shannon prevented in future?"

"With the greatest ease."

"Then why is it not done?"

"Because it would be against the interests of all the parties I have already mentioned."

"Is there any proof that vessels might be built stronger and safer?"

"Yes."

"Where is it?"

"In men of war, or ships fitted by Government, as was the case with the Isabella and Dorothea, where (but we must keep this to ourselves) ships are not insured."

"Then do you consider insurance to be the sole cause of so many merchant vessels being built unsafe, and lost?"

"I consider insurance to be the sole cause of it."

"Would it not be to the advantage of the crews, that vessels should be built stronger and safer?"

"Unquestionably. It would preserve them from being drowned, or losing their property."

"And of passengers?"

"And of passengers the same as the crews."

"And of the public, where merchandize is concerned?"

"Undoubtedly."

"And is this known to all these parties, ship-builders, ship-owners, and underwriters?"

"To many of them, it is as well known as it is to me."

"Why this is very like a combination by all of these parties against the interests of the public?"

"And so it is."

"Is this the practice of trade?"

"The whole principle of trade, is buying cheap and selling dear; and of the carrying trade, in keeping up the value of the stock, and making a profit above the expenses."

"This, then, does not seem to conform to those principles?"

"It has no more similarity to them, than throwing the dice at Crockford's has with fair dealing. They are both speculations on a hazard, and the only earthly difference between them is, that insurance is carried on, under the sanction of law, and is considered a legal risk for the benefit of trade; the other is unprotected by law, and is considered illegal, but in principle they are both hazards of precisely the same kind."

"Are there any other instances than men-of-war, of vessels being strongly built?"

"Yes."

"What are they?"

"Merchant vessels which are not insured."

"How does the East India Company do with their ships?"*

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"To what extent do you suppose that lives are sacrificed every year, which might, if vessels were made stronger and safer, be preserved?"

"To at least TWO THOUSAND LIVES EVERY YEAR."

"Why, this is little better than Burking by wholesale?"

"It is precisely so, and the only difference between them is, that in the one case, Burking was detected, and in the other case, it is not known to the public."

"And to what extent is property sacrificed every year, which might be preserved?"

"To at least a million sterling a-year."

"Do you mean British subjects and British property only, or the lives and property of all nations?"

"I mean British subjects, and British property only. If we include all nations, the amounts will at least require to be doubled."

"Upon what grounds do you make the calculation?"

"Upon statements and calculations which have lately appeared in the newspapers."

"Then why do not the public insist on vessels being made stronger and safer, and this suffering and loss prevented?"

"The public are always slow to move, even where their own safety and interests are concerned, and to the vast majority of them, these things are not known; and when a vessel is lost, they attribute it to a dispensation of Divine Providence, shrug up their shoulders, bless God it was not themselves, consider it was a fair sea risk, and that it could not have been prevented."

"Have no attempts been made to inform the public, that vessels might be built stronger and safer?"

"Yes. Many."

"And what has been the result?"

"The public would not look at any publication, or receive any information on the subject. In fact, the public would as soon think of looking at a book in Hebrew or Chaldee, as they would at a book on strengthening ships."

"But will ship-builders, ship-owners, underwriters, and surveyors of shipping, not look at them?"

"No. They all know well that it would be against their interests if

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* A charge was here made by the clerk against a party in the India House, of so strong a nature that we cannot allow it to be reported to the public without proof of its truth. Our clerk's facts and inferences well deserve attention; but we think him rather severe in his imputation of motives. Yet men, noways remarkable for inhumanity as individuals, often do strange things collectively. We have little faith in the justice or humanity of Trustees, Directors, Commissioners, Justices of Peace, or the Members of Close Corporations, when several act together.

ships were made stronger and safer, and therefore they are to a man interestedly prejudiced against them."

"On what pretence do they object to vessels being made stronger and safer?"

"On pretence of the additional expense of building; but which is just a pretence to gull the public, and to make it pay for all vessels that are wrecked and damaged, and to fill their own pockets."

"Then, if the public were made aware that their lives and property were sacrificed in the sea to fill the pockets of ship-builders, ship-owners, underwriters, and surveyors of shipping, would they not take steps for their own safety?"

"I doubt it very much. There is such an apathy amongst the public, and such a general feeling, that what is every body's business is nobody's business; that, unless the whole nation could be aroused, it is most probable that nothing would be done, although the public were made fully aware of all these facts."

"Have not many passengers been drowned in steamers, since the introduction of steam navigation?"

"Yes. Many."

"And could similar drownings be prevented in future?"

"Yes. With ease."

"Then, why does not the Legislature take up the subject?"

"The Legislature is tender of interfering with the property of private parties; and it considers that if one-half of the public are fleeced of their property and drowned, to fill the pockets of the other half, that this is all for the benefit of trade, (like the glazier's boy breaking the windows, and the doctor breaking the glazier's boy's head, both for the benefit of trade,) and that it is not their province to interfere between the parties. Besides, these drownings keep down the population, which Malthus says, should be kept down to the subsistence fund; and they are attended with this peculiar good consequence, that the parties never make any complaints to disturb the repose of the Legislature afterwards, as clamorous and dissatisfied emigrants sometimes do. For all these good reasons, the Legislature declines to interfere."

"But suppose a transport vessel, full of troops, to be lost, and all the troops drowned."

"Then Government just sends another, to run the same risk."

"But is the loss of the troops not a great loss to Government?"

"No. What is the cost of a few hundreds or a few thousands of troops, drowned, (the lives are considered of no value whatever,) to the revenue which Government derives from the loss of vessels?"

"How does Government derive a revenue from the loss of vessels?"

"It increases the sale of timber, hemp, flax, iron, copper, pitch, tar, and all materials of which vessels and their equipments are composed, and on which there are duties. It also increases the sale of all documents connected with shipping, on which there are stamp duties, such as charters of affreightment, bills of lading, policies of insurance, arbitration bonds, protests, seamen's articles of agreement, apprentices' indentures, &c., and even increases the consumpt of paper, on which there are heavy duties, and materially increases the revenue of the Post-office."

"Any thing else?"

"Yes. The duties on exports and imports."

"How does it increase the duties on exports?"

"If a vessel be lost with an export cargo, another cargo will be required to supply the country, or place it was going to."

"But, then, does not Government lose the duty on imports? Suppose, for instance, an East Indiaman coming home from China with a cargo of teas and silks, to be lost on the passage home, does not Government lose the duties on these articles?"

"No. The sovereigns of Leadenhall Street, who supply the public with these articles, exactly as the Dutch supplied spices from Amboyana, order home another vessel, belonging to their High Mightinesses, with a cargo, which pays the duty in lieu of the one which was lost, and they charge the whole expense to the public."

"But suppose a West Indiaman, laden with sugar, rum, and coffee, to be lost, and which was not under the control of sovereign purveyors and sovereign carriers?"

"In that case, the supply of these articles is regulated by the demand for them; and if one vessel and cargo be lost, another will be sent to supply the demand, and Government does not lose the duties."

"But suppose a Portuguese vessel, laden with wine, or an American vessel, laden with tobacco, to be lost, does not Government lose the duties?"

"No."

"How is that?"

"Another vessel is just sent in the place of the one which was lost; and the only effect is, to heighten the prime cost of the article to the public, to pay the expense of the vessel and cargo which were lost, before the duties are laid on by Government."

"Does this hold throughout all commerce?"

"Throughout the whole property in shipping, and exports and imports of the kingdom."

"Then, it appears Government are as much gainers by the loss of vessels as ship-builders are."

"They are more so, since the property of Government is only nominal, and consists only of duties, for which no real value is given; but the property of ship-builders is real material and workmanship."

"Does this account, then, for the repugnance which Government have to encourage the building of vessels stronger and safer, which do not belong to the Royal Navy?"

"In my opinion it does so."

"Was not there a committee of the House of Commons appointed to inquire into the loss of steam-vessels, sometime ago?"

"Yes."

"And what was the result?"

"A report of the House of Commons, recommending that steamers should be built stronger; which in all probability will be carried into effect in the year 1932, and, Finis."

"Since you are so well informed on the subject, why do you not let the public know how easy it would be to prevent many shipwrecks and drownings?"

"Do you think I am a fool?"

"No."

"Then, how can you expect that I, having the fear of God, and of losing my situation, before my eyes, would furnish the public with information which might have the effect of taking my bread from me?"

"How could giving the information be the means of taking your bread from you?"

"If vessels were built stronger and safer, there would be fewer losses, and consequently fewer insurance-brokers, agents, and underwriters; and it then might happen that my employer might have no employment for himself, and consequently would have none for me. In fact, with all this immense establishment of Lloyd's, which is supported by the losses of vessels and merchandize, and which are paid for by a tax levied from the public, the business would almost entirely be taken away from it."

"But could you not give the information to the public, without its being known where it came from?"

"Would the loss of my situation not be punishment sufficient, without losing my money, and getting the ill will of all parties in addition?"

"You would not get the ill will of the public."

"No. But did you ever know the public to reward its benefactor yet? Look to James Watt; look to Henry Bell; look even to the great Sir Isaac Newton. No, no. A grateful and discerning public takes special care that its benefactors shall be first duly starved to death, and then it raises monuments to perpetuate their memories. The public gratitude is very much like Falstaff's description of honour; therefore, 'I'm for none on't.'"

"I never thought our business had any connection with Burking by wholesale before."

"It is rather a harsh expression, but it all tends to the same end, that of getting money from others."

"Do you consider that any vessels are lost accidentally on purpose?"

"Yes. Many."

"From what reason do you suppose so?"

"From the cupidity of human nature."

"Please to explain yourself."

"Where you see trials in the newspapers every year, and almost every month, of people insuring their properties, and then setting fire to the premises, to defraud insurance companies, depend upon it the same thing is done, to a much greater extent, with shipping, with a different element, being water instead of fire; and where a vessel is lost, accidentally on purpose, in 99 cases out of 100, detection becomes impracticable, and is never attempted, and the loss is effected therefore without risk. But it all comes off the shoulders of the public, who are well able to bear it."

"But should not means be taken to inform the public of this?"

"I question much whether the public would thank any person to inform them; since, when they are robbed, and a portion of them drowned, without the survivors suspecting that they might both be prevented,—'where ignorance is bliss, 'twou'd be folly to be wise.'"

"But why do not shipowners and underwriters look to prevent these losses?"

"For the reasons I gave you before—that it is frequently the interest of a shipowner that his vessel should be lost; and in no case where his vessel is fully insured does he need to care about it being lost; and that, if there were no losses at sea, there would be no sea insurances. And hark!—a word in your ear; but we must keep this to ourselves—instead of a vessel and a half being lost every day, some underwriters, shipowners, and ship-builders, do not care a fig if there were a vessel and a half lost every hour, and the crew and passengers drowned, so long as it fills their pockets."

"Then, how is this crying evil to be remedied?"

"Only by the public voice being loudly and clamourously raised against it; or more effectually still, by prohibiting all sea insurances, when, take my word for it, there will not be one wreck for four that take place at present; and this would be more effectual than any interference of the Legislature, which the ingenuity of man might contrive means to evade."

"But if sea insurances were prohibited, would not that check commerce?"

"On the contrary, it would very much increase it. There is no difference of opinion, that if sea insurances were prohibited, vessels would be made very much stronger and safer, and at least a half of the shipwrecks which will otherwise take place would be prevented."

"But would not that be too great a risk for the merchant and shipowner?"

"No. They would then have their property preserved in fact and in reality, instead of paying a tax upon it in an insurance office, which does not preserve it, and which is borne by the public. Indeed, if we look upon merchant shipping in its true light, as a bridge connecting distant countries together, it is evident the stronger and safer we can make that bridge, the less tax there will be required to be levied from passengers and goods; and on the other hand, the weaker and more insecure the bridge is, and the more repairs it requires, the greater tax must be levied from passengers and goods, to keep it up, and to pay for the repairs; and which expenses must just be paid for again by the consumers of the commodities, so that a stronger bridge would very much facilitate and increase, instead of checking commerce."

"By your reasoning, then, it seems to be a pity that ever sea insurance was invented?"

"It is chargeable with the loss of hundreds of thousands of human lives, and hundreds of millions of property."

"I always thought it was a good thing before."

"And so many who have not considered the subject think yet. But so much are the best institutions of men liable to be abused and perverted, that there is no doubt that the cause of three-fourths of the wrecks and damages to goods which take place in the world is owing to Insurance! Insurance! Insurance!"

The conversation being here ended, the clerks rose and walked away.

THE TORY HEARTS OF ENGLAND.

THE Tory hearts of England—
How wofully they quail!
Each brazen brow is clouded now,
Each cheek is deadly pale—
The eyes that for the people's wo
Would never shed a tear,
Are quenched and dim. Right well they know
The reckoning hour is near.

The pampered priests of England—
What dismal tales they tell!
Now let them sing their sorrowing
With candle, book, and bell,
For we will lay their idols low,
And give their pride a fall—
We'll turn their scarlet and their show
To sackcloth and to gall.

Monopolists of England—
You soon shall have your due!
We fear you not—for we have got
A vengeful rod for you.
That rod you brandished in the west,
Till blood in torrents ran—
You reared your Mammon's dragon crest
O'er outraged Hindostan.

The Tory Peers of England—
How wrathfully they frown!
Their hateful yoke we burst—we broke
Their rotten boroughs down.
And all who thwart our patriot band,
From England's shores may fly,
And seek some more congenial land
Beneath a foreign sky.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

(Continued from No. VII.)

Our attention is next claimed by Shelley's lyrical poetry. Under this head we include a numerous and rather miscellaneous class of poems. Strictly speaking, lyrical poetry means such as, from its brevity, or from the structure of its versification, is susceptible of being set to music. It may be narrative, descriptive, even didactic; or it may be the involuntary utterance, in one or two melodious lines, of a random thought. The exquisite delicacy of sentiment, and varied melody of versification which characterize Shelley's poetry, rendered him better adapted to excel in this kind of composition than any poet of the day. Poor Keates, in his ode to the nightingale, evinced a kindred power, but he has left us little in this way. Wordsworth wants varied melody, and Byron wrote with too manifest an exertion. Moore has got a high character as a lyrist, simply because his songs have been set to music, without reference to the merits of his versification, and without reference to his eternal conceits. In the examples we are about to subjoin, the reader must not be startled by the introduction of some pieces which would scarcely harmonize with some of his drawing-room and harpsichord associations. We speak not of what is, but of what is susceptible of being enhanced in value by musical intonation. The Germans, more musical, give a wider range to the subject of their songs, and would understand us better. This is our only apology for introducing here

THE CLOUD.

I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noonday dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet birds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under,
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.
I sift the snow on the mountains below,
And their great pines groan aghast;
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
Sublime on the towers of my skiey bowers,
Lightning my pilot sits
In a cavern under is fettered the thunder,
It struggles and howls at fits;
Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,
This pilot is guiding me,
Lured by the love of the genii that move
In the depths of the purple sea;
Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills,
Over the lakes and the plains,
Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,
The Spirit he loves remains;
And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,
Whilst he is dissolving in rains.
The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
And his burning plumes outspread,

Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,
When the morning star shines dead;
As on the jag of a mountain crag,
Which an earthquake rocks and swings,
An eagle alit one moment may sit
In the light of its golden wings.
And when sunset may breathe, from the lit sea beneath,
Its ardours of rest and of love,
And the crimson pall of eve may fall
From the depth of heaven above,
With wings folded I rest on mine airy nest,
As still as a brooding dove.

That orbed maiden with white fire laden,
Whom mortals call the moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,
By the midnight breezes strewn;
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
Which only the angels hear,
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
The stars peep behind her and peer;
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
Like a swarm of golden bees,
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
Are each paved with the moon and these.

I bind the sun's throne with a burning zone,
And the moon's with a girdle of pearl;
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim,
When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.
From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,
Over a torrent sea,
Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof,
The mountains its columns be.
The triumphal arch through which I march
With hurricane, fire, and snow,
When the powers of the air are chained to my chair,
Is the million-coloured bow;
The sphere-fire above its soft colours wove,
While the moist earth was laughing below.

I am the daughter of earth and water,
And the nursling of the sky;
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores;
I change, but I cannot die.
For after the rain when, with never a stain,
The pavilion of heaven is bare,
And the winds and sunbeams with their convex gleams,
Build up the blue dome of air,
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
And out of the caverns of rain,
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
I arise and unbuild it again.

The following exquisite lines will be acknowledged by all to belong to the class under which we have ranked them. There is something drowsy in the versification, like the hum of a distant waterfall, heard between sleeping and waking; and the images borne in succession across the languid fancy, the low breathing winds and twinkling stars, the odours of flowers and the dying song of the nightingale, the fainting beneath kisses, half-stifle us in an atmosphere over-impregnated with bliss. "The spirit in the feet," which leads the lover to his mistress's window, is in harmony with all the rest—it is the yearning advance of the sleep-walker. But let the song speak for itself.

LINES TO AN INDIAN AIR.

I arise from dreams of thee
In the first sweet sleep of night,
When the winds are breathing low,
And the stars are shining bright:
I arise from dreams of thee,
And a spirit in my feet
Has led me—who knows how?
To thy chamber window, sweet!

The wandering airs they faint
On the dark, the silent stream—
The champak odours fail
Like sweet thoughts in a dream;
The nightingale's complaint,
It dies upon her heart,
As I must upon thine,
Beloved as thou art!

O lift me from the grass!
I die, I faint, I fail!
Let thy love in kisses rain
On my lips and eyelids pale.
My cheek is cold and white, alas!
My heart beats loud and fast,
Oh! press it close to thine again,
Where it will break at last.

Change the measure. Here is tempest and rage conjured up by impassioned words.

THE FUGITIVES.

I.

The waters are flashing,
The white hail is dashing,
The lightnings are glancing,
The hoar-spray is dancing—
Away!

The whirlwind is rolling,
The thunder is tolling,
The forest is swinging,
The minster bells ringing—
Come away!

The earth is like ocean,
Wreck-strewn and in motion:
Bird, beast, man, and worm,
Have crept out of the storm—
Come away!

II.

"Our boat has one sail,
And the helmsman is pale;
A bold pilot I trow,
Who should follow us now,"—
Shouted He—

And she cried: "Ply the oar!
Put off gaily from shore!"—
As she spoke, bolts of death
Mixed with hail, specked their path
O'er the sea.

And from isle, tower and rock,
The blue beacon cloud broke,
And though dumb in the blast,
The red cannon flashed fast
From the lee.

III.

"And fears't thou, and fear'st thou?
And see'st thou, and hear'st thou?
And drive we not free
O'er the terrible sea,
I and thou?"

One boat-cloak did cover
The loved and the lover—
Their blood beats one measure,
They murmur proud pleasure
Soft and low;—

While around the lashed ocean,
Like mountains in motion,
Is withdrawn and uplifted,
Sunk, shattered and shifted
To and fro.

IV.

In the court of the fortress
Beside the pale portress,
Like a blood-hound well beaten,
The bridegroom stands, eaten
By shame;

On the topmost watch-turret,
As a death-boding spirit,
Stands the grey tyrant father,
To his voice the mad weather,
Seems tame;

And with curses as wild
As ere clung to child,
He devotes to the blast
The best, loveliest and last
Of his name!

Beauty comes most fitly after terror, like sunshine after storm.

THE ISLE.

There was a little lawny islet,
By anemone and violet,
Like mosaic, paven;
And its roof was flowers and leaves
Which the summer's breath enweaves,
Where nor sun, nor shower, nor breeze,
Pierce the pines and tallest trees,
Each a gem engraven.
Girt by many an azure wave
With which the clouds and mountains pave
A lake's blue chasm.

Amid the rich variety which the poet has left us, it is difficult to choose, but opening the book at random we select—

THE HYMN OF PAN.

From the forests and highlands
We come, we come;
From the river-girt islands,
Where loud waves are dumb
Listening to my sweet pipings.
The wind in the reeds and the rushes,
The bees on the bells of thyme,
The birds on the myrtle bushes,
The cigale above in the lime,
And the lizards below in the grass,
Were as silent as ever old Tmolus was,
Listening to my sweet pipings.

Liquid Peneus was flowing,
And all dark Tempe lay
In Pelion's shadow, outgrowing
The light of the dying day,
Speeded by my sweet pipings.
The Sileni, and Sylvans, and Fauns,
And the Nymphs of the woods and waves,
To the edge of the moist river-lawns,
And the brink of the dewy caves,
And all that did then attend and follow
Were silent with love, as you now, Apollo,
With envy of my sweet pipings.

I sang of the dancing stars,
I sang of the dædal Earth,
And of Heaven—and the giant wars,
And Love, and Death, and Birth,—
And then I changed my pipings,—
Singing how down the vale of Menalus
I pursued a maiden and clasped a reed;
Gods and men, we are all deluded thus!
It breaks in our bosom and then we bleed:
All wept, as I think both ye now would,
If envy or age had not frozen your blood,
At the sorrow of my sweet pipings.

Leaving those of Shelley's poems, of which the matter rather than the form, constitutes the value, or which are valuable in despite of an unpropitious form, we turn to such as, by their claims upon our admiration, both on account of their form and matter, stamp him with the character of the complete poet. A niche must here be allotted for his translations from the Greek poets, and especially for his translation of the Cyclops, a work almost entitled to rank as an original for the exquisite divination with which he has entered into the feelings of so distant a state of society, and the unaccountable power with which he has given to an accurate translation all the easy flow and beauty of an original. This undertaking calls more imperatively for notice that it is conterminous with, and possibly aided in the development of that power which enabled him to collect his wandering fancies into majestic structures, which are organic wholes—all in all, and all in every part. For this new insight into the nature and power of the Greek poets and his own genius, he was not improbably indebted to the writings of Schiller and Göthe, with the spirit of which it is perfectly in accordance. Schiller's translation of "the Phœnicians," and Shelley's of the "Cyclops," are the

only versions of Greek dramas that give any idea of the original. The translations from Faust, by Shelley, shew how intimately he had thought himself unto the works of that great author.

Shelley's more finished larger poems are Rosalind and Helen, Adonais, Hellas, Prometheus Unbound, and the Cenci. The first-mentioned although cast in the narrative form, and human in its interest, is still deeply tinged with his original vice, his controversial tendency. The versification is sweet and fluent, but in other respects it is scarcely worthy of Shelley. The Hellas, he himself tells us, "written at the suggestion of the events of the moment, is a mere improvise." It contains some magnificent passages. The opening chorus, in particular, is beautiful, but too long for insertion here. The Adonais is also a child of occasion—a lament for Keates. It has much of Milton's Lycidas in the flow of its verse, although the structure of the stanza be different; nor does its imagery, or the constant under-tone of simple subdued pathos which pervades the poem, render it unworthy to stand in competition with that "melodious tear."

In his "Cenci," Shelley first displayed to the world the full extent of his genius. Medwin tells us, that while "The Revolt of Islam" and others of his poems were thrown off by him, almost without exertion, the "Cenci" was the product of severe and continuous labour. Its solid worth confirms the story. It is worthy to rank among the most successful efforts of dramatic art in the English language; and the fragments which have been given to the world of the unfinished drama, "Charles the First," shew that it was no chance burst, no happy accident. Shelley had occupied the field of the drama, and would have maintained it. He had the power of subduing the expressions of agony to the modulations of harmony, without lessening their power or diminishing the sympathy they were likely to excite. He could be alternately homely and magnificent. He knew how to check that overflowing of poetical thought which was natural to him, in order to give character to his dialogue; and this restraint, by compressing his thoughts, gave them a spring and elasticity which are felt unseen. Lastly, he saw clearly the distinction between the narrative and dramatic, and allows his characters to be seen and heard as the necessity of his art dictates. They but appear—the chain of causation which links their appearances is supplied, involuntarily, by the mind of the beholder.

The story of the "Cenci" is too well known to need repetition here. The characters are boldly expressed both by their words and actions. Not a syllable is attributed to them which the forwarding of the action does not call for. Not a scene is introduced in which some event does not occur to forward the catastrophe. The characters are discriminated by a delicate metaphysical tact. Old Cenci and Beatrice are the marked and prominent characters, and are distinguished not merely as male from female—good from evil—but as old from young. They are akin in power: but the power of Cenci is that of a full-grown petrified soul which advances not; the power of Beatrice is growing, it increases with every struggle, every opportunity of display. Even the feebler characters differ in their feebleness—Gracoma too feeble to be virtuous, Orsino too feeble to be successfully a villain, the Pope too feeble to be just. How truly dramatic is the execution of the piece will be felt in the breathless horror of the murder scenes.

Olimpio.—How feel you to this work?
Marzio.—As one who thinks
A thousand crowns excellent market price
For an old murderer's life. Your cheeks are pale.
Olim.—It is the white reflection of your own,
Which you call pale.
Mar.—Is that their natural hue?
Olim.—Or 'tis my hate, and the deferred desire
To wreak it, which extinguishes their blood.
Mar.—You are inclined then to this business?
Olim.—Ay,
If one should bribe me with a thousand crowns
To kill a serpent which had stung my child,
I could not be more willing.

Enter Beatrice and Lucretia below.

Noble ladies!
Beatr.—Are ye resolved?
Olim.—Is he asleep?
Mar.—Is all
Quiet?
Lucr.—I mixed an opiate with his drink:
He sleeps so soundly—
Beatr.—That his death will be
But as a change of sin-chastising dreams,
A dark continuance of the Hell within him,
Which God extinguish! But ye are resolved?
Ye know it is a high and holy deed?
Olim.—We are resolved.
Mar.—As to the how this act
Be warranted, it rests with you.
Beatr.—Well, follow!
Olim.—Hush! Hark! What noise is that?
Mar.—Ha! some one comes!
Beatr.—Ye conscience-stricken cravens, rock to rest
Your baby hearts. It is the iron gate,
Which ye left open, swinging to the wind,
That enters whistling as in scorn. Come, follow!
And be your steps like mine, light, quick, and bold.

(Exeunt.)

* * * * * *

An Apartment in the Castle. Enter Beatrice and Lucretia.

Lucr.—They are about it now.
Beatr.—Nay, it is done.
Lucr.—I have not heard him groan.
Beatr.—He will not groan.
Lucr.—What sound is that?
Beatr.—List! 'tis the tread of feet
About his bed.
Lucr.—My God!
If he be now a cold stiff corpse.
Beatr.—O, fear not
What may be done, but what is left undone:
The act seals all.

Enter Olimpio and Marzio.

Is it accomplished?
Mar.—What?
Olim.—Did you not call?
Beatr.—When?
Olim.—Now.
Beatr.—I ask if all is over?
Olim.—We dare not kill an old and sleeping man;
His thin grey hair, his stern and reverent brow,
His veined hands crossed on his heaving breast,
And the calm innocent sleep in which he lay,
Quelled me. Indeed, indeed, I cannot do it.

Mar.—But I was bolder; for I chid Olimpio,
And bade him bear his wrongs to his own grave
And leave me the reward. And now my knife
Touched the loose wrinkled throat, when the old man
Stirred in his sleep, and said "God! hear, O, hear
A father's curse! What, art thou not our father?"
And then he laughed. I knew it was the ghost
Of my dead father speaking through his lips,
And could not kill him.

Beatr.—Miserable slaves!
Where, if you dare not kill a sleeping man,
Found ye the boldness to return to me
With such a deed undone? Base palterers!
Cowards and traitors! Why, the very conscience
Which ye would sell for gold and for revenge
Is an equivocation: it sleeps over
A thousand daily acts disgracing men;
And when a deed where mercy insults heaven—
Why do I talk?

(Snatching a dagger from one of them and raising it.)

Hadst thou a tongue to say,
She murdered her own father, I must do it!
But never dream ye shall outlive him long!

Olim.—Stop, for God's sake!

Mar.—I will go back and kill him.

Olim.—Give me the weapon, we must do thy will.

Beatr.—Take it! Depart! Return!

(Exeunt Olim. and Mar.)

How pale thou art!
We do but that which 'twere a deadly crime
To leave undone.

Lucr.—Would it were done!

Beatr.—Even whilst
That doubt is passing through your mind, the world
Is conscious of a change. Darkness and hell
Have swallowed up the vapour they sent forth
To blacken the sweet light of life. My breath
Comes, methinks, lighter, and the gellied blood
Runs freely through my veins. Hark!

(Enter Olimpio and Marzio.)

He is—

Olim.—Dead!

Mar.—We strangled him that there might be no blood;
And then we threw his heavy corpse i' the garden
Under the balcony; 'twill seem it fell.

Beatr.—*(Giving them a bag of coin.)*
Here, take this gold, and hasten to your homes.
And, Marzio, because thou wast only awed
By that which made me tremble, wear thou this!

(Clothes him in a rich mantle.)

It was the mantle which my grandfather
Wore in his high prosperity, and men
Envied his state; so may they envy thine.
Thou wert a weapon in the hand of God
To a just use. Live long and thrive! And, mark,
If thou hast crimes, repent: this deed is none.

(A horn is sounded.)

Lucr.—Hark! 'tis the castle horn; my God, it sounds
Like the last trump.

Beatr.—Some tedious guest is coming.

Lucr.—The drawbridge is let down; there is a tramp
Of horses in the court; fly, hide yourselves!

(Exeunt Olim and Mar.)

Beatr.—Let us retire to counterfeit deep rest;
I scarcely need to counterfeit it now:
The spirit which doth reign within these limbs
Seems strangely undisturbed. I could even sleep
Fearless and calm: all ill is surely past.

(Exeunt.)

The Prometheus is dramatic in form only; there is little or no human interest in it. The sphere of action is the universe; the actors the gigantic creatures of the poet's imagination. Love, hatred, fear, the beauty of the elements and the human form,—these in the abstract are the materials employed by the poet, but he has fused them in the glowing furnace of his own mind, cast them in more gigantic moulds, and given them new purposes and relations. It is indeed a gigantic work, worthy, from the might and magnitude of its conceptions, to rank beside Æschylus. The great and good Titan, the tyrant Jove, the mysterious all-absorbing Demigorgon, are adequate to the infinity they are created to fill. The Oceanides and other lovely spirits cluster in undying beauty around these colossal beings. And on the outward form of the poem the author has lavished all the riches of his sweet majestic and varying versification. The Prometheus is a poem that never can be popular. The habits of thought presupposed in those to whom it addresses itself exist only in minds which have been long devoted to literature. But those who can appreciate must ever regard it as a mine of the richest beauties of poetry. Perfect we cannot call it; for, independently of one or two wanton defiances of feelings which may (and ought to) find place in the most cultivated minds, the consummation is imperfect. Man being finite, cannot comprehend *infinite* good, and all attempts to clothe such an idea in a bodily form must be unsuccessful.

Words vainly attempt to describe a poem which can be known only from repeated perusals. Those who can find pleasure in rich combinations of melodious measures giving voice to crowding images of beauty, abstracted from every thing that is of the earth earthy, will relish the revels of the Hours and Spirits, after the delivery of Prometheus.

Scene, a Part of the Forest near the Cave of PROMETHEUS. PANTHEA *and* IONE *are sleeping; they awaken gradually during the First Song.*

Voice of Unseen Spirits.

The pale stars are gone!
For the sun, their swift shepherd,
To their folds them compelling,
In the depths of the dawn,
Hastes, in meteor-eclipsing array, and they flee
Beyond his blue dwelling,
As fawns flee the leopard.
But where are ye?

A train of dark Forms and Shadows passes by confusedly, Singing.

Here, oh here:
We bear the bier
Of the Father of many a cancelled year!
Spectres we
Of the dead Hours be,
We bear Time to his tomb in eternity.

Strew, oh, strew
Hair, not yew!
Wet the dusty pall with tears, not dew!
Be the faded flowers
Of Death's bare bowers
Spread on the corpse of the King of Hours!

Haste, oh, haste!
As shades are chased,
Trembling, by day, from heaven's blue waste,
We melt away,
Like dissolving spray,
From the children of a diviner day,
With the lullaby
Of winds that die
On the bosom of their own harmony!

Ione.—What dark forms were they?
Panthea.—The past Hours weak and grey,
With the spoil which their toil
Raked together,
From the conquest but One could foil.
Ione.—Have they past?
Panthea.—They have past;
They outspeeded the blast,
While 'tis said, they are fled:
Ione.—Whither, oh, whither?
Panthea.—To the dark, to the past, to the dead.

Voice of Unseen Spirits.

Bright clouds float in heaven,
Dew-stars gleam on earth,
Waves assemble on ocean,
They are gathered and driven
By the storm of delight, by the panic of glee!
They shake with emotion,
They dance in their mirth.
But where are ye?

The pine boughs are singing
Old songs with new gladness,
The billows and fountains
Fresh music are flinging,
Like the notes of a spirit from land and from sea;
The storms mock the mountains
With the thunder of gladness.
But where are ye?

Ione.—What charioteers are these?
Panthea.—Where are their chariots?

Semichorus of Hours.

The voice of the Spirits of Air and of Earth
Have drawn back the figured curtain of sleep
Which covered our being and darkened our birth
In the deep.
A Voice.—In the deep?
Semichorus II.—Oh, below the deep.
Semichorus I.—An hundred ages we have been kept
Cradled in visions of hate and care,
And each one who waked as his brother slept,
Found the truth—
Semichorus II.—Worse than his visions were!
Semichorus I.—We have heard the lute of Hope in sleep;
We have known the voice of Love in dreams,
We have felt the wand of Power, and leap—
Semichorns II.—As the billows leap in the morning beams!
Chorus.—Weave the dance on the floor of the breeze,
Pierce with song heaven's silent light,
Enchant the day that too swiftly flees,
To check its flight ere the cave of night.

Once the hungry Hours were hounds
Which chased the day like a bleeding deer,
And it limped and stumbled with many wounds
Through the nightly dells of the desert year.

But now, oh weave the mystic measure
Of music, and dance, and shapes of light,
Let the Hours, and the spirits of might and pleasure,
Like the clouds and sunbeams, unite.

A Voice.—Unite!

Panthea.—See, where the Spirits of the human mind
Wrapt in sweet sounds, as in bright veils, approach.

Chorus of Spirits.

We join the throng
Of the dance and the song.
By the whirlwind of gladness borne along;
As the flying-fish leap
From the Indian deep,
And mix with the sea-birds, half asleep.

Chorus of Hours.

Whence come ye, so wild and so fleet,
For sandals of lightning are on your feet,
And your wings are soft and swift as thought,
And your eyes are as love which is veiled not?

Chorus of Spirits.

We come from the mind
Of human kind
Which was late so dusk, and obscene, and blind,
Now 'tis an ocean
Of clear emotion,
A heaven of serene and mighty motion.

From that deep abyss
Of wonder and bliss,
Whose caverns are crystal palaces;
From those skiey towers
Where Thought's crowned powers
Sit watching your dance, ye happy Hours!

From the dim recesses
Of woven caresses,
Where lovers catch ye by your loose tresses;
From the azure isles,
Where sweet Wisdom smiles,
Delaying your ships with her syren wiles.

From the temples high
Of Man's ear and eye,
Roofed over Sculpture and Poesy;
From the murmurings
Of the unsealed springs
Where Science bedews his Dædal wings.

Years after years
Through blood, and tears,
And a thick hell of hatreds, and hopes, and fears;
We waded and flew,
And the islets were few
Where the bud-blighted flowers of happiness grew.

Our feet now, every palm,
Are sandalled with calm,
And the dew of our wings is a rain of balm;
And, beyond our eyes,
The human love lies
Which makes all it gazes on Paradise.

Chorus of Spirits and Hours.

Then weave the web of the mystic measure;
From the depths of the sky and the ends of the earth,
Come, swift Spirits of might and of pleasure,
Fill the dance and the music of mirth,
As the waves of a thousand streams rush by
To an ocean of splendour and harmony!

Chorus of Spirits.

Our spoil is won,
Our task is done,
We are free to dive, or soar, or run;
Beyond and around,
Or within the bound
Which clips the world with darkness round.

We'll pass the eyes
Of the starry skies
Into the hoar deep to colonize:
Death, Chaos, and Night,
From the sound of our flight,
Shall flee, like mist from a tempest's might.

And Earth, Air, and Light,
And the Spirit of Might,
Which drives round the stars in their fiery flight;
And Love, Thought, and Breath,
The powers that quell Death,
Wherever we soar shall assemble beneath.

And our singing shall build
In the void's loose field
A world for the Spirit of Wisdom to wield;
We will take our plan
From the new world of man,
And our work shall be called the Promethean.

Chorus of Hours.

Break the dance, and scatter the song;
Let some depart, and some remain.
Semichorus I.—We, beyond heaven, are driven along:
Semichorus II.—Us the enchantments of earth retain:
Semichorus I.—Ceaseless, and rapid, and fierce, and free,
With the Spirits which build a new earth and sea,
And a heaven where yet heaven could never be.
Semichorus II.—Solemn, and slow, and serene, and bright,
Leading the Day and outspeeding the Night,
With the powers of a world of perfect light.
Semichorus I.—We whirl, singing loud, round the gathering sphere,
Till the trees, and the beasts, and the clouds appear
From its chaos made calm by love, not fear.
Semichorus II.—We encircle the ocean and mountains of earth,
And the happy forms of its death and birth
Change to the music of our sweet mirth.

Chorus of Hours and Spirits.

Break the dance, and scatter the song,
Let some depart, and some remain,
Wherever we fly we lead along
In leashes, like starbeams, soft yet strong,
The clouds that are heavy with love's sweet rain.
Panthea.—Ha! they are gone!
Ione.—Yet feel you no delight
From the past sweetness?
Panthea.—As the bare green hill
When some soft cloud vanishes into rain,
Laughs with a thousand drops of sunny water
To the unpavilioned sky!

We close our review of Shelley's writings here. Many have been passed over unnoticed; and of those which have been adverted to, the merits have been canvassed hurriedly and incompletely. Our limits forbade a more exhaustive scrutiny. Something we would have said on Shelley's beautiful prose style—a rare quality in a poet—but, for the same reason, this topic must pass undiscussed. Our object has been to

criticise the poems of a real poet as such; to banish out of view, when doing this, all reference to his moral conduct, or to his speculative opinions. The intrusion of personal feelings, the attempt to insinuate unpopular opinions, under the disguise of poetry, are a fair object of remark for the critic, when they, in any way, blemish the poem as such; not otherwise. A poem is an object of contemplation; it addresses itself to our passive imagination; it is not intended, nor, in well-regulated minds, is it calculated to influence the opinion or the will. It is a babyish notion, that of acting in emulation of the heroes of a favourite poem, and unworthy of a mind sufficiently developed to taste the beauties of poetry. Human beings, worthy of the name, act from motives of justice or utility, not of vain theatrical parade. If those, who are so ready to cry out about the danger of corrupting youth, and to add, as a corollary, the propriety of misrepresenting all works which they fancy likely to have such a tendency, in order to frighten children from them, would train up the young in the light of truth, and in the habit of self-control, they might expose them fearlessly to all influences. Thus educated, the beauties of poetry would attract them, while any alloy of impurer metal would repel. This is a matter of no slight importance. The cultivation of the faculty which finds a pleasure in the simple contemplation of the beautiful is an object of no mean importance, and is only effectual by exercise. The wider the range of beautiful objects that can be subjected to its examination the better. No one dreams now that a young man may be turned to idolatry by the perusal of Homer. Why must he necessarily adopt Shelley's abstract opinions, because he admires his poetry? We repeat it, train the mind aright, then let it loose, to range among the world of books, as you must, to range through all the varieties of society. It may stagger, but it will steady at last. It is almost ludicrous to think, that, at this time of day, it should be necessary to insist upon such a truism, in order to procure a fair hearing for Shelley—for the subtlest, sweetest, most etherial, veriest poet of our age.

THE ROVER'S SONG.

HURRAH! hurrah! my ocean bird,
The sun's broad rays are flung
Across the cliff's majestic brow,
Where eagles oft have swung:
Spread thy white pinions to the gale,
Dash through the foaming spray
That sparkles with a thousand hues,
My bark—away—away!

Hurrah! the monarch of the wild
May climb the mountain side,
And gaze upon his fairest home
With freedom's conscious pride.
But liberty upon the waste
Of waters seems more free:
Fling to the sky thy heaving crest,
Thou bright and glorious sea!

Hurrah! again with joy I hear
The whirling of the wave,
In whose dread furrows are entombed
The reckless and the brave.
O when my life's last pulse is gone,
I ask no more than this;
My requiem be the light sea breeze
My grave the blue abyss!

AUSTIN'S LECTURES ON JURISPRUDENCE.*

If we could anticipate early a brilliant success for this work, we should think more highly of the wisdom of the book-buying public than we fear there are grounds for. This is a reading age; and precisely because it is so reading an age, any book which is the result of profound meditation, is perhaps less likely to be duly and profitably read than at a former period. The world reads too much, and too quickly, to read well. When books were few, to get through one was a work of time and labour: what was written with thought was read with thought, and with a desire to extract from it as much of the materials of knowledge as possible. But when almost every person who can spell, can and will write, what is to be done? It is difficult to know what to read, except by reading every thing; and so much of the world's business is now transacted through the press, that it is necessary to know what is printed if we desire to know what is going on. Opinion weighs with so vast a weight in the balance of events, that ideas of no value in themselves, are of importance from the mere circumstance that they *are* ideas, and have a *bona fide* existence as such anywhere out of Bedlam. The world, in consequence, gorges itself with intellectual food of all qualities, and in order to swallow the more, *bolts* it. Nothing is now read slowly, or twice over. Books are run through with no less rapidity, and scarcely leave a more durable impression than a newspaper article. It is for this, among other causes, that so few books are produced of any value. The lioness in the fable boasted that though she produced only one at a birth, that one was a lion. But if each lion only counted for one, and each leveret for one, the advantage would all be on the side of the hare. When every unit is individually weak, it is only multitude that tells. Who wonders that the newspapers should carry all before them? A book produces no greater effect than an article, and there can be three hundred and sixty-five of these in one year. He, therefore, who should and would write a book, and write it in the proper manner of writing a book, now dashes down his first hasty thoughts, or what he mistakes for thoughts, in a periodical. And the public is in the predicament of an indolent man, who cannot bring himself to apply his mind vigorously to his own affairs; and over whom, therefore, not he who speaks most wisely, but he who speaks most frequently, obtains the influence.

At such a period, any person who once more gives to mankind a philosophical work, which he has conscientiously endeavoured to make as good as he could, by unsparing labour and meditation, make it, performs an act the more meritorious, as it is the less likely to meet with any reward; and if, like Mr. Austin, he is qualified for the more successful and profitable kinds of literary composition, yet deliberately prefers the more instructive, the greater is his deserving. There are passages in the volume before us, which shew that if the author chose, he could excel as a popular writer; and the mere clippings and parings of a work like this, would be material enough to be wrought up into more than one popular book. But Mr. Austin knows, that in order to make an impression upon careless, rapid, and impatient readers, it is necessary

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* The Province of Jurisprudence Determined. By John Austin, Esq., Barrister at Law.

to avoid calling upon them for a vigorous effort of attention, and that without such an effort, no ideas can be imbibed but such as are loose and vague. And knowing that there are many persons who are competent to explain popularly, all that can be popularly explained; for one who can follow out a long train of thought, and conceive and express it at once with clearness and with precision; that the former may teach the people, but it belongs to the latter only to teach the teachers of the people. Our author has chosen for himself the higher, and more difficult, though less conspicuous and less honoured part.

He has accordingly produced a work which requires to be read, in the antique sense of that term, not as we read a novel, but rather as men read for honours at the University. But the work will repay those who shall so read it. As all know who have ever really *learnt* any thing, real knowledge never comes by easy reading. Nobody ever set about learning Latin by *running* through the Latin Grammar. Mr. Austin's work is part of the grammar of a science. As such, it is not a book for any but persons who are really anxious to learn; but to them, it is such a book as they delight in. The author's style is a model of perspicuity: the concatenation of his propositions is free from all obscurity; and the reader will find no difficulty but that which is inseparable from the attempt to communicate precise ideas.

The volume consists of the preliminary lectures of a course delivered by Mr. Austin at the University of London, and which we had the good fortune of hearing. An outline of the entire course is annexed to the present publication.

We shall endeavour to give as sufficient a conception as can be given in a few words, of what our author understands by Jurisprudence, as distinguished from the philosophy of Legislation.

Both these sciences are conversant with laws; namely, laws in the strict sense, laws set to man by man, in the character of a political superior. But though the subject-matter of both sciences be the same, both do not look at it under the same aspect.

The philosophy of legislation is conversant with laws, as a contrivance for accomplishing certain *ends*. It considers what are the purposes of law; and judges of the means, according as they are well or ill adapted to the accomplishment of those purposes. It teaches the requisites of a *good* law; and what particular laws would be good or bad, either universally, or under any supposable set of circumstances.

Jurisprudence, on the other hand, does not take any direct cognizance of the goodness or badness of laws, nor undertake to weigh the motives which lead to their establishment: it assumes their existence as a fact, and treats of their nature and properties, as a naturalist treats of any natural phenomenon. It furnishes an analytical exposition, not indeed of any particular system of existing laws, but of what is common to all or most systems of law.

In the first place, the very notion of a *law* is an extremely complex idea: that of a *body* of laws, still more so. These ideas have to be analyzed. The component elements of a law, and of a body of laws, and the suppositions which they involve, must be precisely determined and cleared up. For instance, a *law* supposes a *political superior* from whom the law emanates: what is a political superior? All laws create *obligations*, and are clothed with *sanctions;* all laws (certain peculiar cases excepted) create *rights:* but what is meant by an obligation, a sanction, a right? Every body of laws recognises a distinction between

civil law and *criminal* law, between *private* law and *constitutional* law: is there any rational foundation for these distinctions, and what is it?

Further, laws operate only by creating *rights*, and *duties*, or *obligations*. The rights and duties which the law of any country creates, are the *law* itself. Now these rights and duties fall so naturally into certain classes, form themselves so naturally into certain groups, that in all or almost all bodies of law, which men have tried to reduce into any thing like a systematic order, an effort has been made to grasp these very groups, and bind them together by appropriate technical terms. But the attempt has generally been a most lame and impotent one, partly for want of what may be called the *coup d'œil* of a practised logician, which enables him, like an experienced general, to survey an entire field at once, and either comprehend an actual arrangement, or frame an imaginary one, without being bewildered by the multitude of details; and still more for want of mastery over the casual associations connected with familiar terms, and of the capacity to wield every word as a mere instrument to convey a thought; an instrument which may be taken up and laid down at pleasure. The classes which have been formed are not properly classes at all, for they are not separated by plain well-marked boundaries, but cross one another in all directions. It is impossible to define them, because no property can be found common to an entire class; or none but what may also be found in something that is absurdly left out of the class. Yet, as before observed, the authors of these unskilful classifications have always had indistinctly before their eyes certain natural groups, which they have been ineffectually attempting to hit, and to find some means of circumscribing within the bounds of a general expression. Hence, if we were to strip off from the arrangement and technical language of each system of law, whatever is purely accidental, and (as it may be termed) historical, having a reference solely to the peculiar history of the institutions of the particular people; if we were to take the remainder, and regularize and correct it according to its own general conception and spirit; we should bring the nomenclature and arrangement of all systems of law existing in any civilized society, to something very nearly identical.

Now the science of jurisprudence, as an author conceives it, endeavours to disentangle these natural groups (with which all classifications coincide in the gross, and none accurately) from the environment which surrounds them, of terms without any precise meaning, except perhaps a historical one; and distinctions answering to no difference, except, perhaps, one which has ceased to exist. The natural groups are thus brought into strong relief; a distinct conception is gained of their boundaries; and compact and precise names may be obtained to designate them by. When this is done, a commanding view may be taken of the detailed provisions of any existing body of law, the rights and duties which it establishes: they may be rendered *cognoscible*, as Mr. Bentham would say; a common framework is obtained, into the compartments of which all bodies of law may be distributed; and a systematic exposition might be given with comparative ease, either of one or of any number of legal systems, in parallel columns.

Thus prepared, the student of any existing system of law would no longer find it a mass of inextricable confusion; he would be enabled, in a comparatively short time, to obtain a far more perfect mastery of the system than was ever possessed by those who made it. An expository law book would then be so constructed as to be a lesson of clear ideas,

instead of being almost enough to incapacitate the mind from ever forming one. And the legislator who would either reduce any existing body of laws into a code, or draw up an improved system, would reap two benefits. The whole of the rights and duties which past legislators have thought it desirable to create, would be brought compendiously under his view; and he would have an arrangement, and a technical language ready made, which would be an excellent basis for him to start from in framing his own. For though classification is not made by nature, but is wholly an affair of convenience, one most important part of the convenience of any classification is, that it shall coincide, as far as possible, with the mode in which the ideas have a natural tendency to arrange themselves.

Unfortunately, the science of jurisprudence as thus conceived, mostly remains still to be created. No person, however, is qualified to do more towards creating it than the author whose work is now before us. Whatever assistance is to be derived on the one hand from the Roman lawyers and their German successors; on the other, from our own immortal Bentham, he has thoroughly possessed himself of. And his course of lectures, if it were completed as it has been begun, would, we think, leave little for any successor in the same field. The present work, however, is merely an introduction; and even in his oral lectures, the Professor had not space to complete more than a small part of his intended scheme. There are portions, however, of what he has actually delivered (and which we hope may one day be published) still more instructive and interesting than what is here given.

The volume now published is occupied in "determining the province of jurisprudence," by analyzing the notion of a law, in the strict sense of the term; namely, a law set by a political superior;—and discriminating it from whatever else has received the name of law; whereof our author distinguishes three kinds, namely, laws set to man by God; laws (analogically so called) which may be said to be prescribed by *opinion;* and laws so called only by metaphor, as when we speak of the *law* of gravitation.

These various notions are defined and discriminated from one another with rare logical power, and superiority over the trammels of language. In addition to this main object of the work, it abounds in valuable discussions on incidental topics. To mention only one of these discussions, (the largest, and most important,) that great question which has occupied so many of the most gifted minds, the foundation of moral obligation, and the nature of the standard or test of right and wrong, whether it be utility or an instinctive principle, forms the principal subject of no less than three lectures; being introduced under the head of the Divine Law, in the form of an inquiry, in what way the unrevealed portion of that law is made known to us. This investigation will be the most interesting part of the present volume to the general reader. Mr. Austin is a strong partisan of the doctrine which considers utility as the test or index to moral duty. Though he has stated some, he has omitted others of the essential explanations with which we think that this doctrine should be received; but he has treated the question in a most enlarged and comprehensive spirit, and in the loftiest tone of moral feeling; and has discussed certain branches of it in a manner which we have never seen equalled.

Valuable as this work is in the intrinsic merits of its contents, its greatest value, after all, is, we think, as a logical discipline to the mind.

We hardly ever read a book which appears to us, if duly studied, to have so great a tendency to accustom the mind to habits of close and precise thinking; of using every word with a meaning, or meanings accurately settled, rigidly adhered to, and always present to the mind; of never leaving off with a half-solution of a doubt or difficulty, but sticking to it till nothing remains unexplained.

Mr. Austin's style is more remarkable for clearness and precision than ease; but it is perfectly unaffected; and his language is the rich, expressive, homely English, of his favourite writers, Hobbes and Locke.

It would be injustice to our author to conclude this notice without affording him an opportunity of speaking for himself; but it would be still greater injustice to exhibit a mere fragment of a philosophic investigation, the merit of which must of course be mainly dependent upon its connected and systematic character. Our specimens must necessarily be selected from the merely parenthetical passages. The following may perhaps serve, as well as any others, to give a conception of our author's general turn of thought and expression.

The first passage that we shall quote is a Pisgah view of the future improvement of the moral sciences:—

"If there were a reading public, numerous, discerning, and *impartial*, the science of ethics, and all the various sciences which are nearly related to ethics, would advance with unexampled rapidity.

"By the hope of obtaining the approbation which it would bestow upon genuine merit, writers would be incited to the patient research and reflection, which are not less requisite to the improvement of ethical, than to the advancement of mathematical science.

"Slight and incoherent thinking would be received with general contempt, though it were cased in polished periods, studded with brilliant metaphors. Ethics would be considered by readers, and, therefore, treated by writers, as the matter or subject of a *science*; as a subject for persevering and accurate investigation, and not as a theme for childish and babbling rhetoric.

"This general demand for truth, (though it were clothed in homely guise,) and this general contempt of falsehood and nonsense, (though they were decked with rhetorical graces,) would improve the method and the style of inquiries into ethics, and into the various sciences which are nearly related to ethics. The writers would attend to the suggestions of Hobbes and of Locke, and would imitate the method so successfully pursued by geometers: though such is the variety of the premises which some of their inquiries involve, and such are the complexity and ambiguity of some of the terms, that they would often fall short of the perfect exactness and coherency which the fewness of his premises, and the simplicity and definiteness of his expressions, enable the geometer to reach. But, though they would often fall short of geometrical exactness and coherency, they might always approach, and would often attain to them. They would acquire the art and the habit of defining their leading terms; of steadily adhering to the meanings announced by the definitions; of carefully examining and distinctly stating their premises; and of deducing the consequences of their premises with logical vigour. Without rejecting embellishments which might happen to fall in their way, the only excellencies of style for which they would seek are precision, clearness, and conciseness; the first being absolutely requisite to the successful prosecution of inquiry, whilst the others enable the reader to seize the meaning with certainty, and spare him unnecessary fatigue.

"And, what is equally important, the protection afforded by this public to diligent and honest writers would inspire into writers upon ethics, and upon the nearly related sciences, the spirit of dispassionate inquiry: the 'indifferency' or impartiality in the pursuit of truth, which is just as requisite to the detection of truth as continued and close attention, or sincerity and simplicity of purpose. Relying on the discernment and the justice of a numerous and powerful public, shielded by its countenance from the shafts of the hypocrite and the bigot, indifferent to the idle whistling of that harmless storm, they would scrutinize established institutions, and current or received opinions, fearlessly but coolly, with the freedom which is imperiously demanded by general utility, but without the antipathy which is begotten by the dread of persecution, and which is scarcely less adverse than 'the love of things ancient' to the rapid advancement of science.

"This patience in investigation, this distinctness and accuracy of method, this freedom and indifferency in the pursuit of the useful and the true, would thoroughly dispel the obscurity by which the science is clouded, and would clear it from most of its uncertainties. The wish, the hope, the prediction of Mr. Locke, would, in time, be accomplished; and 'ethics would rank with the sciences which *are capable of demonstration.*' The adepts in ethical, as well as in mathematical science, would commonly agree in their results; and, as the jar of *their* conclusions gradually subsided, a body of doctrine and authority, to which the *multitude* might trust, would emerge from the existing chaos. The direct examination of the multitude would only extend to the elements, and to the easier, though more momentous of the derivative practical truths. But none of their opinions would be adopted blindly, nor would any of their opinions be obnoxious to groundless and capricious charge. Though most or many of their opinions would still be taken from *authority*, the authority to which they would trust might satisfy the most scrupulous reason. *In the unanimous or general consent of numerous and impartial inquirers*, they would find that mark of trustworthiness which justifies reliance on authority, wherever we are debarred from the opportunity of examining the evidence for ourselves."—Pp. 81-4.

We had marked several passages for quotation: but space presses, and we must conclude with the following estimate of Dr. Paley:—

"The treatise by Dr. Paley on Moral and Political Philosophy exemplifies the natural tendency of narrow and domineering interests to pervert the course of inquiry from its legitimate purpose.

"As men go, this celebrated and influential writer was a wise and a virtuous man. By the qualities of his head and heart, by the cast of his talents and affections, he was fitted, in a high degree, to seek for ethical truth, and to expound it successfully to others. He had a clear and a just understanding; a hearty contempt of paradox, and of ingenious but useless refinements; no fastidious disdain of the working people, but a warm sympathy with their homely enjoyments and sufferings. He knew that they are more numerous than all the rest of the community, and he felt that they are more important than all the rest of the community to the eye of unclouded reason and impartial benevolence.

"But the sinister influence of the position, which he unluckily occupied, cramped his generous affections, and warped the rectitude of his understanding.

"A steady pursuit of the consequences indicated by *general* utility, was not the most obvious way to professional advancement, nor even the short cut to extensive reputation. For there was no impartial public, formed from the community at large, to reward and encourage with its approbation an inflexible adherence to truth.

"If the bulk of the community had been instructed, so far as their position will permit, he might have looked for a host of readers from the middle classes. He might have looked for a host of readers from those classes of the working people, whose wages are commonly high, whose leisure is not inconsiderable, and whose mental powers are called into frequent exercise by the natures of their occupations or callings. To readers of the middle classes, and of all the higher classes of the working people, a well-made and honest Treatise on Moral and Political Philosophy, in his clear, vivid, downright, *English* style, would have been the most easy and attractive, as well as instructive and useful, of abstract or scientific books.

"But those numerous classes of the community were commonly too coarse and ignorant to care for books of the sort. The great majority of the readers who were likely to look into his book, belonged to the classes which are elevated by rank or opulence, and to the peculiar professions or callings which are distinguished by the name of 'liberal.' And the character of the book which he wrote, betrays the position of the writer. In almost every chapter, and in almost every page, his fear of offending the prejudices, commonly entertained by such readers, palpably suppresses the suggestions of his clear and vigorous reason, and masters the better affections which inclined him to the *general* good.

"He was one of the greatest and best of the great and excellent writers, who by the strength of their philosophical genius, or by their large and tolerant spirit, have given imperishable lustre to the Church of England, and extinguished or softened the hostility of many who reject her creed. He may rank with the Berkeleys and Butlers, with the Burnets, Tillotsons, and Hoadleys.

"But in spite of the esteem with which I regard his memory, truth compels me to add, that the book is unworthy of the man. For there is much ignoble truckling to the dominant and influential few. There is a deal of shabby sophistry in defence or extenuation of abuses which the few are interested in upholding."—Pp. 79-81.

ARISTOCRATICS.

The Reformer. By the Author of Massenburg. 3 *vols.* 12*mo. London: Effingham Wilson.*

To paint the Aristocracy *en beau*, the Reformers *en noir*, is the design of this book. The author seeing no speck or blemish in the objects of his worship, presents their worst habits, without any consciousness that they are other than admirable. He is like the partisan of Wilkes, who held that his idol did not squint more than a gentleman ought to squint. For a right noble personage, this servile describes an unprincipled spendthrift and bigoted persecutor. On the other hand, he makes the reformers crazy enthusiasts, fools, or ruffians. Nothing can be easier than this sort of work to any dauber who holds the pencil: the disfigurement is level to the meanest capacity; the adorning is more difficult. Any one with skill enough for horns, hoof, and tail, can paint a devil; but an angel, which shall seem fit for a sphere higher than a signpost, is not struck off with the same facility. But our artist's model of perfection is not a work of the fancy: it is a copy from an original, and what Sheridan calls "a very formidable likeness" of a very ill-favoured character. The book is trumpery; but it is curious and amusing to mark the *naïveté*, with which a certain degree of ugly truth is admitted. The hero, the noble patrician, is presented in the opening, plunged in debt and dissipation; the essentials, doubtless, according to the author's admiring observation, of the aristocratic character.

"To use dramatic terms, scene opens, and discovers Lord Haverfield at breakfast in his dressing-room.

"Lord Haverfield was seated in his dressing-gown, his feet thrust into a pair of quilted satin slippers, and his hair deranged, as from his pillow; 'hose ungartered, bonnet unbanded, sleeve unbuttoned, shoes untied, and every thing about him demonstrating a careless desolation.' But these were not the symptoms of a man in love, but of one who had been up the better part of the night, instead of courting 'tired nature's soft restorer,' and who was suffering the penalty of dissipation in the shape of headach and lassitude. And in addition to these bodily misunderstandings, some mental vexations were evidently weighing upon his mind, and destroying his good humour.

"His servant, Matherson, was in waiting; and it was evident he was aware of the state of his lord's morning temperament, for he cast, at intervals, glances of anxious observation, and went through the duties of the hour with cautious silence.

"'I wish, Matherson,' said my lord, after slightly tasting his coffee, and setting it down as if with nausea, 'I wish you would teach Mrs. Chambers to make coffee.'

"'Certainly, my lord.'

"'I have tasted none in England at all endurable. No Englishwoman knows how to make coffee, nor Englishman either, except, as in your case, he has learned on the Continent. Do give Mrs. Chambers a lesson, and in the morning let me have hot cream and sugar candy. Remove.'

"It must be remembered, that this was towards the close of the last century, when the world was not quite so much enlightened in the science of coffee-making as at present.

"Matherson removed the almost untasted breakfast, and my lord turned to a pile of suspicious-looking papers on his left hand. They were bills, and Lord Haverfield felt he had as little appetite for the study of arithmetic. However, opening the first that presented itself, he read—

"'*Lord Haverfield*,

"'*To Messrs. Slip and Slash*,

"'Six superfine dress coats, gold buttons.

"'Ditto, plain buttons.

"'One dozen pair royal pantaloons.

"'One dozen Florentine waistcoats.'

"Lord Haverfield glanced his eye down the columns of *Coat*, *Waistcoat*, *Inexpressibles*, *Item*, *Item*, *Item*, succeeded again by *Coat*, *Waistcoat*, and *Inexpressi-*

bles, followed up again by *Item*, *Item*, *Item*, like the song of the spring cuckoo, till arriving at the total—'Two thousand three hundred and ninety-four pounds and sixteen shillings.' Subjoined to which:

"'Messrs. Slip and Slash take the liberty of requesting Lord Haverfield's immediate attention to the settlement of their account.'

"It is, however, to be understood, that Messrs. Slip and Slash had not taken the "liberty of requesting Lord Haverfield's immediate attention,' until many repeated and neglected applications had been previously made.

"The next of these mementos, which accident placed in Lord Haverfield's hand was of rather more moderate amount. It was the claim of his hosier for silk stockings and gloves, and amounted to no more than three hundred and seventy-six pounds thirteen and sixpence.

"The succeeding one was from his jeweller, and presented a more serious aspect. The next from his perfumer; but it were wholly vain to attend Lord Haverfield through the deep pile, which, with a desperate resolution, he continued to investigate, if that could be called investigation, which amounted to no more than the entry of a name on one side of a sheet of paper, and a few momentous figures on the other; for as to items, it was beyond Lord Haverfield's courage to wade through them, the total being to him the alpha and omega of the business.

"In this manner Lord Haverfield had contrived to accumulate a tolerable variety of names; and, by the help of a simple sum in addition, he found himself indebted a good round sum in pounds, shillings, and pence, to their different proprietors."

Mr. Caswell, his man of business, enters; the lord desires him to exercise his ingenuity in resources; the man of expedients says there is but one left, the sale of the family mansion; upon which, let us see how this pattern nobleman exhibits the elevation of his sentiments.

"'Mr. Caswell, is your head so full of business, that it cannot admit a feeling into your heart? Is it impossible for you to conceive, that, though Falkinor Court is altogether useless, though I have not seen its old walls since my boyhood, and though I am pressed and annoyed for money more than I can endure, yet I cannot degrade myself, by bartering away the home of my ancestors?'

"'But, my lord, when a matter of feeling is opposed to a matter of necessity, what is the result to be?'

"Lord Haverfield was stung to the quick. He frowned, bit his lip, rose, and with a backward motion of his silk-slippered foot, overturned the light couch on which he had been reclining, walked to the window, and looked out, as if he there expected to find some means of escape from the difficulties which surrounded him.

"All, however, that he saw there, was the splendid equipage of his friend, Lord George Syndford, dashing round the corner of the square, with his fine greys in their glittering harness, and his servants in their gay livery of tawny and blue. It was, however, relief for the present, for it served as a pretext for breaking up the conference; and, in another half hour, through the extraordinary exertions of Matherson, Lord Haverfield was seated by his side, dashing headlong down Oxford Street, all life, mirth, and gaiety, as if care had never entered his heart, or cast its shadow over his brow."

This is to the life. The spendthrift, who has possessed himself of tradesmen's goods, prefers remaining in debt, and keeping his unfortunate creditors out of their money, to the *degradation*, forsooth, of selling the home of his ancestors! He sees no degradation in his train of duns; no degradation in withholding the just demands of people, though their ruin should be a consequence; or if he sees these things, what is *dishonesty* to *degradation!*—his dishonesty only hurts others; for it does not exclude him from any aristocratic society or enjoyment, but the *degradation* of parting with a family mansion would hurt his own pride; hence the preference. The creditors may despair, go into the gazette, starve, rot; the lord "dashes headlong down Oxford Street, all life, mirth, gaiety." Is he not a pretty knave? Swindler once removed; cheat proper; take away his privileges of caste, and leave his appetites, which he will gratify, whether he can defray the cost or not, and he becomes a subject for the hulks.

His difficulties, however, are not removed by the gay drive down

Oxford Street, or sweetened by the consolations of his pride; and he goes down to Falkinor Court, to decide there, on a view of the premises, whether he shall be too much degraded by selling it to pay his debts. When he sees the house he begins to repent of his extravagances, not because they have caused him to distress or injure others, by keeping them out of their money, but because they may compel the sale of a fine place. Personating his own agent, he is refused admittance by the servants in occupation of the house, and he goes to a neighbouring village inn. Here a justice meeting having just broken up, he overhears some chaffering about the sale of a horse. The dealer insists on fifty guineas *more* than the bidder will give. The lord, deep in debt, and who cannot endure the degradation of paying by the sale of his family mansion, instantly bids for the horse at the full price asked, and pays the money down! The author has no notion that he is drawing a knave, because there are many noble examples of this sort of practice. The Duke of York built a palace while his creditors were clamouring for their money, or ruined for want of it.

We now pass for a moment from the immoralities to the improbabilities of the story. A Mr. Avebury, a wealthy squire, without knowing the name, real or assumed, of the lord, or having an idea who or what he is, forms an acquaintance with him, and they visit and ride together. It is, indeed, quite a late thought of this worthy, after intimacy has been established, to ask the name of his new friend. Now, it is pretty notorious, that of all pride there is no pride like the pride of our country gentlemen; and they look upon every stranger whom they chance to meet as if he were a pickpocket, till his title to recognition is clearly made out. This Mr. Avebury introduces the lord in the character he has assumed of his own agent to the lady of his love, Miss Renchor, the daughter of a pompous purse-proud upstart, cleverly drawn, (indeed, the only successful character in the book.) Previous to the introduction, it is necessary to have the name of the acquaintance picked up at the inn; and, on a servant's asking whom he should announce, aristocracy thus blazes out. The inquiry for the name

"Was one that had never suggested itself to the squire. Lord Haverfield had sat at his board a nameless guest.

"There is a something gratifying and ennobling in the power to reply to this question, more especially when put with impertinence or familiarity, by returning a name of sufficient weight to crush that impertinence, or check that familiarity. The consciousness of birth, the knowledge of superiority, is elating and inspiriting; and as the question was now put with ease, and repeated without much respect, after a moment's pause, the proud blood rose to his cheek, his increasing hauteur seemed likewise to increase his stature, and the words, 'Lord Haverfield,' floated on his lips.

"But they were suppressed; less for the sake of policy, for he was too angry to be prudent, than because he felt rather ashamed of his present situation, and knew it to be unworthy of himself.

"So, sliding down a little from the height of his lordliness, he replied to the question with equivocation, though not with direct falsehood, and gave his baptismal name, '*Curzon.*'"

Imagine a booby lord, swelling and towering in stature, and flushing in the face, because a lackey asks him for his name! Having given a false one, he is introduced to Miss Renchor. The lord begins by prompting his friend with compliments to his mistress, and repartees, (intended to be witty,) in what he is deficient, and ends, before long, in supplanting his introducer. This absurdly conceived scene is a fair specimen of the author's insipid attempts at smartness, and outrages against *vraisemblance*.

" Miss Renchor was the first to break the ensuing silence. ' Pray do not be silent on my account! I am desirous of finishing my letter, but that need not interrupt conversation. I am something like Julius Cæsar, if I may mention a comparison between one so high and one so low, for I can both talk and write: so pray talk; I like of all things to be talked to, when I am writing; so say something, if nothing better than a compliment.'

" ' What shall I say?' whispered Mr. Avebury in the ear of his ally.

" ' Julius Cæsar commanded no such willing subjects as obey your behests. He could only subjugate the body; your empire is over the mind.'

" Mr. Avebury repeated this sentence with tolerable precision.

" ' Ah, well,' returned the lady with a slight laugh, so slight as to be but just audible; ' well, I believe we sometimes ask for a thing, *because* we do not expect it can be granted; and are disappointed when our request is complied with. But really, you are quite luminous this evening.'

" ' You have cast some of your radiance upon me.'

" ' If you continue in this strain I shall begin to doubt your identity. Is it really Squire Avebury of Avebury Hill?'

" ' Yes, I believe I am myself, and nobody else.'

" ' Yes, now again I believe so too. But you have been using such unaccustomed language, that I really did not recognise you under the disguise.'

" ' The language of the same feeling, when springing from the same source, must always be essentially the same. Many lips speak to you as my heart speaks to-night. I do not address you in an unknown tongue.'

" Miss Renchor threw down her pen, and turned full towards him. ' Yes, indeed, you do! I should as soon expect to hear Greek from my lapdog, or Chaldaic from my parrot, as this language from Mr. Avebury. Pardon my astonishment, but—how—by what magic is our Cymon thus inspired?'

" ' My Iphigenia's charms,' lowly murmured the prompter, and repeated aloud the squire.

" ' My good Mr. Avebury,' said the lady, ' I see clearly that the familiar at your elbow is busy working mischief to your intellects. Tell your beads, my good friend, for you put me in mind of some of the ancient saints, tempted to great folly.'

" ' What! does she take you for the ———, that is too bad!' in his own natural manner, exclaimed Mr. Avebury, turning to Lord Haverfield.

" ' Ah, now I see you again, free from the strange witchery which possessed you.'

" Again his instigator whispered, ' There is no witchery more than you have cast upon me.'

" Miss Renchor applied her hand to the bell, and her summons was instantly obeyed.

" ' Lights, and quickly, quickly! Let me see whom we really *entertain*.' "

There may be people who believe in griffins and dragons, and there may be people who believe in a society where such a conversation as the above (carried on through a prompter) could pass, but the number of those, so profoundly ignorant of the language and style of the world, must be small. On the modern comic stage we sometimes hear such talk, and see such contrivance; but the modern comic stage has about as much likeness to society as the business of a pantomime has to the course of nature.

Another specimen of the *fadaise* in continuation. The lord does everything but propose to his friend's mistress, within ten minutes' acquaintance.

" ' And so,' said Lord Haverfield, ' supposing such a case, *only supposing* such a case, you would not; you actually would not?'

" ' I would not. I actually would not!'

" ' And your reply would really be—'

" ' No, no.'

" ' That is exactly a lady's way of saying yes, when she is rather ashamed of saying it, and a pretty ingenious way it is. You know, that, according to all the rules of arithmetic, two negatives make an affirmative.'

" ' Then I would learn to be sparing of words, and utter one positive and tremendous *nay*.'

" ' And were it myself you so replied to, looking as you look now, I would wish for no kinder answer.

'A gentle *nay*
Is better than *yea:*
A gentle nay, with a gentle smile,
That contradicts it all the while,
Is not this a pretty guile?'

"'It seems, then, that no language, of which I am mistress, could enable me to convey so simple a meaning. Now, this little, important, bustling, significant *no*, is a character which I am familiar with; how is it that you have contrived to keep strangers so long?'

"'Because it carries so repulsive an aspect, and is altogether such an impertinent, disagreeable pretender, that I never yet would receive its visits, nor acknowledge the acquaintance when we happened to meet. From men I ask nothing likely to provoke a *no*. From women I always translate it into *yes*. And thus I have hitherto contrived to evade the acqaintance on easy terms. I beseech you, be not you my introducer to the unaccommodating, contradictory little disturber.'

"'I am not likely to do so, unless at your own request.'

"'Ah! do you threaten me? Are my requests likely to meet a repulse from this dwarf champion of yours? Remember, however, that I shall receive your *no* only as your *yes* in disguise. If you were to write the little luckless word to me I should read it like Hebrew characters, backward way, and then you know it would be—*on*.'

"'I think your armour of vanity is proof,' said Miss Renchor, with a smile. And that smile had in it an air of triumph that at once arrested Lord Haverfield's attention, and fixed it on the light badinage he had been uttering. Really, thought he, this is admirable coquetry! Here have I been led to anticipate the fate of requests I never intended to make. It is well that matrimony is not easily committed."

Lord Haverfield, instead of selling Falkinor Court, occupies it; and his sister, and a female friend, Clara, who enacts the part of an enthusiast for political reformation, are brought on the scene. The creditors are of course left to shift for themselves. This Clara, who is supposed to be a Jacobin of the French school, is coolly asked, by a rude old baronet, whether she is not "ignobly born," because he fancies her neglected by her noble entertainers. Upon the utterance of this conjecture the disciple of liberty and equality thus characteristically acquits herself:—

"Clara's eyes instantly dried, while her cheek burned with intense heat. She drew herself proudly up, and haughtily replied, 'You conjecture wrong, Sir Basil. *You are speaking to the daughter of a gentleman.*'"

The father of this lady, so tenacious of her birth, is a Jacobin, and a popular pamphleteer; a writer of phrases about liberty and equality, and vague declamations on the rights of man. Let us see how the lord, who is himself only protected from a gaol by his privilege, behaves towards the poor pamphleteer and the father of the family favourite, Clara.

"The public mind was in a ferment. Certain mercenary or misguided spirits had been strewing the brands of discord through the land. The strong feelings of suppressed dissatisfaction burst out anew, and, at intervals, the effervescences of party, and the spirit of faction, were making daily advance throughout the ranks of the people. The land was tainted.

"Much of this bitter aggravation of real or imaginary grievances was to be attributed to certain invidious publications in the shape of pamphlets, that had obtained a wide circulation; written in a high tone of declamation, they infused and aggravated a bitterness of reproach against the rulers of the land, that threatened to blaze even into rebellion.

"The attention of ministers was on these pamphlets. Though wild and incoherent, both in matter and manner, their vehemence and boldness of assertion were felt to be powerful incentives to the people to throw off their obedience to the existing laws.

"It has been already seen, that Clara Keith's mind had not escaped the contagion: she continued at intervals to rail and declaim against ministers and taxes with a hearty violence. But these were only occasional ebullitions, and might be traced to some philip of her conscience, when she felt herself too readily gliding into aristocracy.

"On these occasions Lord Haverfield would work upon her feelings till her emotions became passions. He would call her 'Citizeness Clara,' and the words never failed in their effect.

"Lord Haverfield was one of those who delight in the study of character. There was something of novelty in that of Clara, which he occasionally amused himself by developing.

"Aurelia and Clara had one day entered the library, in search of a book, believing Lord Haverfield to be absent, when they, unexpectedly, found his lordship deep in the study of a new publication.

* * * * * *

"Clara, with an extreme earnestness, leaned over the shoulder of Lord Haverfield to catch the title of the book.

"'I knew I should interest you,' said Lord Haverfield, 'the title is expressive enough—*To your tents, oh Israel!*'

"'I see! I see!' Clara exclaimed, 'and what do you think of it, my lord?'

"'I think of it as every man attached to the government under which he lives must think of it; as every man who prizes the happiness of a quiet life, and the safety of the nearest and dearest relationships of life, must think of it. Every word of these pages is like the drops of poison distilled from the upas-tree!'

"'Rather call it the medicine meet for distempered minds,' returned Clara, roused into animation, 'the probe of the surgeon, severe in its application, but friendly and necessary in its purpose!'

"'Rather call it the narrow-minded views, the party-spirited vindictiveness of an ill-organized and malevolent mind.'

"'Call it no such thing, Lord Haverfield!' boldly and positively exclaimed Clara, 'call it the anxious effort of an enlarged and liberal spirit, zealous for the preservation of its fellow-beings.'

"'*And for this liberal and zealous spirit, the writer will soon most surely receive his reward.*'

"'How, my lord?'

"'But his martyrdom, as it will be termed, will be cheered by the wild eulogies, the headlong zeal of his partisans.'

"'His martyrdom?'

"'And *when in the confinement of a prison, he will be consoled and supported by the consciousness of suffering for duty's sake.*'

"'Explain to me, Lord Haverfield, explain!' exclaimed Clara, with breathless eagerness.

"'A confinement in a cell in Newgate, and a trial for sedition.'

"'Lord Haverfield! Lord Haverfield! through your instrumentality?' and Clara's features almost writhed, and her form was agitated into a species of frenzy.

"'Partly through my instrumentality; wholly with my approval; and the democrat—'

"'Lord Haverfield, you have destroyed us!' shrieked Clara. 'Newgate! Newgate! That democrat, as you call him, is *my* father!'"

This is the author's conception of the true aristocratic mode of answering a pamphlet, namely, turning the prison key on the author. Bolts and bars are irrefragable logic. In answer to pleadings for mercy the lord says—

"'It was not Mr. Keith, but the seditious libeller I have pursued; not the individual, but his conduct; and though I, perhaps, might have shrunk, had I been aware of the fact, yet I cannot repent having done my duty, although done in ignorance.'"

What an exquisite notion of duty, to set about correcting a man's opinions by locking up his body! the mode aristocratic! Clara having in vain implored the lord for a remission of punishment, visits her father in gaol, and consoles him in a peculiar manner, probably derived from her conversation with aristocrats. Mr. Keith is destitute of that class of friends called "*respectable*," and which, in the early struggles with despotism, will always be found skulking from any manifestation of their sympathies, or discovery of their opinions, which may expose them to the resentment of the powerful. He states this circumstance to his

daughter lamenting that in consequence of it he cannot procure her the protection he would have desired, upon which the young lady forthwith begins to distrust the truth of opinions which are not professed by persons of money or rank, or, as she insolently terms it, "respectability and honour." For the same reason, eighteen centuries ago, the lady would have refused to believe in Christianity, whose converts were the lowly, and not persons of "respectability and honour." Mr. Keith, unless a prodigious blockhead, could not have wanted an answer to this nonsense. The property of the public was not protected by the oligarchical government, but a system of swindling, under false pretences, was in course of practice, which some had not the wit to perceive the effect of, and others not the courage to oppose; while many were engaged in the interest of the thieves by a share in the plunder. The poor, who must always first experience the mischiefs of misrule under a pseudo-constitutional Government, will always also be the first to demand the redress of grievances, which, from their state of weakness, they are least able to bear. All reformations begin from below, and mount up.

Clara makes herself so disagreeable to her incarcerated parent, that he desires her to go home and not to trouble him again in his duresse. She begs him to retract; but he angrily repeats "Go;" and this amiable daughter's "indignation rekindling," she takes him at his word, and departs: but after the goal door is shut upon her, she repents, and asks readmission. The prison is, however, shut for the night.

"Her eager and impatient summons was, however, regarded. 'Who is there? What do you want?' asked a rough voice from within.

"'I want to see my father!' almost inarticulately shrieked poor Clara. 'Only for a moment! only for a moment!'

"'We've got no fathers here to-night,' responded the man; 'you must wait till to-morrow, and then maybe we may see if we can find him.'

"'I will give you,—I will give you—' hastily exclaimed Clara, as she eagerly searched her person—

"'What?'

"'Alas! I have nothing to-night, but I will bring you all I have in the world to-morrow.'

"'Then come to-morrow!' said the man, with a brutal laugh.

"'Only let me in to-night, and I will give you—' Clara's hand rested on the string of a locket, which she at that moment remembered.

"'Not if you would give me a thousand pounds!' said the man."

Upon this she makes a row at the door, collects a mob, and a riot ensues; in the midst of which she is led off by a man, who takes her into a public house, and proposes to treat her to gin, which she heroically spurns. Her liberal escort, however, ultimately sees her safe home. We pass over an immense heap of nonsense, (in which a lord plays the citizen of the French revolutionary fashion, and prates of equality, and makes successful experiment of a fire-proof house, by having a heap of combustibles burnt in it, while he and Clara are shut up in the third story,) to an attack which is made by the mob on the house of the tyrant and spendthrift, Lord Haverfield.

"'Hark! What noise is that?'

"'Carriages rattling in the distance.'

"'No! No!'

"'No. Now I listen again, it is a sound of many voices. Some low quarrel too frequent, you know, to excite any alarm.'

"'No! no! Listen! listen!' roused from her grief, and listening breathlessly, said Clara.

"'It comes nearer and nearer. It swells stronger and stronger. It is the sound of a multitude.'

"'It is! It is!' Clara exclaimed. She rushed to the window. The living stream swelled on—reached the house—became stationary.

"Clara gave one low stifled shriek. She saw at a glance *why* they were there.'

"'They pause before us,' said Lady Haverfield. 'What can they mean? what do they seek?'

A loud din; terms of execration; groans, and hisses, rose from the mob.

"Clara clasped her hands in agony. 'Lady Haverfield, we shall bring ruin upon you!'

"'Be comforted, be comforted,' said Lady Haverfield; but the lip that uttered the word was blanched by terror.

'Keith and liberty! Keith and liberty!' shouted a multitude of voices, 'Keith for ever! Hurra!'

"'Haverfield! Haverfield!' shouted the crowd; and the name was followed by long loud hissings.

"'He has shut up old John Keith in Newgate! The friend of the people! The friend of liberty! Beat down his nest! Pull down his house! Down with it: Down with it! Batter and burn it! Vile Aristocrat! Pull down! Pull down!'

"Lady Haverfield and Clara heard these expressions, and many other such, rising louder than the confusion. They beheld a mob extending as far as they could see, spreading into the distance, of wild and infuriated appearance, threatening devastation and ruin. Many were armed, some with sticks, pokers, tongs, and shovels; many with the implements of their trade; many more with domestic utensils; others with stones and brick-bats.

Clara saw it all—all the danger that threatened them, and became nearly detestable in her own sight. She was sick at heart, at thoughts of the distinctions she had once so strenuously supported; and detested the cause that could produce such discord. She was almost an object of odium to herself when she reflected that these were her own and her father's partizans and friends. It was to such a standard as this they would equalize Lord and Lady Haverfield; or, if not equalize, crush them beneath. At that moment, distracted and agitated as she was, Clara wholly and for ever abjured her creed.

"She looked on Lady Haverfield, and saw that she shared her terrors. Her lips were as pale as her brow; and though she did not speak, and stood composedly, it was not difficult to see that her heart was not the less agitated.

"Clara would have spoke, but the words died away upon her lips. She tried again, but the low sound was drowned in the vociferations that arose from below. The name of Keith was echoed amid a thousand plaudits, while that of Haverfield was coupled with execrations, groans, and hisses.

"How gladly would Clara now have exchanged the applauses that followed the name she bore for the deepest opprobrium. Virulent abuse would have been the most soothing balm her heart could have received: it was, indeed, the only thing that could in any degree restore her self-complacency. The praise of some is the worst censure. It was this praise which crushed, disgraced, and degraded Clara; because she felt that she had deserved it.

"Her shame overcame her fear. For a moment she forgot it, and stood like a self-convicted criminal, not daring to raise her eyes to Lady Haverfield's face.

"She was roused by a large brick-bat, that dashed through the pane of plate-glass, and sent it in shivers over their persons. The rude messenger itself did yet further mischief; it glanced by Clara, rending her arm as it passed her.

"It was a strange, but it was a true feeling, that Clara looked on the torn flesh, and felt the smart, with a sort of pleasure.

"'You are hurt, Clara,' said Lady Haverfield anxiously.

"'It is nothing, nothing. It is well it was I. *If* it had been *you!* More may come. Dear Lady Haverfield, let us leave the front of the house, and retire to the back apartments.'

"Lady Haverfield suffered Clara to lead her. She sat down in silence; Clara stood motionless before her.

"Again they heard the loud shout, the wild confusion, followed by a volley of stones that crushed and shivered the spacious windows, and strewed the carpet with the fragments of the glass. The work of ruin and devastation was going wildly forward. Every moment the sound of some fresh destruction, some new act of frenzy reached them.

"'It is the work of our own hands! We alone have done this! We alone are answerable for it! Oh! Lady Haverfield, Lady Haverfield! this is the return for all your kindness to us! It is thus we repay you! You never can, you never ought to forgive us!'

"'My poor child, you know not what you say. You know not of what you accuse yourself. Your alarm deranges your ideas. Compose yourself.'

"'No! no! I know, you know, that these madmen would have been working quietly at home but for—'

"'You have made mistakes, Clara. All of us make mistakes at times.'

"'Oh! we have done worse—worse.'

"'Well, well, my love, this is not a time—'

"'O, yes! this is the time to repent them—this moment, when I see you thus terrified and afflicted, and know that we are the cause!'

"It was at this moment that Matherson, my lord's gentleman, Mrs. Chambers, and the whole household, burst into the room; for fear had destroyed ceremony, and on that impulse they all rushed into their lady's presence.

"'How would your ladyship have us act? What would your ladyship have us do?' Matherson asked.

"'Advise me, Matherson.'

"'I scarcely know how, my lady. I was in hopes that breaking our windows would have satisfied the rascals; but it seems not.'

"'Will they proceed to further violence?'

"'They threaten us, my lady.'

"It was now that a hope of giving some assistance entered the heart of Clara. She felt the necessity of exertion; and it came like new life within her. She dried her tears; rose up from Lady Haverfield's feet, where she had wildly thrown herself; collected her powers and strength; and seemed at once a renovated and new creature.

"'In the first place, Matherson, send one of the men out by the back way for assistance; but first let us go and secure all the lower windows. Mrs. Chambers, remain with your lady: Matherson, you and the rest come with me.'

"Clara darted out of the room, and ran down the hall stairs. Matherson followed her, in surprise; for he, indeed every body, knew how intimately she was connected with the party of their assailants; and they could not comprehend, or believe, that she could seriously mean to oppose them. Clara, however, hastened down. She was the first to approach the windows; and though saluted with imprecations, and assailed by more dangerous weapons from the crowd without, at the expense of some severe bruises and contusions, she resolutely persisted in barring and bolting with her own hands, till, with the assistance of Matherson, every one of them was secured, as well as, under such circumstances, was possible.

"'And now,' said Clara, 'which of you will go out by the back way, and fly to procure us aid? In half an hour effective help might be here, if we can keep safe for that time.'

"'Twenty of the Blues,' said Matherson, 'would disperse this rabble in five minutes; but if not, *would cut them to pieces in other five.*'

"Matherson had emphasized these words '*Cut them to pieces,*' strongly.

"Clara answered to them quickly, hastily, '*Cut them to pieces,* say you? *Let them!* Yet,' and her voice faltered, 'poor wretches, *who* set them on? On whom is their blood—on—on—But if we do not—*Let them!* Let them!'"

Ay! *cut them to pieces!* tender lady, sweet amiable friend of the aristocrats! The profligate lord who has tyranically deprived her father of liberty she afterwards protects in her gentle arms against violence; but the mob, who would deprive the lord of his house, furnished at the expense of his creditors, and kept in luxuries in defiance of honesty, she would incontinently have "*cut in pieces!*" And this is the sort of stuff put forth in honour of the aristocracy! These are the conceptions designed to present them *en beau*.

The house is gutted and fired, Clara seized by the rioters, and carried in triumph through the street. Lord Haverfield comes in the midst of the enraged mob, but saves himself from their violence by simply "drawing himself up," and looking grand.

"'Set me down! set me down!' shrieked Clara; and her supporters, now that the novelty was somewhat over, or that a newer novelty had presented itself, did instantly lower their burden, and Clara once more stood upon terra-firma.

"With an exertion of strength that afterwards surprised herself, she made her way through the crowd. It yielded to her on each side as she advanced, and Lord Haverfield, one of the great ministerial leaders, and Clara Keith, the daughter of the imprisoned Jacobin, stood before each other in the presence of thousands.

"Again Lord Haverfield looked upon her with that cold disdainful air that spoke to Clara's heart reproaches more bitter than words, and again was his eye carried on, as though the sight of her were distasteful.

"Clara would have spoken, would have urged him to forsake his evident intention of penetrating to his ruined house; but his look withered her; her lips closed, and her eyes drooped.

"All this had passed rapidly. Hitherto, Lord Haverfield's determined air had preserved the little circle vacant around him; no man's hand had been raised against him. But at this moment Clara saw a menacing arm raised at him; she threw herself before him, and received the missile on her own brow.

"'Why this, Miss Keith?' said Lord Haverfield.

"'Ah! my lord,' cried Clara, 'leave, I beseech you, leave this horrid scene.'

"'Shall I return you your own advice, Miss Keith? or will it be presumption to recommend you to withdraw from a scene so little suited to the delicacy of your sex?'

"'Presumption! It is I who am presumptuous; but it is anxiety for your safety, which makes me so. My lord, if it is not now too late, retire. Why should you press forward to —?' and Clara turned her eyes towards that burning pile.

"Lord Haverfield's eye followed hers, and for a moment rested on the ruins of his house and property; and then it turned back upon her. Not a word was spoken by the lip, but the eye said much.

"'My lord,' said Clara, 'if you would spare me your mother's curse, save yourself! for her sake, I beseech you!'

"'For your own sake,' he replied, speaking earnestly and quickly; 'for your own sake, leave me, Clara: leave me! danger surrounds me!'

"'I will share it.'

"'Leave him! leave him!' again many a rough voice wildly exclaimed. 'Tear her from him! Dash him away! Leave him! leave him!'

"'Never! never!'

"'Does she hold with him? Is she a turncoat! Does she hold with him for putting her father in prison, and keeping him there? Her own old father, that's worth a bushel of lords; and all for the sake of an aristocrat! a lord! a tyrant! a robber! a persecutor! There's a pretty daughter! there's a fine lord! give it them, my boys! give it them!'

"These, and a thousand other terms of opprobrium and reproach, were lavished on Clara and Lord Haverfield; and they gave her a sort of extravagant pleasure, even while they menaced her with destruction; yet, in the midst of her danger, they restored to her her self-complacency.

"She forgot, that in sharing Lord Haverfield's danger she doubled it. She had thrown herself upon his protection, when there seemed scarcely a hope that he would be able to protect himself; and she now hung weeping upon his arm in childish helplessness.

"'Look up, Clara,' said Lord Haverfield; and, with the submission of a child, Clara obeyed him. 'Exert yourself, Clara,' he said, when he saw that she regarded him in his first request; 'exert yourself for a few moments, and let us see if Providence will protect us through our peril.'

"Lord Haverfield drew himself up to the full height of his commanding figure. He looked undauntedly round, with an eye that seemed to say, who shall dare oppose me?—and whether there is in rank that secret pre-eminence, or whether it was, that undaunted courage, asserting its own superiority, crushes down with its bold front all weaker opponents, we know not; but certain it is, that, awed, either by his rank or manner, the crowd parted as he waved his hand for it to do so; and he led Clara through the avenue thus formed, while not a stone was thrown, or hurt attempted on them; but they passed quietly and slowly on for the space of a few yards, and then Lord Haverfield supported Clara up the broad steps of the house of Lord George Syndford, and she leaned upon his arm, while he knocked and rang at the door without hurry or precipitation, and very much in his usual manner of doing so.

"His manner had overborne the crowd around him. Courage conquers more by its presence than by its deeds. It has far less to do than cowardice; while it commands obedience, it involuntarily enforces respect.

"It was a sort of admission that he was now in safety from the crowd, when, as he stood boldly facing them on the steps of Lord George Syndford's house, they seemed to demand, as a kind of ransom, one small concession. 'Take off your hat! take off your hat!' was the cry.

"Lord Haverfield would not. He stood covered before them.

"A wide spreading murmur arose, threats, menaces; still he stood calmly before

them; they redoubled; the door opened; a pale trembling domestic stood with it extended in his hand. Lord Haverfield handed Clara in, turned again round: and now that the action could not be mistaken for one of terror and coercion, he lifted his hat.

"Instantly the tide turned; a burst of applause followed. So variable is the humour of an English mob!"

The destruction of the lord's house could hardly be a matter of great concern, because nothing more was necessary to a man of his morality than to cheat another set of creditors, and to be provided with another mansion and all appliances, and fresh duns to boot.

We shall not fatigue our readers by following this foolish story to the lord's marriage with the lady whom we have seen making a riot at Newgate, chaired by a riotous mob, and magnanimously refusing a treat of gin as magnanimously offered by a discharged footman, who had imbibed Jacobinical doctrines from her papa. Of the absurdities and extravagancies of the tale, and the ignorance of manners displayed in it, our specimens will give but a slight idea. We have thought it curious to show the picture of a pink of the aristocracy, which has been drawn by the hand of Servile, with the intention of holding up to admiration the class represented by this choice specimen, in contrast with the fanaticism, fooleries, and vulgarities of vilified reformers. It is pleasant to see the recoil of the attempt, and the effect the direct opposite to the design, in consequence of the very sincerity of the author's worship, which has caused him to admit the ugliest truths without any perception of the infamy. He has painted the crooked legs and hideous head of the idol, conceiving it a model of moral grace all the time.

The chaste wife, when she was told that her husband's breath was foul, asked, whether all men's breath was not of the same fœtor. Our adorer of the aristocracy has been so engrossed with his obscene deity, that he has not learnt that dishonesty and persecution are held infamous. He has seen large features of these vices in the objects he has worshipped at some stupendous distance, and has supposed these things irreproachable, because found in such elevated personages. All this is curious, and example of the subtleness of truth; but the author's nonsenses, upon an exposure of which we refuse to enter more largely, are not at all curious. They are of a very common and abundant sort. We have, however, for another object, quoted enough, perhaps, to give some imperfect notion of the *niaiserie*, the feeble, disjointed, rickety style, the poverty of fancy, and enormous ignorance of manners; and yet, of such a mass of unmixed rubbish the following praise has been given by some of the discerning critics of the periodical press. There are but two ways of explaining these judgments:—one is, by supposing in the writers the illiteracy, which is the common fault of the men called literary, more properly spelled *litter*ary; the other, the advertisement fee:—

"A very well-told story, with much interest, both of character and situation. Has infinitely more of *originality and attraction* than a great majority of its competitors."—*Literary Gazette, 21st of July.*

"The *characters are well imagined*; the scenes are written with *a degree of vivid feeling, which carries the reader irresistibly forward.*"—*Sunday Times.*

"Were it not a crime next to sacrilege to mention us moderns, and our puny efforts with the great and glorious of the 'olden time,' we should say that *the authorship of 'The Reformer' seems as likely to be as strongly contested as was the birthplace of Homer.* By some it is said to be an early production of Lord Grey's; others insist that it must be from the pen of that veteran Reformer Thelwall, or perhaps Godwin; while not a few insist that it must have been written *by Pitt himself*, in the days when he also worshiped at the shrine of Reform. *Pitt is the likeliest* of all; he understood plotting, and this novel *has the best and most ingeniously constructed plot that we have long met with.*—The respective characters are admirably

drawn, and as ably sustained throughout; and, till the very close, the interest is unflagging and intense."—*From a first-rate London daily newspaper; which, from respect to its general merit, we forbear to name.*

"*The story is neat and effective;* the characters are well drawn; *the dialogues spirited and sprightly;* in short, it shows a skilful hand."—*Asiatic Journal.*

"The whole book abounds with the most stirring interest, well excited, and admirably sustained."—*National Omnibus.*

The author of this book has confounded Reform with Revolution, proving how difficult it is to ascertain the *plus* or *minus* of liberal principles necessary to constitute a reformer. Pillage and outrage are the results of reform in this work; we trust that in real life it will prove otherwise, and that we may be indebted to reform for a cheap government, an alleviation of the miseries of the people, and a clear insight into the real interests of the nation at large. Still we acknowledge it to be *a very interesting narrative;* the scene of pillage, and the escape of the parties, are forcibly painted; and as the daughter of reform is eventually allied to the scion of Toryism, so we trust that in reality we may be able to amalgamate the two, and preserve the essence of monarchy with a due respect for the liberties of the people."—*Metropolitan.*

A CONSERVATIVE CHANT.

FOR THE ENSUING GENERAL ELECTION.

A Parody on "Let Fame sound the Trumpet."

LET *Fame* sound the trumpet, and cry, "To the fray!"
Let Vyvyan, let Vyvyan re-echo the strain,—
If voters their franchise will barter for pay,
Then Hardinge will smile, will smile upon Vane!
A treasure for ultras let Baring display,
And bribery hand round the bowl,—
At Preston let Hunt pour the *lustre of Day,**
And Weth'rell go *light* to the poll!†

Let Inglis unfold his *rich thoughts* to his crew
At Oxford, at Oxford,—whom bigotry moves,—
Give Lyndhurst the *friend* that he knows he can *do,*
And the *place* that he tenderly, tenderly loves!
What's honour but "*fudge?*" What is freedom? the same—
(True glory still springs from the mines!)
What's conscience? a bugbear—religion? a name—
But Philpotts and Co. are—*Divines!*

THE TORY SQUIRE.

A Parody on "The Minstrel Boy."

THE Tory Squire to the poll has gone,
At the hustings soon you'll find him;
His nerves are firm, though his face is wan,
And a mob, like a tail, behind him! ‡
"Church and State," said the candidate,
"Though many a squire betrays you,—
One man, at least, his mind shall state;
One honest voice shall praise you!"

The Tory fell, but the rabble rout
Could not keep the hero under,—
They thought him crush'd, but he gave a shout
Which struck the knaves with wonder;
And said, "*You swinish multitude!*—
Hot reeling from your *piggery,*—
I'll ne'er adopt your doctrines crude,
Nor shall ever join in Whiggery!"

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* And Martin.—P.D.

† Light-headed to the *poll*, is here meant.—P.D.

‡ "Thady Brady has a row
That carries her tail behind her."—*Old Irish Ballad.*

LETTER TO THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON, ON THE APPROACHING ELECTIONS. BY A TORY MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT, AND DISTINGUISHED OFFICER.

My Dear Duke,

Instead of taking the course you point out, allow me to protest loudly against our present policy. I have been silent too long, while a succession of false manœuvres has reduced us to the brink of ruin. Losers in all countries have a right to complain; but I do not despair—so palpably and grossly misconceived is the whole plan of our campaign—of demonstrating its blunders to your satisfaction, even in this single letter.

We have departed from our old principles,—that is blunder one. I need not expatiate on the danger of changing your dispositions in the face of the enemy. Forsooth, we must, on the eve of an election, affect candour, openness, and consistency; state our principles without reserve, and show our hand to our adversaries! No duplicity, no finesse, no cajolery;—these were things before the Flood, and we live in the nineteenth century! Now, I say plainly, that unless we conceal our principles, under the most profound dissimulation; give up Constantine, Miguel, and the Holy Alliance; bury our opinions on Reform, the Bank, India, Slavery, until the elections are over, the Tories will be as hard-up as Poland is at this moment. If we do not wear round, take in eight or ten points more of the wind, and that shortly, the whole party will be left, like blind puppies, in the mud.

I begin by laying it down as an axiom, that the English, Irish, and Scottish *people*,—you may put them all together,—detest Tory principles; and that it is therefore the bounden duty of Tories, upon the eve of an election, to conceal them. A woman is not expected to volunteer a confession of her shame; a jockey to run open-mouthed to a buyer, and tell him his horse is glandered, foundered, or spavined; a victimizer is not called on to produce the *doctors*, and explain the whole mystery of plucking to a pigeon; neither is a Tory required to obtrude his real opinions on the country at this particular moment. Now, we, on the contrary, seem to have made a covenant with—I wont say our consciences—I despise hypocrisy—but our souls, (for, as Goulburn says, I hope I have a soul to be d——d as well as another,) to rake together all that is odious and base in our practice and policy, and thrust it down the throats of the nation. The scheme seems to be, to conquer disgust by accumulating additional motives of abhorrence, as an overdose of arsenic defeats itself, and is thrown off the stomach. I defy sneering Aberdeen to put his finger on any point of internal or external policy on which Toryism is not diametrically opposed to the people of this country. I defy him to mention any principle of liberty, humanity, or decency, we have not ostentatiously insulted, over and over again, within the last three months. The fact is, your Grace's declarations,—from the first, when you, truly perhaps, but most indiscreetly, pronounced "county meetings a farce," to the last, when you threatened "that if the people were not quiet, a way would be found to make them,"—have been of serious injury to the cause. Under the authority of your example, every puny whipster draws his sword, and insults his constituency with his principles. The great error, indeed, of your life has been your ignorance of the people, and your consequent contempt of them. Tories are too apt to draw from themselves; and you are not ex-

empt from the fault,—I say fault advisedly, because the disposition of the adversary must be carefully studied, and its peculiarities noted. No doubt, your opinions are changed; you have found that county meetings, though they be "farces," are no jokes, and that a nation, like a wild-boar, is somewhat formidable at bay; but you have yet to learn that they are really attached to their liberties, and are cautious about their pockets. I am solemnly convinced they believe in the real existence of what they call their *rights*, and have feelings of humanity, justice, and decency. These ridiculous opinions must be carefully borne in mind. Until we have got them down, it is absurd to irritate such prejudices.

Tories have heard Peel talk so much of the words, candour and consistency, that they have at length come to believe in the things. To this they may attribute their defeat. Consistency ruined the most glorious opportunity that ever offered itself to man. Had it not been for that ill-omened word, you must have won the battle in May. But Peel must talk of his consistency! "A yea-and-nay-forsooth" knave, to stand upon his consistency, when you cared not the sum total of his candour for it, and wanted nothing but tools! Even Goulburn, good God! refused you. I am amazed you did not order—not Lady J—— to brain him with her fan, because it would be impolitic to require an impossibility of a lady, but—the footman to kick him down stairs. D—n Goulburn, you say. I most heartily echo the wish; but you should have thought thus before you allowed him to involve you in his perdition. Had his head been worth its weight in gold, he would have been of incalculable service; as it is, he injured you deeply in public estimation. The schoolboys found out some fable about Jupiter and the frogs, and used to crowd the lobby of the House to see Goulburn. And this man to refuse you! But when Croker shyed, it was plain that not even a drummer would stand by your colours.

Let me ask this simple question, What has a Tory to do with consistency? What is his business but to stick to place through all weathers?—to hold fast by the mysteries of jobbing?—to put his faith in nothing but corruption? All the articles of his creed are seven, viz. the five loaves and the two fishes. The fathers of his church are, Pitt, Castlereagh, Vansittart, and Melville; his general councils are, secret green bag committees; his commandments are the Six Acts; the suspension of the Habeas Corpus is his law; and the confession of his faith, a gagging bill. He has, moreover, a conscience, and it is kept by Eldon; a religion, and it is hypocrisy; a name, and it is Mystery. His priests are the bishops; his scapegoat, change of any kind; and for plundering the revenue, he has an oath in "heaven's chancery," as immovable as if Eldon presided over it. Talking of Eldon, that old man did us shrewd injury, and will do more. He mortally offends the English people, by the tenacity with which he maintains every antiquated corruption; the old battered abuses he clings to with a rigidity of grasp that would astonish Trapbois himself. Tell Kenyon to give him a hint about the tears. These young men at once begin to talk of the crocodile, and all classical allusions are dangerous, and should be avoided. Perhaps you think that I am contradicting my own advice as to the necessity of suppressing our opinions; but give me leave to explain to your Grace. Hypocrisy is invaluable, as long as it is not known to be hypocrisy; but the people have been so often duped, that they are become as suspicious as a mastiff about the stump of his tail; and the moment that hypocrisy is detected, it becomes a losing game.

To return to my original base of operations. I insist on the necessity of concealing our real principles, and assuming "for the nonce" ones more acceptable to this stupid people. This is our only game. I protest against our becoming the Quixotes of every sort of infamy, at the present moment especially. Nor can I see why our camp is to be made, at this crisis, the city of refuge for all the criminals of the earth. A frantic frankness has seized us. Prudence and hypocrisy are totally forgotten, so that a spectator would think we were moving heaven and earth for our own ruin. There is not, within the four corners of the map of the world, an abuse that Toryism has not taken under its wings. There is not a prostitute practice or principle to which it has not opened its arms; not a base or bloody act which it has not defended, nor any noble one that it has not calumniated. Your Grace's firm nerves start; you cannot believe we have been so foolish. Unluckily, it is capable of proof. Violent as the colouring seems, it does not exceed the tone of the reality. To begin with yourself.—Almost the last speech you uttered in Parliament was one, which, coming from such a general as you, and so familiar with Portugal, must have been of great service to Miguel. Need I recall the defences of him by Aberdeen, *or that you, when that cursed reform unhorsed you, were on the point of acknowledging the tyrant, the usurper, the murderer, and chance alone prevented me from being able to add, the assassin and the fratricide.* In the next place, Peel should, forsooth, defend Constantine (!!) and that under circumstances chosen with his usual wisdom. To do you justice, no Portuguese were present when you advocated Miguel's cause; but Peel had the unfeelingness to defend Constantine before the faces of those very gallant men who had lost all in attempting to save their country from the monster. Again, this people have a sort of peculiar regard for the German people, perhaps, because they are a simple foolish people, with low domestic virtues, patient of much oppression, and yet with a ridiculous hankering after some portion of liberty. One would suppose we might have left them to the management of Metternich, with whatever lights his friend Aberdeen could give him by letter; but no—for no purpose, that ever I could discover, but to bring ourselves into further disrepute, as if we had not already enough of political infamy to content even immoderate men, our organs must take up the cudgels for the Diet, and the King must be made a party to the original decree. Turn to the next. Not satisfied with the success of his former prophecies, Hall has again lifted himself up to utter Jeremiades against the French Revolution, at proper time truly, and to "audience meet." It would be tedious to enumerate more instances from the Continent: but surely, looking home, we might have avoided shocking the absurd feelings of religion and humanity, which this nation does entertain, by advocating Negro Slavery at this particular moment. A pretty figure, by the way, Goulburn and his slaves cut. There might be something made of it, as a splash, if Cambridge(?) threw him out; but, believe one who knows them, the clergy will not leave as much as one green spot in Toryism for the eye to rest on. Even a bold dashing piece of hypocrisy they will not contribute in our distressed condition. They jog pretty well along the old established modes, but any thing new or striking is quite above their genius. I grant they mean well, but there is not a spark of originality in them. In heavy column, or behind a wall, like the Turks, they are immovable; but, for active warfare, which must be our game, they are far too unwieldy.

On the Continent, then, Constantine, Miguel, and Metternich prove what precious defenders of liberty we are: Slavery shows our sincerity in religion and merciful feeling: and let the Bank Charter, the India Trade, let our enmity to Reform, and the host of great interests involved in that single word, speak our suitableness to advance the internal prosperity of the empire. Is it with such a list of pledges we will go to the hustings? Shall one come to an elector and say, "I am the sworn friend of every despot in Europe—pray help me to become the ruler of a free people?" "I think liberty a farce, as the Duke says—leave your rights to me." Will another say, "Sir, I think jobbing the perfection of political wisdom, and the end of Government—allow me to put a hand in your pocket?" "I was handcuffed the other day on a charge of swindling—I keep books, sir, on a new system, far superior to posting or double entry." Will another take the elector by the hand, and say, "I called the bill spoliation and robbery—pray let *me* see it carried into operation?" "I attempted to strangle it in the birth—permit me to recommend a nurse for it." Will another yet say, "Taxation and coercion (knock a man down, and kick him for falling) is my motto—sir, your vote and interest at the next election?"

Now, your Grace knows, I will wade as deep in coercion as any one; none of you entertains a more cordial hatred for the people, or thinks, with more force of conviction, that they are made for the pleasure and profit of the aristocracy; but pardon me for entertaining some doubts about the judiciousness of our present measures. Liberty, and all that, you cannot think a merer farce than I do; but will enthusiasm suffer by being united with prudence? By mixing a little iron with the brass, surely the statue will be somewhat improved; and the simplicity of the dove, in which Tories so superabound, will only shine with a greater lustre when contrasted with the wisdom of the serpent. My dear Duke, it is vain to tell me that we puff ourselves off as Reformers; for even were they of so stupid a clay as to forget our actions and votes for the last two, ay twenty years, must not we be betrayed by the other points I have touched on? Does your Grace think that Satan would hope, by putting his horns in his pocket, to walk *incog.* through Bond Street, while he continued flourishing his tail, spitting brimstone at every step, and without even a pair of Wellingtons to cover his hoofs?

My dear Duke, let me tell you plainly, the Tory tactics have made "worms' meat" of my chance for this place. I went last Wednesday to canvass as a Radical,—Murray, fine fellow! had been vapouring away to the same tune in Scotland,—but they laughed at me; I offered to sign pledges until I should wear my fingers to the knuckles, but they only laughed the more, and showed me my name in *red letters* on every division against the Bill. A man, however, has not served under you for nothing. I returned to the charge, and should, I think, have succeeded, but for the hue and cry of Toryism raised by our good friends in the newspapers, the magazines, and the surrounding towns. I denounced Miguel, and was handed your speech; raved beyond F. Buxton against slavery,—they presented me with a copy of the *Morning Post*, (I wish the Editor was drowned in it;) execrated Constantine, and was struck dumb by the *Standard*. (Are you not amazed at Gifford, who *is* a fellow of talent, and knows the world?) Such a continued fire would have silenced Baring himself. In short, they paid no more attention to me than if I were a protocol. One would think I had sent the Jelfs to them to say, "That, owing to a defect in my eyesight, I could not po-

sitively declare whether I had voted against the Bill or not; but if I had, that it was quite unintentional, and that I was anxious to make the most ample apologies;" and, further, that this blow was followed up next day by sending Quentin, that "knight without fear," if not "without reproach," to assure them, that *he* was the person who had really voted against the Bill.

Having thus satisfactorily shown the thorough viciousness of our present plan, let me unfold my own, and deploy arguments in its favour, unless it forces your approbation at the first glance. I propose, then, that we buy up at once all the newspapers, magazines, reviews, pamphlets, and histories of the last two years, along with the lists of division on East Retford and Penrhyn; that as soon as this is completed, all the Tory candidates of the empire walk in procession to Crockford's, with your Grace, the gallant Cumberland, the meek Newcastle, the munificent Northumberland, the princely Buccleuch, and the statesman-like Londonderry, at our head; that after having gambled for two hours, we unanimously and simultaneously proclaim ourselves bitter reformers, and that we have been always such, particularly during the last two years, when we voted night and day for the bill; and that for proof of this we refer to the newspapers, &c. which we will have destroyed. But this is not sufficient; on every question, the Church, Bank Charter, Belgium, Portugal; in short, every point of home and foreign policy, we must out-herod Herod, cut up the Radicals by the roots, make Hunt appear a creeper, and Cobbett a tortoise. *Without* this, consider the rooted hatred this nation bears to our principles, and truly consider the rooted hatred our principles bear to all the nation holds dear, including always its breeches' pocket, and then tell me is it on the balls we should win? *With* this, we are booked certain. I remember when John Bull was as simple, credulous, easy a man as your Grace could desire; indeed Van. and Co. must have been stony-hearted Greeks to pluck so unmercifully such a Johnny Raw; but he is now as cautious as a fish with a hook, and a yard of line attached to it, in his jaw; and yet we go on tempting him with a hook that would frighten a gudgeon after a forty days' fast! I repeat *tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis*, which, as your Grace knows, means "the Tories must face to the right-about." John Bull has an obscure notion that an enemy to reform is not a reformer in his heart; that if you hate freedom, you are not a lover of liberty; and that a system of jobbing, sinecures, places, and pensions, is not what runs so much in the poor man's head, viz. economy and retrenchment. Our first requisite, therefore, is hypocrisy, our second hypocrisy, and our third hypocrisy; not lachrymose and frightened at its own meanness, but bold, clamorous, and active. The sooner, too, we begin to fly our kites the better.

My dear Duke, there is one point I feel some reluctance in approaching, and nothing short of necessity could compel me to enter on it. We must give up the Church for the present. "What," you say, "the bishops! my surest cards, true as steel to Toryism! The man is mad. Why, a Gold Stick, 'a sturdy beggar of the treasury,' a gambling younger son, in steady downright voting, is not to be compared with a bishop for one moment. He sticks to the minister like a hero, on any question, from shooting a score of women and children in a tithe matter, up to shooting a pheasant: he never boggles,—no, never. Give them up? D—d nonsense." My dear Duke, we passed through harder days than this. It must be done. Look at Henley's pamphlet. All you've said is as

true as if Phillpotts denied it; but our campaign must be one of daring enterprise, of rapid manœuvres, and in that the bishops cannot aid us. Were you behind the lines of Torres Vedras indeed;—but now it is neck or nothing. Desperation is prudence in our state. Do you consider the position of our affairs, and the odium that burns, like a pan of coals, on every fireshovel hat? Is it when our gunwale is nearly even with the surface of the water, you would throw in such a mass of abuses, and political corruption, as the Church,—the Irish branch alone being sufficient to sink the Britannia? Would you go to battle, like those Indians of whom you drove 5000 into the river, with a harem, and a cloud of slaves, cooks, and sutlers, in your rear?

Would to God you had the same head for a political as a military campaign: the liberties of England would not be worth five years' purchase. But no man is perfect. I have studied the ground—you didn't despise my advice at Waterloo—and I tell you, the House of Commons is the key of the enemy's position. To gain that, every thing must be sacrificed. The next election is the life or death of corruption. Flatter, bribe, deceive the electors, give up the Church, slavery, &c.; at any rate command the election, and the battle is yours, rotten boroughs, patronage, jobbing, and all. Corrupt the next representation, and we will take the sting, ay, and kick the guts out of Reform. Leave the Bishops for a while to their fate; their Toryism will no more suffer diminution in the interval, than a turtle grow poor by being left for a fortnight on its back. Corrupt the next representation,—promise until we are black in the face,—sign pledges to outweigh the Duke of Buckingham,—by any means procure a majority of Tories, and we can cripple Reform. Wont it be easy with the King's name, the army, the whole weight of the executive, and the House of Commons, to load the registry with forms, fees, and expenses; to make it a tedious, troublesome, worrying, money-losing process? Can't overseers get a hint? Can't we have a cartload of objections to every voter? Will not registering barristers with the land of promise, *i. e.* profuse patronage, expanding to their view,—the old glorious system of quartering men in thousands on the public purse,—will they not understand the winkings of authority, and be troubled with doubts, to the admiration of Eldon himself? Why, you *must* know that the prospect of "cheap law" makes them hate Reform already, as bitterly as Newcastle does. Cannot we make pretexts, and by degrees raise the qualification? Cannot we, in short, have back the rotten boroughs? It is as easy as my glove.

Corrupt the next representation, and we can have back the days of reversions, sinecures, pensions, and places without number. Corrupt the next representation, and we can have back the days of boards and establishments to do nothing, with comptrollers to direct, and inspectors to watch, and auditors to hear nothing. Corrupt the next representation, and we can have back the prosecutions of the press, (Scarlet, thanks to Lucifer! is still lively,) and gagging bills, and domiciliary visits, and suspensions of the *Habeas Corpus:* nay, what say you to a censorship of the press? Sidmouth's notions were sometimes good.* In short, corrupt the next representation, prevail on the electors—no matter how—to return Tories, and the people will be at our feet, with their persons and purses. One phrase—you see where I got it—the

* "It had been in consideration, but, for a moment only, *whether some step should not be taken preliminary to publication;* but that idea was immediately discarded." Speech of Lord Sidmouth on proposing the "Six Acts."

Reign of Terror; but the thoughts I got by having lately read the history of 1817-18-19-20. Is your secretion of bile bad? or have you any friend in the blue stage of the cholera? Then put into his hands the history of those years, and if he hasn't instantaneously a rush of gall that would be sufficient to make an ocean of ink, why, his bowels must be hard to move.—Well, if we can once get them down:—but no matter.—You surely won't any longer encumber yourself with the Church? It wont do for twenty or thirty fat men to peril such a prospect; particularly when, if once in the saddle, we can restore them all they may have lost, and vote five or six millions in addition, for churches, &c. It has often amazed me to see what a total want of commonsense the Church shows. It hasn't a spark of genius. If it had, what service might not the parsons do us at this moment! They could take up slavery:—if Goulburn were kicked out, the thing, as I said, would look well. They could take up Poland: and why mercy or justice should not sound as well from their mouths as from a private gentleman's, is hard to conceive. Certainly it would be in character with their profession: they could have a meeting on the French Revolution, or the Belgian question, the game laws, the state of the poor, or the punishment of death, as it is going; but you can never get them to be hypocrites in the cause of freedom or humanity; they are always right in the wrong place. One of them, the other day—Brock, or Block, or some such name—should go and make, in open daylight, an outrageous attack on Hume. Have you seen it? I laughed with vexation until my eyes ran over. Philpotts is the milk of human kindness compared with him. Every sentence is a running sore of abuse; and the whole speech has a virulent rot that would taint the entire flock of his brethren in the eyes of the nation. The meek minister seems truly to know as little of the general feeling as if he had been locked up for the last fifty years in the heart of a stone. I detest Hume; a bitter thorn he has been in our sides; he stuck to us like a blister; but this madman has returned him, I suppose, to spite Henley for his pamphlet. The English people have absurd notions of gratitude;—what, then, could Hume desire more than to have recalled to them the services of fifteen years? During that time, almost alone and unaided, he fought the battle of economy, against majorities that would make any other man despair. At considerable personal expense, and with a weight of labour, which the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who was paid for it, never dreamed of undergoing, he waded through the mass of public accounts; and by reducing each charge to distinct items, rendered it easy to detect enormous estimates, double entries, and every other sort of fraud which poor Van. was in the habit of practising. By this system of exposure, which certainly no man, unless supported by notions of public duty, could have continued so long, amidst repeated insults and the clamours of the revenue blood-suckers, the attention of the country at length was roused, and the Tories were forced to present intelligible accounts, and something like reasonable estimates. I detest Hume; he has dogged us like a bloodhound; he has hung on our flanks like the Mahrattas; he has made poor men of us; but who can deny that whatever improvement (as this shopkeeping nation calls it) in the revenue has taken place, is principally owing to him? Then, again, his services to reform. Did you read his speech on that d—d motion of Ebrington's? I met Croker in the lobby. "Who's up?" "Hume!" "What is *he* about?" "Nothing, but driving a twelve-penny nail in the Duke's coffin. If you

wish to see your friend for the last time, you had better make haste, or the lid will be down on him." The fact is, it was much, *longo intervallo*, by several lengths, the best speech that night. I did not think it was in him.

Besides, the conduct of the Church in Ireland disgusts me. I don't know what is the cause, but of the fact I'm certain, that massacres ruin any party. We never recovered Manchester. There seems to be some bad luck about much blood. People begin to shun one; and even in company, you can't help thinking they have a trick of looking at a fellow's hands, which must be unpleasant. This shooting of unarmed men on the one side, even provoking, as it does, on the other, the shooting of aged innocent clergymen, might be endured; but the murder of women and children—'tis unmanly. No gentleman can be seen with the Church. As to Stanley, I must cut him, that's flat. I could as soon know him as take the arm of Jack Ketch in Bond Street.

Would you think it? I believe one of those youngsters, that has never seen a shot fired, or a cowardly lawyer, whom one could rob with a hollow cabbage stump, contemplates more coolly the death of a fellow-creature than your Grace or I, who have seen the field of battle strewed with thousands. I leave it to the philosophers to explain; but *this* is certain, that the Tories dare not have attempted half the Whigs are doing with Ireland. Had your Grace (I beg your pardon) ordered so many of your unhappy countrymen to be shot, according to law, this old dotard of a premier would have moved the stones to mutiny, and Brougham, who sent his brother, the Master in Chancery, to a public meeting, in Southwark, in order to teach them how to evade the taxes, would have pledged his character as a lawyer for the perfect legality of the tithe meetings.

I end as I began—we must go with the tide. We must alter our tactics. Too truly says our worthy friend Blackwood: "The Conservatives can no longer rest on the close boroughs, or Parliamentary influence; they must rest on the support of the middling ranks of society, or they will speedily perish. The pride of Aristocracy, the stateliness of office, the etiquette of nobility, must yield to the pressure of the common danger. The great families must throw open their doors to the gentlemen of their counties; the peeresses must be condescending and affable to ladies who are not quite so fashionable as the *elegantes* of Almacks. It is no time to stand upon ceremony, or be exclusive. The great families are the generals of the Conservative host; but what are generals without officers or soldiers? And how are officers or soldiers to be obtained, unless their affections are conciliated. It is indispensable, now that power is placed in the hands of the lower orders, that the gentlemen who influence them should be conciliated; and this is not to be done without a total change of system."—I say, *Ditto to Mr. Blackwood.*—We must, indeed, change the system, at least for the present, and appear to become new men. We must muzzle our opinions, or our ruin is as plain as the sale of Ludlow. If our dearest principles meet us in the street, we must cut them dead. Hypocrisy is our game. The grenadiers must be hypocrites, the light company hypocrites, and the battalion hypocrites. To that tune Perceval must preach, Croker sneer, and even Wetherell pull up his *breeches*. Our solicitor is cajolery, our lawyer fraud, and our assessor falsehood. Shout for reform, economy, liberty, any thing; and let there be no measure to our promises, but the stupid credulity of the people. I speak, however, quite sincerely, when I subscribe myself, my dear Duke, ever ——

THE ASSESSED TAXES—DIRECT AND INDIRECT TAXATION.

Few measures would be more popular than the repeal of the assessed taxes; and we are therefore aware that, when we oppose that measure, we undertake an unpopular task. But, convinced as we are that the assessed taxes are much less objectionable than many others under which the country labours, and that their repeal will, even in a reformed Parliament, prevent the removal, for a number of years, of any other tax, we proceed to state our grounds of dissent to the popular voice:—

These taxes, for the year ending 5th January, 1832, amounted to £4,058,222, and consist of the following heads:—

	England.	Scotland.	Great Britain.
Windows,	£1,102,198	£76,270	£1,178,469
Inhabited houses,	1,265,560	91,646	1,357,206
Servants,	268,548	26,587	295,136
Carriages,	365,881	27,081	392,962
Horses for riding,	334,751	21,621	356,372
Other horses and mules,	57,221	4,262	61,484
Dogs,	164,403	16,616	181,019
Horse-dealers,	12,129	1,413	13,543
Hair-powder,	13,780	588	14,377
Armorial bearings,	51,589	3,300	54,889
Game duties,	115,742	9,689	125,431
Composition duty,	25,321	588	25,509
Penalties on arrears levied by the Barons of Exchequer in Scotland,		1,420	1,420

The land tax for the same year yielded £1,133,222, in England, and £33,944, in Scotland; total, £1,167,167. Houses under £10 of rent are not assessed, nor those containing fewer than six windows. It will thus be observed, that the assessed taxes fall entirely on the middle and upper ranks of society; and in this way an approach is made to the true principle of taxation, which is to make every one contribute according to his ability. This principle is, unfortunately, entirely overlooked in our system of taxation, for nearly the whole of our revenue is raised on expenditure. Thus, of the net revenue for last year, of fifty millions, the Customs and Excise produced thirty-five millions and a half, and the Stamps and Post Office about nine millions and a half more; so that a person with a family is forced to contribute, not in proportion to his wealth, but in proportion to the size of his family. Farther, the assessed and land taxes are almost the only part of our revenue which is collected directly; and it is a great advantage that a tax should pass through as few hands as possible, between the person by whom the tax is paid and the public treasury.

The great advantages of direct taxation can easily be elucidated, by considering the effect of an indirect tax, such as the Excise. The traders who are under the operation of this tax are shackled in every possible form. They are not masters of their own premises. They cannot work how they please and when they please, but every different operation in their manufacture can be performed only after a precise method, after certain prescribed notices, and on the elapse of specified periods of

time. The consequences of this are, that the improvement of our manufactures is retarded, for the effect of processes out of the specified course cannot be tried; much annoyance, expense, and delay are occasioned, for all which the manufacturer must be reimbursed by the increased price of his commodity. Farther, the tax becomes enormously increased to the consumer, on whom it ultimately falls, when it is paid on the importation of an unmanufactured article, or at an early stage of the process of manufacture. The manufacturer, who pays the duty originally, must have a profit, not only on the capital expended in the purchase of his raw material, and on the wages of his workmen, rent, &c. but also on that part of his capital which is expended in the paying of duties to Government; the wholesale dealer must also have a profit on the duty; and thus it proceeds, augmenting with an accelerating ratio, until it reaches the consumer. The more hands the taxed commodity passes through, between the first payer of the tax and the consumer, the heavier does the tax become; but even in passing through a very few hands, it is seriously increased. Let us take, for example, the tax on malt: This tax is paid at first by the maltster, who is repaid by the distiller, with the usual mercantile profit. Suppose now the whisky to pass successively into the hands of a rectifier, a wholesale merchant, a retail merchant, and the consumer; and taking gross mercantile profits at only 10 per cent, we shall be surprised at the manner in which the consumer suffers by being taxed indirectly instead of directly. The maltster pays £1000, and receives £1100 from the distiller; who again receives £1210 from the rectifier. The wholesale-merchant pays £1331; the retail merchant £1464; and the consumer, instead of paying £1000, which is all the Government receives, has to pay £1610, an advance of 61 per cent! Yet many commodities pass through many more hands between the original payer of the duty and the consumer. We are aware that this view has been maintained to be erroneous by political economists of great name, who, assuming that mercantile profit is 10 per cent per annum, contend that the same rate of profit cannot be received in each successive transfer. But it is forgotten that the whole difference between the buying and selling price of a commodity is not profit: rent, taxes, loss by bad debts, and many other deductions, must be made from the gross profit, before the net profit can be realized; and 10 per cent is much less than is often necessary to cover these deductions. If we suppose the gross profit to be larger, of course the tax presses with increased severity on the consumer. For example, if the gross profits were 20 per cent, the malt tax, in the above case, would be augmented no less than 150 per cent to the consumer. We have kept entirely out of view the addition to the price of the commodity, independently of the duty, occasioned by the annoyance, interference, and loss of time and labour, in consequence of the Excise regulations, and the additional profits which dealers in commodities necessarily require to indemnify them for the discomfort and annoyance of a continual *surveillance* by revenue officers. Yet, such additional price, and additional profits, augmented in the manner we have shown, cannot fail to increase greatly the pressure of the tax on the consumer. That the free use of their premises, and the uncontrolled management of their manufacture, are of great value to manufacturers, was shown when the beer tax was repealed; for the Scottish brewers reduced the price of ale and porter much more than the amount of the duty.

It may be asked, however, when the almost evident tendency of indirect taxation is so injurious, why have most governments resorted

to it; and how does it happen that the more the amount of our taxation is increased, the greater is the proportion raised indirectly? the answer is simple: When taxes are collected directly, the amount of taxation borne by each individual is known; and every man sees how much of every day he works for Government, and how much for himself. For instance, it would be seen, that in this country, out of every twelve hours he was employed, he wrought four for the State. He would discover that one of these hours was occupied in enabling him to provide for the demands upon him occasioned by the army and navy, and other two to pay his share of the interest of the national debt. Were these truths brought home to him once or twice a-year by the tax collector's argument *ad crumenam*, the enormous expenditure of Government would not long be submitted to. But advantage is taken of the ignorance of the people, to mystify and mislead them; and by the consumer, who is the ultimate loser, the tax is confounded with the price. Thus, we hear continual complaints of direct taxes, such as income, or poll, or assessed taxes, but few people consider, that when they buy a pound of soap, or of tea, one-half of the sum paid is received by Government.

However convenient such mistification may be for the rulers, it is very prejudicial to the ruled; and, now that the people have some influence in the management of their own affairs, it is to be hoped that the taxes will be collected in the most economical mode, and that some 50 per cent will not be added to the burdens of the people by the mode of collecting our taxes. The most proper tax is one on property, for it is for the protection of property principally that the necessity of so large an expenditure by Government has become necessary. When a property tax is imposed, we have no objection to the repeal of the assessed taxes; but, until we have a property tax, they should be allowed to remain, for they are principally collected from those who, from their wealth, are best able to bear them. Instead of being repealed, they ought to be extended to Ireland; for it is ridiculous to exempt Ireland, on account of its poverty, from taxes which fall only on the wealthier classes. The shameful inequality in the collection of the house duty on the country seats of our nobility and gentry, should also be corrected; for at present, the most splendid mansions are taxed about as much as fifth-rate houses in large towns.

Notwithstanding the distress which has existed in this country since the end of the war, the use of many luxuries has greatly increased. Thus the number of carriages is much greater now than at the former period, and the revenue from this branch of our taxation seems to be annually increasing. The same remark is true of the tax on armorial bearings. These facts, as well as many others that could be adduced, show that there is a tendency in this country to a division of society into two classes: an aristocracy possessed of extensive landed estates, or of great wealth, invested in commerce, manufactures, banking, and stock-jobbing; and a poor and depressed body of peasantry, and artisans. The situation of the working classes appears to be gradually deteriorating. Forty or fifty years ago, the peasantry in many parts of England were in the habit of brewing ale for the consumption of their families; but such a practice is now unknown. In England, every eighth man is a pauper, supported more or less by parochial aid. It is doubtful even if the progress of our manufactures has been beneficial to the lower orders; for, although the price of clothing has been very much reduced, it has deprived many of them of employment. Thus, formerly, the female

peasantry of Scotland found a constant source of employment, in spinning, knitting stockings, and in various domestic manufactures. Every farmer's wife made all the linen she used, and its manufacture gave employment to the wives and daughters of the farm servants, and to numerous country weavers. [But now linen can be bought cheaper than it can be made in this way; and the peasantry themselves have ceased to cultivate flax, and purchase all the linen they require. Many females, who could formerly earn a decent livelihood, have thus been compelled to apply for parochial relief; for no employment has been found in place of that of which the rapid progress of our manufactures has deprived them. We need not, therefore, be surprised that the consumption of many articles of every-day use has not increased in a ratio proportional to the increase of our population. While the use of articles consumed by the higher classes, when not over-taxed, has gone on increasing, that of soap has rather fallen off; and pauperism is going on increasing, with fearful rapidity, in all our larger towns. The poor rates in England, which fell considerably at the end of the war, in consequence of the fall in the price of provisions, are now higher than at any former period, and are increasing from year to year. In Scotland, matters are proceeding in the same course. Ten or fifteen years ago the poor rates in the West Church parish, Edinburgh, which parish contains 70,000 inhabitants, were only sixpence in the pound. Since the end of the war a great many new buildings have been erected in the parish, and its rental has been much increased: yet the rates are now one shilling per pound; and a much larger proportion of the rental is assessed than formerly. In the city of Edinburgh, the rate of assessment is six per cent on the rental; but the managers have lately recommended an increase of one per cent. In the Barony parish of Glasgow, there were no poor rates in the year 1800. In 1803, £300 were found sufficient to provide for the poor. In 1810 the rates were £600; in 1814, £1700. In 1818, the assessment was two and a half per cent on the rental. In 1830, the rate was five and a half per cent, and £7150 were required for the poor!

In such a state of matters, the taxes which ought first to be repealed, are not those which are paid by the upper classes, but those which are paid by the lower. The necessaries of life must be reduced in price, before luxuries. Meat and drink are of more importance than armorial bearings and field sports. Notwithstanding the reduction in the taxation of late years, little relief has been experienced. The repeal of the tax on soap, which yields about £1,200,000 per annum, would be felt as a great boon. If the malt tax were repealed, every working man would have it in his power to drink daily a wholesome and nutritious beverage, and the consumption of ardent spirits, which is the great cause, among the lower classes, of misery and crime, would be much diminished. When these taxes are removed, the assessed taxes may be taken into consideration: but we will never advocate their removal, when the soap and malt taxes are continued in force. It is of more consequence that nineteen-twentieths of the population should have it in their power to preserve their health by cleanliness and a wholesome beverage, than that the twentieth should be enabled to indulge in horses and dogs; and loll in carriages, emblazoned with their armorial bearings.

SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION.

SCENA ON BOARD THE ROYAL ADELAIDE STEAMER, ON HER LATE TRIP TO LONDON.

SCENE—*The Great Cabin.* PRESENT—*Mr. Snody, a decent, elderly Scots Farmer; a Young Scotch Oxonian; Wheatly, a Cambridge man, returning from the wars on the Moors; Half-pay Officer, and other Passengers, seated round a table, with lights, wine, glasses, rusks, nuts, nutcrackers, newspapers, Lord Ormelie's Declaration, Tait's Magazine, &c. &c. &c.*

Enter Steward's attendant, with reinforcements.

OXONIAN.

How wears the Adelaide, my lad?

SUB-STEWARD.

Sweetly, sir; spanking on, twelve knots an hour—cuts the water like a duck; fine starry night; Harwich Lighthouse a-head, and Aldborough right under us.

OXONIAN.

Aldborough right under us! I could laugh at that; ha! ha! ha! "There's an end of an old song." The desolate Aldborough—the forsaken Aldborough—who now wooes Aldborough? *(Whistles a few bars of Alley Croaker.)* What process of association, Wheatly, suggests this Irish melody? Is it that of sympathy or contrast? There is a nut for your Cambridge grinders. What can have drifted us hitherward, Wheatly?

(Sings.)

To that most sage and learned scribe,
For loaves and fishes hungering,—
A man, no doubt, who scorns a bribe,
Though born to boroughmongering,—
My strain relates; and, please the Fates,
My Muse, should he provoke her,
Shall tell some truth, that quite uncouth
May sound to Mr. Cr——r.
Oh, pert Cr——r,
The Tories' darling joker,
Breathing pest in every jest,
Ex-Secretary Cr——r

Upon reform when he enlarged,
Why, nought his whole wit's *cargo meant*;
Light puns for logic he discharged,
Antithesis for argument.
Against the bill to raise a laugh,
He tried to be a joker;
But John *Bull* only found a *calf*
In would-be witty Cr——r.
Oh, pert Cr——r,
The Tories' witless joker,
Of bull and brogue the greatest rogue,
Ex-Secretary Cr——r.

Lo, Erin laughs amidst her thrall!
Her bonds will soon be broken;
His *last* speech in St. Stephen's Hall
The tyrant-tool hath spoken!

So let him *that* put in his pipe,—
At least if he's a smoker,—
And, like the cholera, 'twill gripe
The gastric nerves of Cr——r.
Oh, pert Cr——r,
The Tories' tearful joker,—
Returned no more will be the bore,
Ex-Secretary Cr——r.

There is a tree of liberty—
Old England owes her weal to it;
Still may it shoot, and yield us *fruit*,
That's best without a *Peel* to it!
And, pendant from its branches may
We see the wily broker,
Who'd barter Britain's rights away!
I don't allude to Cr——r.
Oh, pert Cr——r,
The Tories' antic joker,
Ordain'd to rise 'twixt earth and skies,—
Ex-Secretary Cr——r.

WHEATLY.

Bravo! Encore! the last stanza again, by all means.

OXONIAN.

I am all compliance. Let it be my welcome to you from bed. That cursed sea-sickness has had its own of you. But you are alive again?

WHEATLY.

Sound as a roach;—longing to hear of your Galloway sport; and what chance remains for my Lord Johnny in Roxburghshire.

OXONIAN.

About as much as for my dog Brache. *Steeve* lads, those farmers of the High Teviot. No more playing at prick-the-Garter with them, I guess. The truth is, 'tween you and I, Buccleuch may go whistle Lili-bullero on the unchristened Earl's coral and bells. Selkirkshire, also—

(Sings.)

Then fie upon yellow and yellow,
And fie upon yellow and green;
And up with the sutors of Selkirk,
And down with the Earl of Home.

But don't dishonour the timbers of the Royal Adelaide. Push the jorum! Here's the braw lads o' Gala Water! Shuttles and treddles for ever! At this time,—

(Sings.)

Old England owes her weal to 'em.

MR. SNODY.

Gentlemen, though in a strange land, or rather going down into the great deep, I'm mista'en if I'm far out of my reckoning. I'm just thinking ye're reformers like mysell; and proud am I to travel in such good company. I'm on my journey to Lon'on, from Auchterarder, in the way o' buzziness—a trifle of a legacy. At home, maybe I have a vote, or maybe I have none. I am neither bragger nor blaw-in-my-lug, but if I have the vote, you may guess who will get it.

OXONIAN.

Ormelie, for certain. Let me fill your glass, sir! A bumper to his triumph!

MR. SNODY *(wiping his gills.)*

The liquor, though new to me, is malmy. But for my Lord's triumph—there's little doubt o't—he's next to cock-sure; though there has

been a hard whipping o' cadgers in the county o' Perth. The Bill, sirs, has put a clean new face on our county. It's new-come-o'er to see barons and barrow Knechts cap-in-hand to the like o' me, for my vote and interest. No but I was something loath to refuse Sir George the first favour he ever asked o' me; the wife was like to devour me—for he has aye cuitled favour, somehow, among the women. But had you heard how I 'tarrogated him, gentlemen! "So ye are no' like your friend, Lord Balgray, an enemy to all reform, Sir George?" quoth I. "Weel, I'm glad to hear that; better late thrive than never do weel. But when, Sir George, got ye this new light, or found out that ye was a reformer? Was it revealed to you in a dream, or came the revelation in a post-letter?" for it was current in our country-side that the Tories, before leaving their rendezvous in London, got like a license or dispensation to pretend to be friends of the CAUSE, if it suited their tactics. Sir George, to believe him, had been a reformer all his life, for what he kenned; and I must own he has a gift o' utterance. My birse got up at this. "For *re* read *con*, Sir George," quoth I; "ye're a *conformer*—not a *reformer*." 'Od, it was put i' the *Scotsman* and *Embro' Chronicle* baith, that same saying o' mine.

WHEATLY.

And well merited such eternal blazon! Replenish, steward. Give me leave, Mr. Snody—a crowned bumper—Here's every true-hearted Scot, from Thurso to Maidenkirk, who is stanch to the cause!

OXONIAN, SNODY, &c. &c.

Hip, hip, hip!—Hurra! hurra! hurra! hurra!

MR. SNODY.

Mr. George Sinclair has our good wishes from all the veins of our hearts; for we ken well what is going on now-a-days. But nae fear:

Scotland, our auld respected mither,

will do her duty. And if the Caithness men flinch Mr. Sinclair for this Horner, or whatever ye call him——

OXONIAN.

Why, they deserve to be pickled in their own herring tubs, and tumbled into the Pentland Frith, for a whet to the next shoals. But never fear them. Sutherland, too, proves true and trusty; and in Ross-shire, if we have not always enlightened *man*-feeling, we have stanch *clan*-feeling for the right man, Seaforth; so this puny whipster of Novar may take a year or two's grass in the *Gruids*, if he see no ghosts about these depopulated regions. But fill, sir—so good a reformer must be as good a fellow.

MR. SNODY *(coughing.)*

Ugh! ugh! where's a' that reek coming from? This is no the liquor I'm just used to; but I am none of your shilpit, wishy-washy sumphs, whase stamach gaes wrang upon the first drap of fremit drink. But be about us, sirs! where is a' that reek spuing frae? Something o' their tackle wrong, I fear.

OXONIAN.

It rushes in, as from a vomitory. Wheatly?—Steward? what the deuce, Steward—you're looming through the smoke like a Dutch lugger on the Dogger Bank in a November morning. Hark! what the devil—

Yells, and cries of Fire! fire!—*dreadful trampling overhead:—the table and lights are overturned, and all rush forth.*

MR. SNODY (*bawling.*)

I'm scomfished! the Royal Adelaide is reeking like a creel o' wet peats in a killogie.

(*Several Voices.*)

Where's the fire? Are we on fire? Stop the engine! Where's the fire? It's BLACKWOOD'S Magazine bales—It's TAIT'S Magazine bales! This way—this way—deep in the hold!

OXONIAN (*laughing.*)

This might have been foreseen when these two were boated together. Collision, friction, combustion; or, as probably, *spontaneous combustion*, on the part of BLACKWOOD, communicating to TAIT.

MR. SNODY.

And so they're both lunting together. But ye are off, Mr. Oxonian. Think o' the danger, sir,—think o' the danger!

OXONIAN (*disappearing with a bucket of salt water.*)

Here goes! in the grim face of George Buchanan.

WHEATLY.

Dash this flagon of brown-stout on Brougham's wig! There he peers out, his locks dripping like a river-god. All's safe, auld Auchterarder! Courage man!—Flames just about got under.

MR. SNODY (*looking down into the hold.*)

Lord's sake, but I ha'e gotten a fleg! Take care of yourselves, sirs, down there; ye're loupin' on the lowin parshels like folk i' the ill place. It's frightsome to look down on them, sirs,—the blue lowe, and then the dark-red light bursting out into lang tongues; and the tither blash o' water:—and next the fizzing o' the Blackwoods there, and the hissing o' the Tait's yonder.

Enter Seamen, Officers, &c. An old Sailor speaks.

Gentlemen! gentlemen! smother them—choke them—part them; throw this damp sheet over them. Better could not be looked for, in stowing up such spunky gear together. And such a blow-up in the Adelaide! The owners will be mad as March hares. We'll a' be ruined and disposted. It was a mere tempting o' Providence to let these two boat together. (*Roars down.*) Pitch the bales overboard, can't ye! It will take the Baltic to sloaken all the combustible stuff that's about BLACKWOOD, wherever it comes from. Out with TAIT too! if he be not a-fire already, he'll soon be so. Make the vessel rid of them both.

MR. SNODY.

Will ye? My faith there will be twa words to that bargain. I'll stand by the Chancellor, and see him safe to Lon'on too, since we happen to have ta'en shipping together: and let me see wha'll dare singe ae hair of his wig.—And its a gaucy ane; and a power of guid is below it for this poor country, baith there in paper, and yonder in horse hair; now that the flames are quenched, I may say that much.

OXONIAN (*calls from below.*)

Bravo, Auchterarder! stand by Brougham's head and the good cause. He lay, I assure you, quiet as a lamb, till the flames of the other caught him up.

(*The Captain and many Passengers reappear in the Great Cabin.*)

CAPTAIN.

Happy to assure you, ladies and gentlemen, that the flames are completely subdued. Make yourselves quite comfortable. We must, however, run into Aldborough, to wait the return of daylight; but, except that, no delay.

LADY PASSENGER (*interrupting.*)

And how could this fire have broken out? Can any sparks have been smouldering among the bales since we left Leith?

MR. SNODY (*as* WHEATLY *enters.*)

It's gey an' queer that, too. Ye're welcome back from yon burning regions, Mr. Wheatly! My conscience! ye lent a ready hand in the brulzie; but what can ha'e set the Magazines a-lunting? it's a mystery o' mysteries.

OXONIAN.

Especially as it's their game to set everybody a-lunting, and keep out of the conflagration themselves. This catastrophe might, however, have been easily predicted. In the case of George Buchanan, it was certainly the phenomenon called SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION; which, though not a common occurrence, is yet by no means an unexampled instance of what is superinduced by a long course of excess in the abuse of ardent spirits.

LADY PASSENGER.

Or may not "the hoary fiend, Cobbett," have slipt some of his Swing combustibles among Mr. Blackwood's bales. Depend upon it, this is one of the "incendiary fires which the hoary fiend, Cobbett, still boasts of." "There is an intrepidity of ruffianism——"

SNODY (*interrupting.*)

Na, na, mem,—ye're clean out o' your latitude there—Mr. Cobbett, and Mr. Blackwood and all his friends, were on the best terms preacher and hearers can be. I was eyewitness to that. They ne'er could put the like of that stuff in their books; no a ten days after. 'Od! I thought he might convert them.—But ye needna look sae angry about it.

OXONIAN.

Tush, good Auchterarder! I tell you it is an undeniable case of *spontaneous combustion.* I intend to communicate it to the *Medical Journal.* Luckily, we got it out by smothering; for, though the burning, in such cases, generally consumes inwardly, it might have spread to dry, hot, neighbouring objects.

SNODY.

Na, sir! ye are makin' game o' us now. Books are no bodies, to lunt that gait o' their ain natures.

OXONIAN.

Bodies, ay, and souls too, a very few of them. Look here—Blackwood, page 842—yes, books are bodies, and spirits, bitter, black, malignant. You have heard of some of them being burnt by the hands of the common hangman. What, pray, is to prevent others anticipating justice, and taking the hangman's office upon themselves.

SNODY.

I'm sure I'se never object to so just a judgment, whether by rope or faggot. But I daresay, gentlemen, ye'll be none the worse for a sklish of yon round o' beef—it was gey an' sappy—after squenching the Magazines. Conscience! they should gie ye a premium: ye wrought like firemen. If it had not been for your four quarters, Mr. Wheatly, there would have been a clean blow up between them, Royal Adelaide and a'thegither.

OXONIAN.

And long faces on Magazine day, if neither Brougham nor yet Black George made his appearance in the Row. The other lads might have

shut up shop, I guess. But give us the last new song you have, Wheatly. "No fear that supper cool,"—something with a touch of the pathetic, after our hairbreadth 'scapes i' this imminent deadly breach, off Aldborough.

WHEATLY *sings—Air, Isabel.*

Wake! Bobby, wake from your dream of delusion!
The Bishops are quaking with fear;
The march of reform you may deem an intrusion,
But, pray, can you stop its career?
Or say, would you plunge the whole land in confusion,
Old systems because you revere?
Bobby P—l! Bobby P—l! Bobby P—l!
Believe me, sincere is the sorrow
That for your condition I feel!
Oh, think what new dangers to-morrow
May reveal, may reveal!

Your name might have been, but for Dad's spinning-jennies,
In some village council enroll'd;
The chief of a tap-room's political ninnies,—
Still ready to blow hot and cold:
E'en *now* all your genius not equals your guineas—
Your talents are *talents of gold!*
Bobby P—l! Bobby P—l! Bobby P—l!
Believe me, sincere is the sorrow
That for your condition I feel:
Oh, think what new dangers to-morrow
May reveal, may reveal!

No tergiversation can tarnish your glories;
Then why of consistency spout?
You'll never be trusted again by the Tories;
Then stick not by *them*, now they're out!
You've oft turn'd your coat, and to turn it once more is
Your wisest proceeding, no doubt.
Bobby P—l! Bobby P—l! Bobby P—l!
Believe me, sincere is the sorrow
That for your condition I feel:
Oh, think what new dangers to-morrow
May reveal, may reveal!

OXONIAN.

Capital song! though Oxford own it. What say you, Auchterarder?

SNODY.

Faith, to say sooth, my mind is running on thae twa fiery deevils i' the hold. If they should yoke again? If Geordie's beard get a-bleeze, the Wig will be sure to catch next time; and we might be scomfished off Aldborough Harbour, in our innocent sleep, and go to feed the fishes.—There's a hantle o' the labster creatures hereabout;—if they should get haud o' a man's taes——

OXONIAN.

To quiet your fears, and let you sup and sleep in peace, I shall reconnoitre and report, though small dread have I.

Exit, and re-enters, ere you can say twice Jack Robinson, Tait's Magazine elevated in both hands.

Said I not well? Is not the buff jerkin a most sweet robe of durance? Brougham comes out of the *embranglement* with never a hair turned. Huzza for the Banner of the Buff!

(*Sings as he seats himself.*)

THE BANNER OF THE BUFF.

Come all good-humoured Radicals,—I know that there are such,
Let us make broad our visages, till they outface the Dutch:
Nor hang ye back whom some call Whigs,—though men with pith enough;—
A nickname's nothing!—pipe a stave—in praise of honest Buff!

And stave a pipe—methinks you say?—With all my heart, my lads!
O! how it would have cheered the souls of some of our old dads,
The gallant men of Ninety-three—the men of the right stuff,
Could they have but in vision seen the "Raising of the Buff!"

The "Blue (1) and Yellow" veterans—beneath that once proud flag,
In Freedom's cause have gallantly—*at times*—done more than brag;
And in the Chelsea of snug place they now its rags may luff
Our banner fresh defiance flaunts—the old—the gallant Buff!

We will not mount the Blue with it—its hue hath been profaned,
And, like the Orange, its deep dye hath deeper yet been stained;
The Tory Drabs (2) will yet look more the hue of rotting stuff:
Shroud Sarum in such mortcloth dun!—We boast the blooming Buff!

High-hearted youngsters crowd our ranks,—around the standard flocks
The race of Sydney and of Pym; of Marvel, Fletcher, Knox;
And *he* the God-souled ploughman too—like Scotland bold—not bluff:
And isn't that a gallant corps to hoist and hold the Buff!

But in our van and at each flank—yet always for the Right,
O! we have time-scarred veterans too—inured in many a fight,
The glorious Old Man (3) cheered us on—Hurra! Now for the cuffs!
There's ne'er a soldier of the *line* but knows the true "Old Buffs!" (4)

But though our breastplates be of proof, and keen our trenchant blades,
Our plumes are soft as beauty's tress, and silken are our plaids;
'Tis only Tories, gentle ones, that know our "sterner stuff,"
We're willing slaves—to you at least—since Charlie (5) wore the Buff!

We love you in the silk attire of many a Souvenir;
Our Amulets, you are in fight, of all Bijous most dear!
But from Miss M. to L.E.L., with boa or with muff,
The Blues are dearest far to us when they're seen in "the Buff!"

Fill up the glass!—'tis Rhudesheimer!—we'll drain it deep and dry;
"The good old cause of Right and Truth!" cheer—till you crack the sky.
Our voices, like our arms, you hear, will not go off in puffs,
And cheerily we'll shake the hand, and heartily give Buffs!

Here's to the Purser of our crew—how gallant was his launch!
There's not a lubber in the craft—the very devils are staunch;
O! nailed on its top-gallant, let the wind blow smooth or rough,
Still will be seen the raking Broom, (6) and still the fearless Buff!

(1) The blue and yellow cover of the Edinburgh Review is probably here meant.
(2) Drab is the appropriate livery of the *Quarterly* and *Blackwood*.
(3) Perhaps Bentham is here glanced at.
(4) "The Third, or Old Buffs," have long been known as the bravest of the brave in our regiments of the line—bear witness Albuera.
(5) The devotion of Charles James Fox to the fair sex was not greater than that of the fairest of them to him. The Duchess of Devonshire, with Buff favours and irresistible smiles, won his election for Westminster.
(6) Query—Brougham?

TAIT'S COMMONPLACE-BOOK.

DECADENCE OF THE DRAMA.

The winter theatres are progressing, like Napoleon in his Moscow campaign, from failure to failure; and proving, by a strange paradox, that there is something *worse* than damnation. Operas, plays, and farces, like so many scotched snakes, drag their slow length along, and frighten away all spectators. Oh! that the Garrick or the Committee, that Bulwer or Mills, would have devised some cholera-specific to check this fatal epidemy; to rescue Thalia from collapse, and put strength into the exhausted system of Melpomene. Some comfort, at least, attends the starveling company of modern dramatists, in the nightly experience, that even standard plays of other days exhibit their attractions to empty benches. Were we permitted to speculate on this sudden failure of the theatres, both of London and Paris, we might be tempted to avow an opinion that, whereas the dramatic art is the most precocious among the offsets of civilization, (springing iris-like from the dense clouds of barbarism,) it is that one which civilization soonest outstrips. Except in the mere trinkets of costume, the drama has acquired no new attractions for the last three centuries. Romance has stepped from the Arcadia of Sidney to the Ivanhoe or Waverley of Scott; painting has advanced from the wooden effigies of Zucchero to the breathing graces of Lawrence; harmony has renounced her salt-box and virginals for the harp and piano of Broadwood or Gerard, and lapse the soul in Elysium with Beethoven or Mozart. Sarabands and pavons are forgotten in the aërial movements of Taglioni; but Hamlet, Othello, Falstaff, and Mercutio, are still unrivalled. Yet what right have we to murmur that the tree of earliest foliage is the first to shed its leaves? or to be surprised that the world will not yield up its affections to a mere adumbration of that permanent excellence which has lost nothing but the charm of novelty? The progress of the drama is almost incompatible with a high state of national refinement. When society becomes conventionalized, all trace of that individuality, which forms the staple commodity of the stage, disappears from its surface, and the exercise and exhibition of passion is at length so much at variance with the existing order of things, that what was once applauded as impressive becomes eventually derided as fustian. Exaggeration grows tedious; and we turn to the world as it goes, or to the ever-varying tablets of literature, for those excitements which our unlettered or bookless ancestors derived from the flourishing trumpets of Henry and Wolsey, or the clashing swords of Richard and Richmond. The diffusion of letters has rendered the philosophy and poesy of Shakespeare familiar to every English ear; and there is no longer any necessity to hear it mouthed by a gentleman in a spangled jacket, and a face smeared with brickdust. As to the "Dark Diamonds" and "Doom Kisses" of the day, the first assembly-room, or nearest circulating library, afford better entertainment, at a cheaper and easier rate.

THEATRICAL APOTHEOSIS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THERE are certain subjects and certain events one would willingly keep sacred from the touch of the vulgar: by VULGAR, implying *not* the lower or mechanical classes, (who have been proved to us by Burns, Clare, Chantrey, Lough, Thoms, no less than by Ben Jonson and Shakespeare, to be any thing rather than vulgar,) but the low-minded great, and grovelling money-getter. It is, however, one of the inevitable taxes upon distinction, and more especially the distinction of genius, to be subjected to the nauseous pawing and handling of such small deer, as journalists, theatrical managers, *et hoc genus omne*,—individuals who draw their subsistence from battening upon what is great and noble in the eyes of men, as barnacles are nourished by adhering to some goodly vessel. When Napoleon expired, (Napoleon, whose very glance would have annihilated a whole cohort of the pigmies of the penny-a-line squadron,) the public were nauseated day after day, month after month, with anatomical details of the colour of his liver, and the holes eaten in the coats of his stomach. When Byron died, (Byron, the most sensitive of mortals, who could hardly bear that a stranger should look him in the face,) all Europe was edified by professional descriptions of the appearance of his dura mater, and the quantity of serum lodged in his cerebellum. Sir Walter Scott (an object still more sacred in the eyes of his fellow-creatures than either the conqueror or the poet) has fortunately been secured by the guardianship of affection from this filthy prying into the mysteries of nature; and unless (as in the instance of Hampden, three years ago) some gossipping lord of a biographer should presume, two centuries hence, to desecrate those hallowed remains by hacking them with his aristocratic penknife, they are safe from the profanation of curiosity. It is not so, however, with his illustrious name. *That*, unfortunately, is at the mercy of every blockhead who can wield a goosequill; and from the literary countess who concludes her fiddle-faddle obituary article with "We shall go to him," (we rather think not,) "but he cannot come to us," to the schoolboy stanzas which deluge the newspapers, nothing can be more offensive than the libations of milk and water poured upon his grave. The unkindest cut of all has been the catchpenny attempt at Drury Lane Theatre! Nothing can be more contemptible than the spirit or the manner of the thing. A procession, purporting to be composed of the chief characters of the Waverley Novels, was got up, as a theatrical journal justly observed, for the purpose of airing the moth-eaten wardrobe of the theatre, and doubling the receipts of the half-price;—the sorry exhibition terminating with the descent of a pantomimic goddess in flesh-coloured pantaloons, to cover the bust of the deceased poet! It has been commemorated by Jouy,—that caustic delineator of Parisian follies,—that a similar display took place on the death of Grétry,—the Arne of French opera. On the drawing up of the curtain at the *Opera Comique*, (an unlucky *locale* for so funereal a scene,) the bust of Grétry was discovered placed under a weeping willow, surrounded by the whole dramatic company of the theatre, in deep mourning, with white handkerchiefs in their hands. A dirge was performed, in the course of which, at stated intervals, the Prima Donna sobbed convulsively, the tenor moaned, the soprano grew hysterical, the bass roared, and the whole chorus wept in harmonic distances; till at length the manager advanced, and placed a crown of laurel and cypress on the bust! The house resounded with acclamations; the hysterics were encored; and the spectacle was found so attractive, that it was announced for repetition on the following night, and represented, tears and all, during a long run. The London public has evinced better taste. Captain Polhill's Rag Fair was treated as it deserved. Processions of this description have been uniformly unsuccessful, from the Stratford Jubilee till now; and we own we should have regretted to see the honest sympathy of the public (so readily commanded just now by any thing connected with the name of Scott) deluded into encouragement of so tasteless and paltry an exhibition. *

* From a contributor who dissents from what we said in our last Number, but with great ingenuity and brilliancy of illustration.

LEGISLATIVE REVELS, OR PARLIAMENTARY HIGH JINKS.

Honest Dandie Dinmont, when he elbowed his way into the room where his admired counsel, Paulus Pleydell, Esq. sat enthroned in an arm-chair raised upon the table, and diademed with a bottle-slide, doling out rythmical responses to his admiring courtiers, was scarcely more astonished than we, when, admitted behind the scene, we beheld a grave committee of the House of Commons inquiring into the concerns of the "legitimate drama." In the chair sat our respected friend, Mr Edward Lytton Bulwer, enacting with great gravity and decorum the part of Midas. Mr Gillon played the part of the honest farmer, and Alderman Waithman (a superb representative) the part of his old wife. Sir Charles Wetherell was the squire's pimping steward; Lord John Russell and Lord Viscount Mahon, Mopsa and Dorcas. Apollo, the legitimate drama, a vague and undefined sort of personage, was represented successively by the shifting Eidolons of Charles Kemble, Edmund Kean, Mister Thomas Morton, Captain Forbes, &c. The—what shall we call it? illegitimate drama?—Pan, in short, was enacted by Charles Matthews, with a relay of *helps*. The whole company were "in admirable fooling." The jokes of the Chamberlain's deputy have already gone the round of the newspapers, relieving the wonted dulness of many a respectable publication,—so we need say nothing of them. Indeed it is allowed on all hands that the Cole*man* far excels the Cole *woman* of poor Foote. Matthews was grand. The wag was evidently laughing at the corner of his mouth during the whole of his examination. Unless the licenser strike out the passage as immoral or political, we shall doubtless have the whole scene in his next Monopolylogue. Conceive the countenances of the inquisitors when they received this answer to one of their questions:—"If I may be allowed to quote an opinion, I will state the opinion of John Kemble, which I think I can do in his own words,—I never can repeat a conversation without I do it in the tone of the person who gave it;" and then follows the speech of glorious John. And we can positively see the mad wag delivering himself of this remark:—"I do not think Mr Yates, if I may be allowed to speak for my partner, has so strong an attachment to the drama as I have. I am a sincere admirer of it, and as long as I had a leg to stand on, I supported it. I only left it because I was a lame actor." Mr Matthews "never can repeat a conversation without he does it in the tone of the person who gave it." These samples must have been rich:—"I meet young gentlemen now who formerly used to think it almost a crime not to go to the theatre; but they now ask, 'Whereabouts is Covent Garden theatre?' If they are asked whether they have seen Kean lately, they will say, 'Kean? Kean? No; where does he act? I have not been there these three years.' Formerly it was the fashion to go to the theatre; but now a lady cannot shew her face at table next day, and say she has been at the theatre. If they are asked whether they have been at Covent Garden or Drury Lane, they say, 'Oh dear, no! I never go there: it is too low!'" Charles's magnanimous declaration respecting the introduction of live lions on the stage of Drury Lane is his last, and forms a splendid climax. "I am speaking of such pieces as the Lions. I say that is *infra dig.* completely. I would not sanction by my presence such a performance." And therewith he twisted his mouth, drew in his breath, and limped from the table.—Kean had a touch of the sublime, almost as good as those which prompted him to bestow medals on the Indian chiefs, inscribe himself in an album "Edmund Kean, theatre the world," or clap up his own bust on the posts of his gateway along with those of Shakspeare, Massinger, and Garrick. "Have you not found that you act quite as effectively at the Haymarket as when you acted at Drury Lane?—I do not consider it so myself: I think the intellect becomes confined by the size of the theatre." Mr Morton eminently distinguished himself in this extempore and *ad libitum* burletta as a finder of mare's nests. Finding that Matthews had earned some applause for producing John Kemble as an authority in favour of large theatres, he determined to outdo him by the intro-

duction of Shakspeare. "With respect to Shakspeare and his plays I think I may be allowed to say, he has spoken his wishes upon this subject very forcibly; for in the prologue to Henry the Fifth, impressed with the nobleness of his subject, and the mightiness of his powers, he asks for 'A kingdom for a stage, princes to act, and monarchs to behold the swelling scene!' I think he very feelingly complains of how he is 'cabin'd, cribb'd, confined within the girdle of these walls;' and, for my part, it seems a command upon his countrymen that his pieces should be produced in the noblest temples of the Muses." In other words, Westminster Hall ought to be the theatre, the Fitzclarences (who may be supposed to have inherited some dramatic talents) the actors, Don Pedro the leader of the orchestra, and Charles X. and Henri V. the only monarchs who have at present much time upon their hands, the spectators of Shakspeare's plays. Seriously, a more complete *burletta* than the proceedings of this committee we have not witnessed: it is certainly no specimen of the legitimate drama. In Mr Bulwer's motions regarding taxes on knowledge, and the proceedings of the German Diet, ministers thought they saw something "very like a whale," and they have thrown out this tub to amuse it. There,

Ensconced in his chair,
Of the sky lord mayor,

sits the would-be statesman and legislator, enacting "The Committee," adapted to the British Parliament, collecting information of which nobody was ignorant, and opinions, in nine cases out of ten, as well known as they are worthless.

Kings and Subjects.—Of all spirits, the spirit of inquiry is truly the most obstinate and insatiable. If men would but mind their own several and respective businesses, and not trouble their heads about their neighbours', the world might go on smoothly and comfortably enough, and so be saved a monstrous deal of unnecessary trouble. But they will not. People, under the influence of that 'forenamed spirit, become impertinent, restless, dissatisfied, and insolent: they no longer pay the respect to their betters which their forefathers of yore were wont to yield humbly and without question. They become daring and inquisitively rash; and instead of doffing their bonnets, with a modest "God save your Excellence," they stare out undauntedly, in rude irreverence, and are bold to compare speculations with the high-born of the earth. Wealth, title, distinction, blood, no longer a high wall of defence to the privileged, are, in these our days, roughly entreated, and sorely unhonoured; the eye no longer quails, the knee bends not, and the neck is inflexible and stiff.

Time was when the King's name was indeed a tower of strength, and Majesty a title at whose mention mind and body bowed down in lowly prostration. Time was when "loyalty" had a specific signification, and, like gratitude, was a virtue, the non-possession of which the stoutest were ashamed to acknowledge. Time was when monarchs might indulge in the diversions of warfare, ungainsaid; and thousands of their devoted lieges would bravely rush to the onset, and spill their warm life-blood, and slay their fellow-men, and burn their towns, and devastate their provinces, and make wives widows, and children fatherless, and dole out destruction the most deadly and terrible, in betokenment of their "loyalty" and allegiance to a beloved sovereign.

Those were the days of honour, the good old times, when folks were well-disposed, and did as they were bidden; and paid taxes and tithes, as all honest men ought, without question, and without murmur. But those days are gone, and none shall look upon their like again. Alas! the glory of sovereignty hath become dim, and its lustre dismally tarnished. For the spirit of inquiry has been busy of late among the nations, and men begin to ask strange and mysterious questions. They have dared to *think*,—"What are kings? reign they of right divine, and can they do no wrong? Are they by the grace of God, or by the election of their fellow-men? Can men make kings? Can kings be fools? May kings be tyrants? What is their use? Are they indispensable?"

King William of Holland wields the sceptre for his people's good, no doubt: but his Majesty is made of impenetrable stuff; and, forasmuch as he happens (a simple accident) to be pretty particularly obstinate, the half of Europe is to be embroiled in war and ruin; and bloody horrors encompass countless and unoffending numbers, who must loyally die the death rather than His Majesty of Holland should be crossed in his murky mood. Suppose his sacred foot were to slip some fine morning in de-

scending his palace stairs to breakfast, and, tumbling to the bottom, his imperial skull receive an occipital derangement in the region of "adhesiveness," it is possible the half of Europe would *not* be embroiled in *war*, and countless numbers be left peacefully and quietly to live on, unskathed by the hellish atrocities of war. What mighty effects might a piece of orange-peel produce in the destinies of the world!

How much longer will the million abase themselves to the reckless domination of the one? We shake our wise heads, and cast up our astonished eyes at the monstrous madness of the votaries of Juggernaut, and little dream how slight a shade of difference exists between it and our own. But the spirit of inquiry is abroad, asking some ugly questions. Verily kings must learn to live in future for their people: the people will no longer live for kings.

POLAND; OLD NICK AND YOUNG NICK.—The benign autocrat has been graciously pleased to remit, in part the sentence of a noble Lady, (Emilia Szczamieika of Warsaw,) condemned to imprisonment and the confiscation of her estates, for having attended her sick countrymen in the hospitals of the city, and bestowed a large sum of money on the National Treasury, in 1831. The property of Prince Sapieha in Lithuania, has been seized, to the amount of 900,000,000 florins: and in the act of carrying off the books, pictures, and statues to St. Petersburg, a fine statue, by Canova, was broken to pieces. Count Potocki, whose estates are situated in the Ukraine, has been despoiled of twenty millions. All the libraries, collections of pictures, medals, engravings, and natural history, are removed from Warsaw to St. Petersburg; and the autocrat replies to every remonstrance by a declaration, that "*Toute prise de guerre est bonne prise!*" At the castle of a distinguished nobleman in Podoli, (occupied as the head-quarters of the Russian army,) the books have been taken from the library, to light the stoves, in preference to the wood provided for that purpose. Even these outrages might be borne. But in August last, another seizure took place, of *Polish children*, in the capital and the provinces; the little creatures being torn from the arms of their mothers, and transported, for the remainder of their days, into the interior of Russia; the girls to be employed in manufactories, the boys in drudgery; all forced to adopt a new creed, and reared in a state of the grossest ignorance and demoralization! The family of Prince Zangusko (a nobleman who conciliated many friends during his residence in London) are still kept in ignorance of his place of exile in Siberia. The Emperor, it seems, added, in his own handwriting, in aggravation of the sentence, that the illustrious patriot, no less distinguished by his immense wealth, than by his high accomplishments, should perform the journey on foot; and the Princess, his aged mother, having thrown herself at the feet of the autocrat, to obtain a modification of the sentence, was informed that Zangusko might be accommodated with a *Kibitka*, on admitting that he was induced to join the patriots by her commands, or by distraction at the loss of his wife. "No!" replied the young Prince; "the resolution proceeded from my own unbiassed will and attachment to my native country. I will not disavow my principles." In an hour he was on his march towards Tobolsk! "Long live Nicholas the Clement!"

PUTTING THE SADDLE ON THE RIGHT MAYOR.—The Mansion House, and its annual dictator, afford a standing target for the wicked wits of the metropolis. Sir Peter Laurie, the new butt, (who, like the inimitable Saddletree of Scott's Mid-Lothian, is at once a saddler and a sumph,) was pleased to interdict all political allusions at the Guildhall dinner. "Ah," said Lord John Russell, "it is plain that his Lordship is only a *bit-by-bit* reformer!"—a happy hit, to have been made on the *spur* of the moment.

SECOND SIGHT, OR SECOND SONG?—An *ear*-witness of the Peninsular Campaigns, who immortalizes himself and them in the *United Service Journal*, states, in the last number, that himself or his friend marched into action at Ciudad Rodrigo, singing, "*Ah! quel plaisir d'être soldat!*"—a celebrated song composed by Boieldieu, *in the year* 1825.

"THE AWARD OF GODS, MEN, AND COLUMNS."—It is understood in the metropolis, that, till the excitement caused by the public inquiry into the claims of the Duke of York's creditors, shall have, in some measure, subsided, no attempt will be hazarded to place the statue of his royal highness on the column now erecting in Carlton Gardens, lest it should afford an opportunity for the expression of public feeling. It is certain that a statue of Sir Walter Scott would be a much more appropriate and satisfactory ornament to the finest street of the finest metropolis in Europe; nor is his memory likely to undergo any diminution of reverence and regard from the disclosures of future years.

MONTHLY REGISTER.

POLITICAL HISTORY.

GREAT BRITAIN.

REFORM IN THE CHURCH.—From the investigations making by Government into the state of the Church, and the language used by the adherents of the Ministry, it can hardly be doubted that an important reformation of the Church is at hand. It was currently reported, that the work of drawing up the Bill for this purpose, had been intrusted to the Reverend Sidney Smith, but he has contradicted this report. At a late election dinner at Wycombe, the Honourable Colonel Grey, son of Earl Grey, made the important statement, that the Reform Bill having become the law of the land, the people had a right to expect other reforms, equally advantageous. "No doubt they would soon have a practical and beneficial Church Reform—not a niggardly bit-by-bit Church Reform, like the Pluralities Bill of last session—but as full and efficient, and satisfactory a Church Reform as our own Reform Bill." At a meeting, on the 5th November, of the Electors of Southwark, Mr. Brougham said, "that a most important measure, which must soon be brought forward, without which the Reform Bill would be quite imperfect, was a Reform in the Church. It was well known, that the great body of the Clergy of the Establishment, who did all the work, received less wages than a gentleman paid his footman, while those who did no work, received enormous incomes. There were in the Church of England, 2999 clergymen, who had incomes less than L.100 a-year. This was less, including board wages and livery, than was paid a footman. There were between 700 and 800 clergymen, who had but half that income; while some—he would not at present go as high as the Bishops—even the Dean of Durham had L.9000 a-year, for doing nothing. He would support an effectual reform in the Church, by which all who laboured in the vineyard should receive adequate wages; but those who did not work should receive no pay." If these opinions are those entertained by Ministers, we may see much sooner the beneficial effects of the Reform Bill than is generally anticipated. There is undoubtedly a considerable portion of those who call themselves liberals, who expected that the passing of the Reform Bill was to close the account between the aristocracy and the people, and who most absurdly supposed, that by due management on the part of the Ministry, further concessions might be withheld. Such pseudo-liberals utterly forget that the Bills were secured, not by the Ministry, but by the people; and that the conduct of the Court and the Tories, by causing the necessity of a demonstration of the power of the people, shewed every one, even the most ignorant, the means by which the victory was obtained. To suppose that the people will stop short, and allow the enemy to entrench themselves anew, betrays the utmost ignorance of the state of feeling throughout the country. The people, flushed with their recent success, will never be content till all the more flagrant abuses of the state are corrected; and any Ministry, Whig, or Tory, which attempts to control them in their just expectations, will speedily be hurled from their places, however high they may stand in the favour of the Crown, or in the good graces of the Aristocracy.

THE DISSENTERS are actively bestirring themselves. The evils of which they complain are great; and a simultaneous effort is all that is necessary to get rid of them. Taxation without representation is tyranny; and a compulsory assessment for a sinecure Church, while the assessed find themselves obliged, by their conscience, to pay for more efficient religious services, can be viewed in no other light. The system of patronage by which the great man of the parish provides for a family dependent, without regard to his fitness for the duties imposed on him, is a futile source of heart-burning in Scotland, and its abolition is loudly called for by many zealous adherents of the establishment itself.

THE ELECTIONS.—Nothing is more difficult, during the progress of a general

election, than to estimate the numbers of the members likely to be returned by the different parties. Every one acts on the notion, that to admit that the chance of his favourite candidate is doubtful, is to ensure his defeat. From all that we can learn, the result in Scotland will not disappoint the friends of liberty. Of the Scotch counties, Perthshire and East Lothian are perhaps the most decidedly Tory. Yet Lord Ormelie, the eldest son of the Marquis of Breadalbane, and a true Whig, is secure of the former, and Sir David Baird, a liberal, is equally sure of the latter. The Tory candidate for Perthshire is Sir George Murray, backed by his numerous connexions, and all the power of the Athol family, and the victory cannot otherwise be considered than as great and glorious. It is most fortunate for Perthshire that a candidate so well fitted as Lord Ormelie has been found to break up the bondage in which the county has long been held by the Tories. To great hereditary possessions and family influence, he joins talents and information, which render him worthy to represent such a county. The antagonist of Sir D. Baird is Mr. Balfour of Whittingham, a nabob wallowing in wealth, the son-in-law of the Earl of Lauderdale, who now, in his latter days, has become a Tory, after passing through nearly all the shades of political opinion. But neither the political influence of the Earl, nor the gold of his son-in-law, avail him in the hour of need, and both must yield to the straight-forward honesty and independence of Sir D. Baird. From these specimens, we may judge of the prospects of the Tories in the Scotch counties. In the burghs, again, matters have still a worse aspect for them. The most servile and corrupt is Edinburgh. It has been, since the Union at least, the scene of perpetual jobbing, and, for the last half century, the headquarter of Toryism in Scotland. The Dundases long held the undisputed political sway, and the representation of the City of Edinburgh became almost the appanage of their family. Yet here the Tories have only started one candidate, and the return of the Lord Advocate and the Hon. James Abercrombie is all but certain. The Tory candidate, Mr. Blair, has never once ventured to meet the electors in public, to declare to them his political opinions. We have, therefore, no fear that Scotland will do her duty at the ensuing election, and that a very great majority of the Scottish representatives to the new Parliament will be men of liberal opinions.

Sir Walter Scott.—A meeting of the creditors of Sir Walter Scott was held at Edinburgh on the 29th of October, when an offer was made, by the family of our illustrious countryman, to pay to his creditors, on the 2d of February, a sum of money, which, in addition to that in the hands of his trustees, and the amount insured on his life, will pay nine shillings in the pound. The whole amount to be thus distributed, will be L.53,000, which with the former dividends, and payments received from co-obligants, is equal to the whole claims against Sir Walter Scott in 1823. The meeting was very numerously attended, and the proposal was adopted without a dissentient voice. The following resolution was also carried unanimously :—" And while the meeting state their anxious wish that every creditor who is not present may adopt the same resolution, they think it a tribute justly due to the memory of Sir Walter Scott, to express, in the strongest manner, their deep sense of his most honourable conduct, and of the unparalleled benefits which they have derived from the extraordinary exertion of his unrivalled talents under misfortunes and difficulties, which would have paralyzed the exertions of any one else, but in him only farther proved the greatness of mind which enabled him to rise superior to them." The proceedings of this meeting seem to have been overlooked in London, for on the 9th November we find a meeting was held at Bridgewater House, the residence of Lord L. Gower, at which it was determined, " That a subscription be forthwith entered into, for the purpose of not only preserving Abbotsford, but of securing its proper maintenance in the family of Sir Walter Scott." Subscriptions are likewise raising in all parts of the country for the erection of monuments to the memory of Sir Walter Scott. His Majesty has subscribed L.300 for the monument to be erected at Edinburgh.

The Lord Chief Justice.—The Right Honourable Charles Abbot, Lord Tenterden, Chief Justice of the King's Bench, died on Sunday the 4th of November. He attended the trial of Mr. Pinney, the Mayor of Bristol, on the 27th of October, but he was evidently labouring under the effects of great weakness. He was unable to leave his house after his return home from the Court, and the symptoms of his complaint became rapidly more alarming. His Lordship was in his 71st year. Lord Tenterden was elevated to the Bench in 1816, when his Lordship succeeded Mr. Justice Le Blanc. In 1818, Lord Ellenborough having resigned the office of Chief Justice of the King's Bench, over which Court he had presided from the year 1802, he was succeeded by Lord Tenterden, then Sir Chas.

Abbot. His Lordship was an able lawyer and a good judge, except when his political prejudices interfered. Sir Thomas Denman, the Attorney-General, was immediately appointed Chief Justice. The salary of the office has been reduced from L.10,000 to L.8000 a-year.

Poors' Laws Commission.—Sometime ago a Commission, to inquire into the state of the Poors' Laws, was appointed, from which much benefit may ultimately be derived. Their first step was to send forth printed queries, directed to persons the most actively engaged in the administration of the Poors' Laws; one set of queries being framed expressly for the rural districts, and another for the towns. As answers to these queries were returned, commissioners itinerant were deputed from the Central Board, to examine witnesses on the spot, to inspect books, and visit workhouses. During the last three months, the greater part of the country, including almost all the parishes distinguished by peculiar management has been visited by these Commissioners, and they are expected to complete their labours in a few weeks. A bill on the subject is to be brought into Parliament very soon after it meets.

Bristol Riots.—The trial of Mr. Pinney, the Mayor of Bristol, for neglect of duty, in not having used due vigour in his magisterial capacity, during the memorable riots at Bristol, was brought to a close on the 1st November. The following is the verdict of the Jury:—"We unanimously find Charles Pinney, late Mayor of Bristol, not guilty. We are of opinion that, circumstanced as he was—menaced and opposed by an infuriated and wreckless mob; unsupported by any force, civil or military, and deserted in those quarters where he might most reasonably expect assistance, the late Mayor of Bristol acted to the best of his judgment, and with the highest zeal and personal courage."

Captain Ross.—During the month several meetings have been held in London, with the view of fitting out an expedition in search of Captain Ross and his companions, who sailed in spring 1829 to the Arctic Seas, with the view of discovering the so much sought for north-west passage to America. Captain Ross had two vessels, a steamer and a ship, but the crew of the latter having mutinied, he proceeded on his expedition with the steamer alone, in which were only himself and nineteen men. At a meeting, on the first November, at which Admiral Sir George Cockburn presided, he stated his opinion, from all the facts which had come to light, that Captain Ross was still alive, and in the neighbourhood of the spot where the Fury was wrecked in Parry's last voyage. It appears that the Hudson's Bay Company has formed depots of provisions to a considerable extent in the line of Captain Ross's assumed route overland. The sum necessary for two years' maintenance of the proposed expedition, and which, with husbanding, may suffice for three years, is L.5000, of which sum Government has subscribed L.2000, and the remainder is in the course of being raised by private subscription. Captain Back, the energetic companion of Franklin, will command the expedition.

Cheap Publications.—The miserable prosecutions of the poor wretches who sell cheap publications, has continued in London during the month. Hardly a day elapses that some of the venders of the *Poor Man's Guardian*—for this is the publication marked out for prosecution—are not sent to the jails, to be there kept for two or three months at the public expense, and to complete their education for the commission of more serious offences. Some of the police magistrates are utterly disgusted with these proceedings, and refuse to convict upon the evidence of the informers, who make a livelihood by enforcing the laws enacted to keep the people in ignorance. How long will our rulers permit those laws to disgrace our statute book? Where is all the love for the liberty of the press which so many of our present Ministry professed when out of office?

Tribute to Ministers.—On the 6th November, a deputation, headed by Sir John Key, Lord Mayor of London, waited upon Lords Grey, Althorp, and John Russell, to present their Lordships with gold cups, the produce of a penny subscription among the people. Lord Brougham, in consequence of illness, could not receive the deputation. The Lord Mayor, in his address, said, "that the people could readily, from amongst themselves, have contributed for a much more expensive proof of their approbation, but it was wished to afford as large a number as possible the pleasure of uniting in thus testifying their gratitude. It was on that account that the subscription of each individual was limited to so small a sum as one penny, by which means an opportunity had been afforded to 300,000 individuals to contribute to the subscription." The cups bore the inscription, "Take away the wicked from before the King, and his throne shall be established in righteousness."—Proverbs, Chap. xxv., Verse 5. They weigh eighty-five ounces, and will contain five pints of wine each.

WAR WITH HOLLAND.—On the 13th November, a meeting, rather numerously attended, was held in the City of London Tavern, to petition the King against the prosecution of the war with Holland. The time at which the meeting was held shews that the object was not for the purpose of endeavouring to avoid the calamities of war, but with the view of removing the Ministers from office. The convention with France was already signed, and so far carried into effect, that an embargo had been laid on Dutch vessels, and resolutions passed at public meetings can only have the effect of making the war more bloody and more protracted, by encouraging the King of Holland in his obstinacy. A similar meeting was held at Edinburgh on the 22d November.

IRELAND.—The maintaining a sinecure Church in idleness by means of 50,000 bayonets, continues to drench the soil of our unfortunate sister isle with blood. On the 8th of October, a body of thirty policemen proceeded to the parish of Aglish, in the neighbourhood of Waterford, to post notices for the payment of the arrears of tithes; and being followed and hooted by a crowd of 200 or 300 persons, the majority of them women and children, the police fired, and 12 people were killed, and from 20 to 30 wounded. Not one of the crowd was armed, and there were not even stones thrown at the police before they fired. We refrain from any comment on this atrocious affair, as it must shortly become the subject of judicial investigation, the inquest having returned a verdict of wilful murder against Captain Burke and the party of police under his command, for killing Catherine Foley, and Joseph Sinnot, two of the persons who fell on the above occasion. The anti-tithe meetings have for the present been suppressed by the numerous prosecutions instituted by government against those present at them, in most of which prosecutions they obtained verdicts against the accused. The sentences were extremely severe, when it is considered that the illegality of such meetings was far from being generally known. Fines of L.50 and L.100, with four to six months' imprisonment, were in many instances inflicted. The prosecutions against the press continue. Those against Mr. Halkett of the *Tipperary Free Press*, for publishing, as an advertisement, the resolutions of a political club, are almost unparalleled in the history of the country, and have called forth the sympathy of every friend of liberty in the three kingdoms. On the whole, the conduct of the Whig ministry towards Ireland, reminds one rather of the despotic governments of the Continent than of the free institutions of Britain. Although, however, the ministry has been so far successful in their plans, the great object in view has not been attained. The tithes are not paid. The people allow their effects to be sold when purchasers can be found, and their persons to be imprisoned, but the accursed impost they will not pay. Were the Irish clergy dependent for their subsistence upon tithes, some sympathy might perhaps be felt for them, but while the Irish Church possesses 990,000 English acres of land, worth at least a million a-year, for the support of some two thousand clergymen, with half a million of Episcopalian parishioners, there are ample revenues for the payment of the clergy, without oppressing the impoverished peasantry by the exaction of tithes. Scotland contains nearly two millions and a half of people, and her clergy are at least as efficient as those of any other Church, yet they do not cost more than a quarter of a million annually. In such circumstances, we say to the Irish, persist, by all legal means, in your opposition to the payment of tithes. Your resistance hitherto has been noble, and it only requires a few months' longer perseverance to ensure you the victory.

THE CONTINENT.

FRANCE.—The Duchess de Berri, who, by her ill-advised attempts to secure the throne of France for her son, has caused the greatest misery to thousands of the ignorant but devoted adherents of the wretched race of Bourbon, was apprehended at Nantes, on the 7th of November. She was betrayed by Etienne Gonzague Deutz. This person, who is a native of Cologne, and brought up in the Jewish religion, had repaired to Rome, in the year 1826, to his uncle, of the same name, a celebrated Jewish rabbi, and he there renounced the Jewish, and assumed the Catholic, faith. He then lived, for a considerable period, on the pecuniary supplies afforded him by Cardinal Albani. In 1831, after making a voyage to America, he returned to Europe, and Drack, his brother-in-law, being attached to the suite of the Duke of Bourdeaux, he thus obtained the means of introduction to the Duchess de Berri. He was employed by her in several delicate missions to foreign courts. These missions he executed to the satisfaction of the Duchess, and thus the good opinion she entertained of him was strengthened. After the arrival of the Duchess in France, Deutz continued to be employed by her, and, in one of his missions to Germany, he became acquainted, at Frankfort, with an individual attached to the French police. Here the

first overtures for betraying the Duchess were made. On quitting Frankfort, he went to Rome, and received, from the Pope, letters to the Duchess de Berri. From Rome he proceeded to Portugal, where he had an interview with Don Miguel, who also delivered him letters to the Duchess. Having then gone to Paris, he made a final arrangement regarding the sum which he was to receive for his breach of trust. This sum, according to some accounts, was 300,000 francs (L.12,000;) according to others, 1,000,000 francs (L.40,000.) To carry his plan into execution, he went to Nantes, and requested an interview. The persons to whom he applied having some suspicion, at first refused his request, but, as he declined to communicate his dispatches, or the result of his journey to any other person than the Duchess, they were at last forced to comply. The Duchess had formerly resided in the house of the Demoiselles Duguigny, at Nantes, and she returned thither on the afternoon of the 6th. Deutz was admitted to an interview just as the Duchess was about to sit down to dinner. After a few minutes' conversation he left the house, and gave the police officers the signal which had been agreed on for her arrest. The house was immediately surrounded, and the adjoining streets were filled with troops. Admission was at first refused to the soldiers, but, on a threat that the door would be broken open, they were at length permitted to enter. It was now about half past four in the afternoon, but, although the most minute search was made, the Duchess could not be found. Various places of concealment were found in the house. In one of them, a considerable sum, in five franc pieces, with the effigy of Henry V., as well as some medals, bearing the representation of a car, which the Duke holds in one hand, while in the other he wields a trident, with which he subdues the demon of revolution. Like St. Michael, he is represented trampling it under foot. Notwithstanding the bad success which had hitherto attended the search, the municipal authorities did not despair; but it was resolved to desist until the following morning. Three gens d'armes were therefore placed in each room, and the house was carefully surrounded with troops. In order to discover whether any person was concealed in the chimnies, fires had been lit in all the fire places. In the third story of the house there was a small room, and towards morning it occurred to the soldiers, stationed in it, that the fuel had been disturbed, and, shortly afterwards, one of them remarked, that he heard a noise. To ascertain, if possible, the cause, the fire, which had fallen low, was increased by means of turfs, and some newspapers; and the smoke, which had penetrated to the place of concealment, together with the heat, rendered remaining there longer impossible. The place of concealment was very small, and had no window; and, during the whole sixteen hours in which the Duchess and her three companions had been in it, they were forced to remain in a standing posture. The back of the chimney, which consisted of an iron plate, turned on its centre, thus forming a door to the concealed apartment. Her attendant Mademoiselle Kersabice, in the costume of a peasant girl, came out first; then the Duchess, who was followed by the Count de Messnars, and M. Guibourg. The Duchess, in coming into the room, immediately said, "It is unnecessary for you to continue your search; I am the Duchess de Berri." She was completely disfigured, by the dust and dirt of the hole in which she had been confined; but, though much exhausted, retained her presence of mind. After a process verbal of the circumstances had been drawn up, and the Duchess had been formally identified, she was removed along with her companions, to the Chateau de Nantes, where the apartments of the governor were assigned to her; and she was shown every attention. The French Government, which had, sometime previously, anticipated the probability of apprehending the Duchess, had prepared for her reception the Chateau de Blaye, near Bourdeaux, whither she was removed, shortly after her apprehension. Along with the Duchess were seized a great number of letters from many of the Potentates of Europe, and, among others, from Don Miguel, who had sent her a sum of money. These letters, which are curious, it is proposed by the French Government to publish. They will, in all probability, show some traces of the means by which the despots of Europe endeavour, at present, to keep down their subjects.

The apprehension of the Duchess de Berri is generally believed to have been the cause of considerable embarrassment to the French Government, as it can neither punish her severely, nor inflict a lenient punishment, without giving occasion for much murmuring. To divest itself, as much as possible, of responsibility, the matter has been referred to the Chambers, and an ordonnance of Louis Philippe has been passed, ordaining a project of law, for the purpose, to be brought in.

BELGIUM AND HOLLAND.—The subject which has chiefly fixed public attention, during the month, is the Belgian question. On the 22d October, a Conven-

tion was signed at London, between Lord Palmerston on the part of Great Britain, and Talleyrand on the part of France, which, after setting forth that Great Britain and France had been requested by the King of the Belgians, to carry into execution the Articles of the Treaty relative to the Netherlands, concluded at London on the 15th November, 1831, the execution of which was jointly guaranteed by Great Britain, France, Austria, Russia and Prussia, and that all attempts to obtain the execution of the Treaty by negotiation had failed, stipulates, as a first step towards the accomplishment of that object, that Great Britain and France should require the King of the Netherlands to enter into an engagement, by the 2d of November, to withdraw, on the 12th of that month, all his troops from the territories which, it was agreed, by the Treaty of November 1831, were to form the kingdom of Belgium. The King of the Belgians was, in like manner, to be required to withdraw his troops from the Dutch territory. It was, at the same time, declared, that, if either party should refuse compliance with the above requisition, Great Britain and France would proceed, without farther notice or delay, to the measures which might to them appear necessary to compel the execution of it. By the second article of the Convention, it was stipulated, that, if the King of the Netherlands refused to agree to the proposition to evacuate the Belgian territories, an embargo should immediately be put on the Netherland vessels in the ports of Great Britain and France, and an order issued to the cruizers of the respective countries to stop and bring into their ports all the Netherland vessels which they might meet with at sea; and for the more effectual execution of this measure, that a combined French and English squadron should be stationed on the coast of Holland. By the third article, it was agreed, that if, on the 15th of November, the Dutch troops should be still in the Belgian territory, a French corps should enter Belgium, for the purpose of compelling them to evacuate the territory, on the understanding, however, that the King of the Belgians should have previously expressed a wish for the entrance of the French troops for the above purpose. By the fourth article, it was stipulated, that, if the measure pointed out in the preceding article became necessary, its object should be limited to the expulsion of the Dutch troops from the citadel of Antwerp, and the forts and places dependent upon it; and France expressly engaged not to occupy any of the fortified places in Belgium by the French troops employed in the above service, and that, when the citadel of Antwerp should be evacuated by the Netherland troops, it should be forthwith delivered up to the Belgians; and the French troops should immediately retire within the French territory.

In terms of this convention, a requisition was made by the British and French Charges d'Affaires, at the Hague, on the 29th October, to the Dutch Government, to evacuate the Belgian territories, and on the 2d November an answer was returned, refusing to consent to deliver up the citadel of Antwerp. On the 6th November, therefore, an embargo was laid on the Dutch vessels in the British forts, and orders were issued to our cruisers to seize all Dutch vessels at sea. A similar step was taken by the French government. This measure having been anticipated for some time, few vessels were detained in the British ports. At Liverpool, there were only two, several others having escaped on the first intelligence of the embargo. A Dutch East Indiaman having sailed into Coves, in the Isle of Wight, ignorant of what had taken place, was detained, and several Dutch vessels have been seized by our cruisers at sea. At Bourdeaux, a considerable number of Dutch vessels were detained.

Meantime, great preparations were making by the British and French Governments to enforce the Convention. Much activity prevailed at the naval arsenals of both countries in the fitting out of ships of war. On the 29th October, part of the French fleet, which was to cooperate with the British in the blockade of the Dutch coast, arrived at Spithead. On the 4th of November, the British fleet, commanded by Sir Pulteney Malcolm, and the French fleet, under the command of Rear-Admiral Ducrest de Villeneuve, in the Suffren, of 90 guns, sailed from the Downs. This was the first time that the people of England had seen, from their own shores, the tri-color sailing in union with the British flag; and it is difficult to describe the sensation it occasioned among the numerous spectators who had assembled to behold the gratifying spectacle of the two most powerful and most enlightened nations of Europe uniting, not for the purposes of conquest or aggrandisement, but, to obtain, for a less powerful nation, the blessings of freedom from a yoke, which they, in less auspicious times, had been the means of imposing and rivetting on the necks of the Belgians. By an arrangement with the French government, it has been arranged that Sir Pulteney Malcolm is to take command of the combined fleet.

PORTUGAL.—Don Pedro still remains at Oporto. His force is now estimated at 16,000 men, and reinforcements are daily arriving from France and England. It is said that he is to assume the command of his army, a step by which the petty jealousies which has hitherto existed among his officers, and proved very prejudicial to his cause, will be eradicated. On the 11th October, the Miguelites made an attack on the Serra Convent, with a body of from 4000 to 6000 men, which were repulsed with great slaughter. The loss on Don Pedro's side did not exceed 100 men. The hostile fleets also had an engagement off Vigo, in which Admiral Sartorious, and twenty-seven men on board his vessel, were wounded, and ten killed. His flag ship, the Donna Maria, had 82 shot-holes in her sides. None of his other vessels suffered so severely. The Miguelite fleet, under Admiral Felix, succeeded in effecting its retreat, without the loss of any of its vessels. On the 24th October, another assault was made on the Serra Convent. The object seemed to be to take the garrison by surprise; but having failed in this attempt, the Miguelites hastily retreated. Don Miguel has at length joined his army with a reinforcement. His troops, of all arms, are estimated at 25,000; and another attack is anticipated before the troops retire into winter quarters. The French Government has of late been strongly pressing our cabinet to join with them in adopting some decisive measure in favour of the constitutional cause in Portugal; but no decision has yet been arrived at on this matter.

PRUSSIA.—The Prussian States Gazette contains a declaration of the King, which, after noticing the determination of England and France in respect of Holland, proceeds to say—

"His Majesty, the King, conformably to the declarations that he has made on every occasion, and in concert with Austria and Russia, has caused notice to be given to the Governments of England and France, that he must refuse to these coercive measures, not only all kind of co-operation, but also his assent; and that, on the contrary, he has resolved to place a corps of observation on the Maese, in order to be ready, on the entrance of a French army into Belgium, to avert the eventual consequences which the intended military operations might have with respect to the tranquillity of Germany, and of his Majesty's dominions, and to the general peace."

TURKEY.—Sultan Mahmoud is making a vigorous rally, and has got together an army of 40,000 men, principally Albanians, who are to march under the Grand Vizier against Ibrahim Pacha. The latter still continues to advance; but unless he pass Mount Taurus immediately, his farther progress must be stopped till spring. Jean de Maurajeni, a distinguished individual at the Court of the Ottoman Porte, has arrived in London, charged with a special mission to solicit the mediation of the British Government, in connection with that of other European Powers, to effect terms of pacification between the Sultan and the Pacha.

STATE OF COMMERCE AND MANUFACTURES.

NOVEMBER, 1832.

THE threatening aspect of the political horizon has had less effect on the commercial and agricultural markets than might have been anticipated. In the west of England, a great deal of business is doing in the woollen trade, without much speculation. Low stout broad cloths, about eight shillings per yard, are a little advanced in price, and the demand is increasing. The worsted stuff trade is still in a better state than the woollen trade, and has admitted of an advance both of prices and wages. The prices for six quarters wide merinos and other fine light goods are advancing. The hosiery, and other businesses connected with it, are in a greater state of activity at the present time than has been known during the same season for several years past. The blanket trade, after some months of deep depression, has become uncommonly active. The cotton manufacturers are also well employed, and the large demand they now have for the home market is clearing off the heavy stock of goods they had accumulated. At Sheffield, trade is in a very depressed state; the American trade, which usually affords a considerable demand, being completely at a stand. This is attributed principally to the cholera. The sugar and coffee markets continue in a languid state. At the East India Company's periodical sale of raw silks, which commenced on the 22d October, the purchases, during the whole of its continuance, were made with great spirit. The total quantity offered was 5285 bales, consisting of 2600 bales of Company's Bengal, 2425 bales of licensed China, 235 bales of licensed Bengals, and 25 bales of Persian silks. The following is an accurate statement of the progress and result of the

sale :—Out of the Company's silks about 480 bales of the most inferior qualities were refused at the taxed prices, and the remainder sold at an average advance of two and a half per cent on the quotations realized at the June sale. The demand was most active for the Company's finest and best silks. The private trade Bengals were all sold at prices realizing the same advance as the Company's silks. Of China silks, about 2500 bales were brought forward for sale, of which a large proportion was bought in, and the remainder was disposed of at about the same prices as those given at the June sale. The Persian silks were bought in at from 9s. 4d. to 9s. 9d. per lb. The total stock of raw silk remaining in the East India Company's warehouse for future sale, amounts to 7917 bales, of which 7699 are Bengals (Company's), 151 bales of private trade China, and 97 bales of licensed Bengals.

At the East India Company's sale of saltpetre and spices, there was a full attendance of persons interested in the saltpetre trade. The quantity declared for sale was 612 tons, exceeding the last declaration by rather above 100 tons. The sale commenced very briskly at 38s. per cwt., but the price soon advanced to 39s. per cwt. As the sale proceeded, the biddings were less active, and a portion of the quantity offered went at from 1¾ to 2¼ per cent. The result of the sale establishes an improved market. The saltpetre sold by the Company in August last went off at from 33s. 6d. to 35s. per cwt. The Company's black pepper, consisting of 1014 bags, sold at from 3½d. to 3¾d. per lb., and nutmegs at from 4s. 3d. to 4s. 4d. per lb.

The contracts of the Lords of the Admiralty for rum, sugar, and other articles for the navy, were taken on the 1st November. The quantity of rum contracted for was 75,000 gallons. There was much competition among the trade to obtain the contract; which was ultimately taken at within a fraction of 1s. 9¼d. per gallon. The last contract was for 100,000 gallons, and was taken in July at a price equal to 1s. 6¾d. and ⅜ per gallon. Proof leewards are now 6d. per gallon dearer than at this time last year. The import of rum generally is 19,105 puncheons less than at this time last year; and although the home consumption and export trade have fallen off, the stock is now 12,000 puncheons less than last year.

The Wool Trade has been brisk during the month, and prices have been rather advancing. There were extensive sales at Garroway's, which lasted several days. The sale-rooms were very much crowded, and the biddings were unusually brisk, the manufacturers being in high spirits at the improved aspect of the trade. The quantity of wools announced for sale was between 2500 and 2600 bales, of which rather more than 1000 bales were New South Wales, 500 Van Diemen's Land, 240 bales of German, 342 bales of Smyrna, 90 bales of Cape, 50 bales of Spanish, 2 bales of Swan River, some English combing, and other wools. The manufacturers from Bradford, Halifax, Leeds, and other principal places in Yorkshire, bought largely. Some superior Australian fleeces sold as high as 3s. to 3s. 2½d. per lb.; fine from 2s. to 2s. 11d.; and inferior from 1s. to 1s. 11d. per lb. The finest Van Diemen's Land wools offered produced from 1s. 5d. to 2s. 2d., and inferior and middling from 10d. to 1s. 4½d. per lb.—The German wools were sold at from 1s. to 1s. 10½d. per lb.; the Smyrna at from 6d. to 10½d.; the Cape at from 1s. 1d. to 1s. 6¼d, and the English combing, from 1s. to 1s. 1d. per lb. The wool from Swan River was of good quality, and sold at 2s. 1d. per lb.—There was some competition for it on account of the novelty of the article, being the first imported from the colony. The results of these sales tend to establish an advanced market for colonial and most other wools. The wools from our possessions in Australia and Van Diemen's Land, showed that increased care and attention has been paid in the growth and packing, and were more free from the burr than heretofore, sheep shearing having commenced this season earlier than usual.

At Paisley, the demand for Flushed Bordered Shawls continues pretty steady. Petticoats are considerably brisker, and the price of weaving has advanced from 10 to 15 per cent. Common Imitation Shawls have been rather dull for some time, but the manufacturers are all paying the table price. There are still a number of *Angola* shawls made, and the prices remain steady. Canton Crapes, both figured and plain, are a good deal brisker. Plain Middles and Thibets are rather dull; the weavers find it difficult to get new engagements. The Silk Transparent Gauze trade has been very dull these two months past; but we are glad to learn, that it is in the way of improvement, a number of weavers having got *canes* within these ten days. There are still, however, a number of the hands idle. It is the opinion of the manufacturers, that the prospect of trade being steady through the winter is a great deal more encouraging than it was at the beginning of the last or preceding season.

At Perth, for some time past, the

weavers have been employed, but at very low wages; no advance having taken place for a considerable period, except in umbrella clothes, which were considerably advanced a few weeks ago; but a heavy reduction has lately taken place in the weaving of that article, which will press hard on the poor weaver at this season, when so much light is required. A good number of harness weavers are at present employed, but the price is still very low. On the whole, the weavers have but a poor prospect of getting through the winter with any degree of comfort.

At Hawick, trade has not been better, nor have the manufacturing stocks been so low, for the last sixteen years.

East India Flour.—An extraordinary trade has sprung up at Liverpool, in the importation of flour from Calcutta. 5000 sacks arrived there lately, and the price quoted is 26s. to 27s per 196lb. subject to a duty of 3s. per brl. This is the third or fourth importation made by the same house, Acraman and Still, within the last 18 months. This flour is manufactured by means of steam engines lately erected on the Ganges. The engines, are of 32 horse power, and the daily produce of meal is about 35 tons. Of this a large proportion goes to supply the natives of Calcutta with a very superior cheap food, which no feeling of *caste* prevents them from consuming. Another portion supplies the demand of a biscuit bakery, from which ships are furnished for their homeward voyages with a fresh and very superior biscuit, at much less than the usual cost, and the fine flour is brought to this country for the supply of the power-loom weavers, bleachers, &c., forming, as it does, from the extraordinary strength of the flour, the best sizing material ever produced, and which is now used exclusively by some of the leading manufacturers of Lancashire. It cannot be used as bread flour, being too stale on its arrival in this country.

The King of Holland has recently issued a decree, which must have a very injurious effecton the Belgian manufacturers. Up to the date of this new fiscal regulation, the Belgians were allowed to send their manufactured cottons by Dunkirk to Holland, where, being shipped for the Indies in Dutch vessels, they paid only a duty of 12½ per cent; whilst English and German wares paid 25 per cent. The Belgians are now placed, in this respect, on the same footing with the English and Germans, with whom they cannot for the present successfully compete.

The Grain Markets have varied little during the month, and have been in a very depressed state. Agriculture was indeed never at a lower ebb than it is in Scotland at present, and farming capital has almost disappeared. At the present prices, the tenants cannot possibly pay the high rents for which they are bound to their landlords. The crop is great in bulk, but it is far from certain that the quantity of grain exceeds an average crop. Owing to the wet weather in the end of August, a great proportion of the wheat crop in Scotland was much injured. The weights range from 50 to 64 lbs. per bushel. Barley also suffered severely; and, although the crop exceeds an average, a large proportion of it, even on good land, turns out to be of inferior quality. Such of the barley crop as was exposed to rain in the sheaf, has been much injured for malting, a great part of it having sprouted, and is thus rendered unfit for the purposes of the maltster. The weights run from 51 to 54 and 55 per bushel. The crop of oats is good. They yield abundantly in proportion to the straw, and the return at the mill is likewise ample. Turnips, particularly the late sown, have greatly improved within the last six weeks. A good deal of business has been done in letting; three pence a-week for hogs, and five pence for old sheep, the general rates. Many farmers have preferred letting a part of their turnips to be eaten by cattle in the straw yard, to buying in, thinking it a safer speculation, owing to the price of lean stock—five shillings per week may be stated as the usual rate. The weather has been favourable for the sowing of the wheat crop; and the braird is in general sufficiently luxuriant, though in some districts it has been attacked by slugs. Young grasses look well. The potatoe crop is excellent in quality, but not so abundant as last year. Several cargoes of potatoes have been shipped in the Tay for the London markets. They were bought up by speculators at from 8s. to 9s. per boll, of 32 stone Dutch weight.

The exportation of grain from Ireland, during the last twelve months, has been unusually large, amounting, into London alone, to 100,000 quarters of wheat, upwards of 600,000 quarters of oats, and about 100,000 sacks of flour; and, we believe, nearly an equal quantity has been imported into Liverpool; and this, in addition to very large supplies into Glasgow, Bristol, and other ports, shows that a great increase, as compared with former years, must have taken place from the cultivation of land there of late. On an average, the crops this year, in that country, will turn out quite as well as the last, although there have been partial failures amongst them.

CATTLE.—Owing to the abundance of straw, and the improvement in the turnip crop, there has been a considerable demand for cattle, and prices have been rising. At Doune Fair, cattle were 20s. a-head higher than last year. At Old Biggar Fair, cattle of the true Ayrshire breed sold readily at an advance of full 30 per cent over last year's prices. At Hallow Fair, held at Edinburgh on the 13th and 14th November, there was a brisk sale. The quantity of cattle in the market was at least a fourth less than last year. During the first day all the best lots changed hands at least 30 per cent above last year's market, and 20 per cent above prices obtained at last Falkirk tryst,—the better description of cattle bringing an advance of about L.2 per head on the Falkirk and Doune prices. The principal part of the supply consisted of lean stock. Two-year-old Highland stots sold from L.4, 10s. to L.7, 7s. Three-year-old do. L.7 to L.11. Two-year-old Highland queys, from L.3, 10s. to L.5, 10s., quality inferior. There was but a poor supply of fat cattle in the market, prices from 5s. to 7s. per imperial stone.

SHEEP have also been on the rise. At the October Spittal of Glenshee Fair, held at Perth, the whole stock was cleared off at an early hour. Prime black-faced wedders sold at from 20s. to 21s. and inferior down as low as 14s. Prime ewes were bringing from 7s. 6d. to 12s.

At Doune Fair, on the 6th November, there was a short supply, the demand particularly brisk, and prices from 2s. to 4s. a-head above last year's market, and from 2s. 6d. to 4s. 6d. above last October Tryst at Falkirk. Wedders were sold at L.17 to L.24; and ewes from L.8 to L.11, per clad score, and were all sold.

HORSES.—At the Newcastle Cow Hill Fair, the first rate horses brought for sale were few in number, and were disposed of before the regular fair commenced. There were a great many of an inferior description; such as were useful brought pretty good prices. Stags and ponies were numerous; the former varying from L.10 to L.20 each; the latter bringing, according to age and quality, from L.4 to L.12 each.

At Paisley Martinmas Fair, the best draught horses in the market were offered for L.35. At Hallow Fair, good draught horses brought good prices, but inferior animals were in little demand.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LEGENDS OF THE LIBRARY AT LILLIES. BY THE LORD AND LADY THERE. 2 VOLS.*—The title which Lord and Lady Nugent have chosen for their stories will be apt to mislead simple readers. It will be imagined that the scene of their Legends is some fancy literary shop, the summer or winter blossom of a London root, transplanted and flourishing about the *Pantiles*, or the *Marine Parade*; and that they are consequently tales of fashion, and of modern manners. Let us correct this mistake. *Lillies*, or more properly *Lilies*, is a charming spot thus described: "Place yourself just midway between the three seas, which form the boundaries of Southern England, you will find yourself on a small knoll, covered with antique elm, walnut, and sycamore-trees, which rise out of a vale, famous in all time for the natural fertility of its soil, and the moral virtues of its people. On this knoll, fitly called by our ancestors 'the Heart of South Britain,' stood, distant about half a mile from each other, two monasteries, known by the flowery appellatives of Lilies and Roses. These edifices have for many centuries been no more; but on the site of the former of the two, standeth a small mansion, of Tudor architecture, bearing still its ancient name. Of the monastery, little memorial beyond the name remains, save only that, under a small enclosed space, erewhile its cemetery, now a wilderness of flowers, the bones of the monks repose." But the pools, the glades, the shrubs and paths, and sportive colts, and veteran steeds, we pass for "the warm cheer of the little oak library (at Lilies) —for the quaint coverings and tracery of other times which abound therein—for the awful note of the blood-hound baying upon his midnight chain; the pleasing melancholy of the hooting owl, from his hereditary chamber in the roof; and for the tunefulness of the cooing wood-quests and the morning rooks, which bustle and caw, and of the high winds which pipe and roar, daily and nightly, through the boughs; and for the deep, glossy verdure

* Longman, Rees, Orme, &c. London.

of the pastures, stretching forth to the brave distant hills, which fence the vale. To those who take delight in such things, Lilies still hath charms.

"From the fireside of the above-mentioned little oak library, the following legends proceed."

A romantic birthplace and cradle, and fitting nursery of all the gentle, and tender, and quaint, and poetic fancies, which here break forth in tales and legends. If not very far mistaken, we have seen most of these legends and stories before; but a good tale cannot be the worse of being twice read, and most of these will bear a second reading, and even a third from the very patient. And, perhaps, like Mr. Tudman, in "Apropos of bread," we may have dreamed the lecture we recall. Of the piquant pieces, we must single out "*The First Fit of the Gout*," "*Mrs. Allington's Pic Nic*," and "*The Lioness*," of which we cannot have dreamt, as dreams never go beyond the walking imaginations of the dreamer. "*The Old Angler's Story*" is skilfully told, but painful withal, and the catastrophe somewhat revolting. "*The Convent in the Forest*," with more power, is less objectionable on this cardinal point. In a very different style is "*The Old Soldier*," a tale which it is delightful to hear Lord or Lady tell.

The Legends of the Library at Lillies will be eagerly read, from the name of the writers, by those who are not very exacting in the character and pretensions of their books of amusement, and will be valued for their intrinsic power of imparting pleasure at many other firesides; insinuating, meanwhile, some useful lessons to flirting husbands, and manœuvring mothers. In conclusion, we must say, that the best of Lord Nugent's works is his late address to the electors of Aylesbury, which also, we have no doubt, is an emanation of the Library at Lillies. It made us expect something more in these volumes than is found in the mere novel of the day, and we have not been disappointed.

LYRIC LEAVES. By CORNELIUS WEBBE.*—Where can Mr. Webbe have been *dreeing his wierd* for these twice seven years? Wherever it may have been, kindly do we welcome him back to middle earth with his garland of *Lyric Leaves*. He belongs to a group of old literary remembrances. He was game for certain Scotch critics or wits, in days when the ball was at their feet, and when there was no dread of it rebounding in their faces. A friend of theirs, who believed the aforesaid wits or critics more thoughtless and wanton in the abuse of power than actually malicious or bad-hearted, though their conduct might have, and often had, all the consequences of malice and bad heart; yet willing that they should not perish, but be brought to the knowledge and love of truth—we speak it in reverence—devised at the time this moral penance and discipline;—that every Sunday morning, each writer, fresh and fasting, should hear read, or be compelled to read himself, a sheet of his own rash judgments, bitter remarks, sarcasms, personalities, inconsistencies, scurility, &c. &c. &c. And that this sheet should begin with Wordsworth, include Byron, Coleridge, Hazlitt, Shelley, Hunt, Keates, &c. &c., and end with Mr. Cornelius Webbe, the author of *Lyric Leaves*. This appeared a simple private penance, yet was really a most cruel one. It was the continual falling of the single drop of water upon the bare scalp; the most ingenious of tortures; but, unlike that, was, we presume, to cease on the first sign of penitence, repentance, and a new life.

In the meantime, Mr. Webbe comes out with his new volume, and he will, we have no doubt, meet a more just award than he did formerly. The world has since grown soberer, and more in earnest; and its taste in joking has improved of late. A large though a quiet part of it always sympathized with the pelted frogs, and that part has increased, is increasing, and will no longer be either sneered, laughed, or bullied out of its own judgment, and sense of the true and fitting. This seems to wander from *Lyric Leaves*; but we are steadily keeping them in view, and with much admiration and kindness. These poems are very natural—natural even in their conceits, very pleasing, and very English. Did our limits permit, we could give many proofs of the soundness of this opinion. All that we can do is, to name a few of our favourite pieces:—*The Miller's Treat; the Fallen for Freedom; the Blind Musician's Son; the Old Love; the Farewell of a Pilgrim Father to England; the Autumnal Fireside; the Weaver's Wife*, and, we might add, many others of these pleasant compositions. In the preface, the author says that he trusts, whatever may be the poetical sins of this little book, there is no part of it inimical to sociality, charity, and the same good will to all, which he wishes to have meted out to himself. His book, instead of being inimical, is promotive of these amiable and genial feelings; and his wish cannot fail to be realized in the good will of all.

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* Griffiths, London. Pp. 136.

HOMES ABROAD. By MISS MARTINEAU. No. X. of *Tales Illustrative of Political Economy.*—Emigration is the subject of this story. Unlike *Cousin Marshal*, it is a hopeful and cheering theme; so soon, at least, as we get the HOMES ABROAD, and out of Kent, into Van Dieman's Land. The question of emigration, and of who should be sent off, and who kept to pine and die at home; and whether there be not at home room for all, were home well managed, is a knotty point, on which we are loath, at present, to break our teeth. Miss Martineau has made up her mind upon it, while we DOUBT, and while many acute, and some profound thinkers stoutly dogmatize on the other side; and thus, while our wishes go with the latter, "home being still home," we waive the political part of the discussion, and keep to, and recommend the Tale for its own sake. It is told with Miss Martineau's usual clearness and vivacity; and is full of moral beauty, especially in the characters of Ellen and her brother Frank; and of interest in the pictures of their adventures abroad, and their new modes of life. Their *voluntary* emigration, undertaken in the spirit of noble independence, we heartily approve, and exult in their improved prospects, and in the certain reward of labour, which is the prop of virtuous industry in every clime. HOMES ABROAD, on its bright side, is one of Miss Martineau's most pleasing stories. And, before we part, all is steady increasing brightness with the emigrants.

THE COMIC OFFERING, *or Ladies' Melange of Literary Mirth.—Edited by* MISS L. H. SHERIDAN.* *Embellishments above* 100.—Miss Sheridan here makes her third appearance at the fair tribunal, to which she has chosen to make her annual appeal. She presents *sixty* pieces in prose and verse, more or less humorous, mirthful, odd, or satirical, and, in number (and value,) more embellishments than articles. Some of the engravings are clever, others grotesque, and a few comically extravagant, as the dance of the *Jig*-oh Sleeves, where those vitalized enormities actually step out, in a *pas de deux*, while another *gigot* performs on the violin, to the horror of a peeping lady's maid, who discovers their midnight revels. *Bent on a measure* gives us two coal-heavers, the one bending over the porter pot in which the other has fixed his proboscis. *A Family of High Descent* illustrates the best story in the volume. A wedded rural pair on their first night in London, are first alarmed by stories, and then by dreams of fire, and descending by a fire escape. A horse *Breaker; backing* the favourite to a *heavy a-mount!* is the irresistibly comic figure of an enormously fat, unhappy-like woman, in a small riding-hat and habit, smothering, lashing, and murdering the miserable animal, on which she is seated, both in a condition of most ludicrous distress. *Long and Short Division* shows a tall dandy moving along with an air of great complacency, pretending, and believing, he holds an umbrella over an unhappy, finely-dressed, *short lady*, suspended from his arm, on whom the umbrella showers down like cats and dogs. *Quarles Emblems*,—a party of boys and girls, cats and dogs, at fistycuffs, is a good engraved pun. Mrs. *Bridges*, an *arch* countenance, is amusing enough; and La *Bell* assemble! a group of children gathered round a fat bell-man reading a bill, is equally so. *Skeleton* Keys,—a skeleton formed entirely of keys, the head a padlock, is an odd extravaganza. The expression in the face of Dr. Stringer, "a *Fiddle* 'D 'D" is capital. An *un-attached* Major gives us a fat, gruff, artillery officer strutting on, his hands holding up the tails of his jacket, and his back turned to his poor lady sprawling on her back from an unsucessful attempt to cross a stile. "The Lily of the *Valet*" is a squab negress, full of mirth, singing roguishly to a spruce footman, who looks kindly down upon her. These are a few of Miss Sheridan's *bon-bons*. The literary part of the volume has no very close connexion with them; and is to be taken "for better for worse."

FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING.*—Though this Annual, which, we believe, is a favourite, has twelve embellishments, a few of them beautiful, and the worst of them pretty, its principal strength lies in its literary composition. The contributors in this department are among the most attractive of the current literary names of the day. Miss Mitford, Mr. Macaulay, and Mrs. Norton in the front ranks; and a reserve and main body stronger than the van; there are Hervey, the Howitts, Pringle, James Baillie Fraser, and a long list. The articles in prose and verse are so numerous and diversified in character, that we can only mention one or two,—*Cromwell's House*, the *Captive of Camalu*, and, strange as the title is, *the Bravo of Banff*. This last is sure to be a favourite in the north of Scotland, and, we daresay, everywhere else. The heroine is a charming romantic creature; but Miss Thom for our money, as a genuine, kind, and true-hearted Banff lass, not a whit

* Smith and Elder, London. Pp. 316.

* Smith and Elder, London. Pp. 384.

tle less friendly and affectionate, when put to the push, for a little harmless curiosity, and the love of gossip, said to be unavoidable in towns under a certain rate of population. There are many good, and some rich and rare things in FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING.

HISTOIRE DE NAPOLEON BONAPARTE. *A L'Usage de la jeunesse, et des Ecoles.* Par L. A. T. MORDACQUE.* —Another life of Napoleon, though in French, for the use of schools, is not a work which many English parents will be apt to select for the instruction of their children. The most improving part of Napoleon's history, his exile, and his sayings and doings in St. Helena, is skimmed over, and the close huddled up. Some of the more brilliant scenes of Napoleon's life are related with considerable animation; for the writer is a Frenchman, and has a Frenchman's admiration of his hero; yet he tells, that the military reign of Napoleon, from 1801 to 1815, "cost humanity five millions forty and three thousand lives!" The account of the battle of Waterloo shows an amusing struggle between the desire of being impartial, and the natural feelings of a Frenchman. The author, who does the justice which all Europe has done, to the amiable character of Josephine,† and of cold Marie Louise, briefly says, "Elle y monta (the throne) en silence, elle en descendit de meme. On ne cite d'elle aucune action, aucune parole qui la rapelle aux Français." And his farther remarks are yet more severe.

CAPTAIN FORMAN'S LETTER TO LORD JOHN RUSSELL ON THE EXTRAORDINARY CONDUCT OF LORD BROUGHAM, &c. &c. &c.—Captain Forman has lost his temper; many a worthy man, even the Chancellor himself, has got into the same scrape. We think, moreover, that he is not a little unreasonable, in the *manner* of his late attacks, though he has not been over ceremoniously treated. Let him keep his temper; and, from all these noblemen, gentlemen, and knights philosophers, appeal to the public, in the plainest form of paper and print, and we warrant justice will be done to his discoveries; which, by the way, are not original, or, at least, not peculiar to him. To our readers it is proper to say, that Captain Forman meditates overturning the Newtonian system, and establishing what he believes a truer theory of attraction, &c. &c. Having communicated his discoveries to Lord Brougham, his Lordship made no response; and Sir John Herschel has been equally remiss. Hence Captain Forman's wrath.

LIVES OF THE TWELVE MODERN CÆSARS. By H. W. MONTAGUE.*—Napoleon is the first of this new line of Cæsars. His life is all that is yet published of the work. Who the other eleven are to be, whether the French Marshals, or the great modern Generals, we are left to guess. It is a neat little work, embellished with cuts by Branston, and traces Bonaparte from his cradle to his grave, noticing every thing remarkable in his career.

A DICTIONARY OF DIET. By T. S. FORSYTH, *Surgeon, Part I.*†—This is something between a cookery book and a medical one. The first part comprehends, among other things, *beef*, *beer*, *bread*, *butter*, *cheese*, *broth*, *butcher meat*, &c. &c. It is calculated, from its plan, to be a useful family book; and though we are friends to the division of labour in practical science, medicine and cookery seem here to proceed very amicably together. A portrait of the late Dr. Abernethy graces the beginning of the work.

A DICTIONARY OF THE FRENCH AND ENGLISH LANGUAGE. By M. LOUIS FENWICK DE POURQUET.‡—This is a handy, neat little volume, for the daily use of young persons learning the French language; and it may be found, in this view, of more utility to those who have only made a certain progress, than more ponderous dictionaries. It seems accurate, and is accompanied by several useful tables, and by miscellaneous information, desirable to pupils and travellers. A more important feature is the introduction of the new words created by the revolution, and now sanctioned by usage, and the omission of the impure or disgusting words which disgrace some of the voluminous older dictionaries.

ELLIS'S BRITISH TARIFF. *Fourth Annual Edition.*§—A useful *Annual* to mercantile and commercial people, and one which may give some information on affairs of national economy, revenue, &c. &c. To statists, to travellers and tou-

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* Porquet and Cooper, London.
† Save the Duchess of Abrantes, and a writer in the *New Monthly* of this month. November 1832.

* Cremer, London.
† Cremer, London.
‡ London.
§ Longman and Rees, London.

rists it will also be useful, by showing what they may fetch or carry openly, and what they must either *smuggle* or pay duty upon; what they may freely import or export; and what they will be tormented about at the Custom-house; how to proceed with their baggage; and how it is mercifully provided, that Paganini may claim his fiddle, that being his bread-winner; and how, according to the *rank* of the parties, (page 88,) oaths may either be exacted or passed from, at discretion, concerning certain articles, essential to elegance. N.B.—No lady is allowed to import, for private use, above a *half pint* of *Eau de Cologne*, or a pint of drinkable spirits; but turbots and lobsters may be landed without "*the port entry* or *warrant.*" In short, besides being a serviceable guide, this book is a good running commentary on the wisdom of many of our extraordinary commercial regulations.

ANALYSIS OF THE ENGLISH, SCOTCH, AND IRISH REFORM BILLS. By JOHN GORTON.*—The title of this pamphlet fully explains its nature. It shews the boundaries, population, divisions, limits, and the number of ten-pound dwellings in every town and borough. It also contains forms of schedules for claims of registration; and also the other technicalities connected with the working of the new system of representation. Great pains appear to have been bestowed in making it complete and correct.

SHAKSPEARE, WITH 170 ILLUSTRATIONS. VALPY'S EDITION.*

After the Works of *Scott*, *Byron*, the *Standard Novels*, &c. &c. have appeared in a *series* of monthly volumes, we are glad to see SHAKSPEARE not forgotten. The first volume of a new, *cheap* edition, uniform with the new edition of Byron, is before us. To those who have no copy of Shakspeare, or to those who have but an indifferent one, we sincerely recommend this. It is cheap, and beautifully printed, in an open, clear type. The text is that of Malone's edition. The name of Mr A. J. Valpy is a guarantee for correctness. The illustrations, upon tinted paper, are from the plates of Boydell's Shakspeare; reduced in size, no doubt, but taken from one of the most splendid and expensive works ever issued from the British press, each copy costing, we believe, L.100. The work is to be completed in fifteen volumes. Vol. I. contains a life of Shakspeare, Johnson's Preface to Shakspeare, with the Tempest, and Two Gentlemen of Verona. The plays are elucidated, but not overlaid with notes. This edition is worthy the attention of all who are ambitious of making a cheap and good collection of English standard works.

VALPY'S FAMILY CLASSICAL LIBRARY, NO. XXXV, EURIPIDES, VOL. II.—This reprint is the translation of Potter, the best we possess. The present volume contains the SUPPLICANTS, HERCULES, the HERACLIDÆ, IPHIGENIA IN TAURUS, and the TROJAN DAMES. This, from its very nature, is a work of sterling merit. It is cheap and correct; can we say more?

NAVAL EVOLUTIONS—A MEMOIR OF SIR HOWARD DOUGLAS, *Bart., with a Review and Refutation of Mr. Clerk of Eldin's claims, &c. &c.**—So indifferent and selfish is the public to all that does not concern its own interests and amusements, immediate or relative, that we fear few, besides professional men, will now take much interest in this controversy. Every one must, however, sympathize with the spirit which leads the writer to defend the professional claims and reputation of his father. On the question of the real inventor of the manœuvre of breaking the enemy's line in sea-engagements, the *Edinburgh Review* rashly committed itself, attributing the discovery, on his own evidence, to Mr. Clerk. Much has since been said, and remains to be said, on both sides of the question, though the weight of evidence does incline to the claims of Sir Charles Douglas. It must, however, be noticed, that there is yet a third party, which does not appear at all in this controversy, who allege that this naval manœuvre was practised before either Mr. Clerk or Sir Charles Douglas were in existence, though never performed with such brilliancy, or decided effect, as in Rodney's victory. The first rude idea of this manœuvre of breaking the line may be seen in some of the desperate engagements of the Buccaneers against great odds.

MEMOIR AND CORRESPONDENCE OF THE LATE SIR JAMES EDWARD SMITH, M.D. *Edited by* LADY SMITH.†—This delightful work merits a fuller notice than

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* Chapman and Hall, London.

††† ERRATA.—In last month's Register of New Works, page 251, column 2d, for "efforts and intrigues of *Lafayette*," read "efforts and intrigues of *Lafitte*;" and again, next sentence, for "attachment of *Lafayette* to the Duke," *read* "attachment of *Lafitte* to the Duke."

* Longman and Rees, London.
† Boones, London.

is consistent with the plan of this Register. We shall return to it when more at leisure.

TREATISES ON ARCHITECTURE AND BUILDING.* By WILLIAM HOSKINS, Esq.—This is the history of architecture written for the Encyclopædia Britannica, combined with that of building, from the same work; taken together, they form a valuable manual, whether for the practical professional man, the *amateur* in building, or the student in architecture. The work is of the size of the Encyclopædia, and is illustrated with 20 architectural plates, some of them of great beauty. These are, St. Paul's, St. Peter's, the Parthenon, York Cathedral, the Farnese Palace, in different elevations, and specimens of all the orders and styles of building. This publication of valuable treatises, in a separate form, is an excellent idea.

MEMORIALS OF OXFORD; *Historical and Descriptive Accounts of the Colleges, Halls, Churches, and other Public Buildings.* Edited by Dr. Ingram, with Engravings, &c. No. I.†—If the succeeding numbers be at all equal to the present, this work will be one of the cheapest and most creditable that has issued from even the modern press. This first number contains two line engravings—*Christchurch Cathedral*, and the *interior of the Chapter-house*; besides three vignette woodcuts; all of which are executed with great skill. The two former are by LE KEUX, after the drawings of Mr. MACKENZIE, and we know not which of these gentlemen most to compliment. The letterpress of Dr. Ingram may become matter for future observations as the work grows.

From the excessive cheapness of this publication—*two* shillings for a quarto edition, proof plates, and sixteen pages of letterpress!—we almost fear that the charge can never remunerate the publishers; but that is their affair; be it ours to offer our warm commendation.

KEY TO POLITICAL KNOWLEDGE, NOS. I. AND II.—As a monthly Supplement to the *Spectator* Newspaper, pamphlets, of much present interest, are appearing under the above title. The first is devoted to *the working of the House of Commons*; the second *to the Public Expenditure*. Great pains and research have been bestowed upon both; and they are full of the kind of knowledge which it is most desirable for every man to possess, who would thoroughly understand the only way in which convulsion is to be averted, and the country saved. Nothing remains but to diffuse them by waggon-loads, at a cheap rate.

WHIG GOVERNMENT; *or, A Two Years' Retrospect.*—This is a pamphlet of 39 pages of special pleading, preparatory to the approaching election. In sum and substance, it appeared in the last *Edinburgh Review*. It is, from beginning to end, eulogistic or vindicatory of Ministers. Their domestic policy is only surpassed by their foreign policy; taken together, their conduct is divine in wisdom, and angelic in purity; and, therefore, every elector, avoiding Tories and also Radicals, *i. e.* independent candidates, ought to vote only for such men as will support this *beau ideal* of a Government. We are far from saying that there is not truth in many of the statements of this pamphlet, though, taken as a whole, it is overdone. There is "too much cry for the little wool," especially when we remember who took the old ram by the horns, while Ministers made their first small clipping. The great boast of reduction of expenditure ends with "a clear saving, in one year, of L.234,000!!" We think one note of admiration might have signalized this amount very sufficiently. When we hear of a million saved out of the most profuse expenditure the world ever dreamed of, even above fifty millions, we shall award one mark of admiration, (!) and proceed in the same ratio. The writer of the pamphlet has avoided the dangerous ground of the Reviewer: we hear little of "the plunderers and spoilers." Even as a party affair, the *Retrospect* is not the most skilful. It is only calculated to influence those who are already partisans, or the men who instinctively chop round with the wind, and cling to all existing governments.

HOW WILL IT WORK? *Address of Lord Teynham to the Electors of Great Britain.*—This, also, is a pamphlet for the crisis; and now in its second edition. It is written in a very different spirit from the *Two Years' Retrospect*, and is, in fact, as generous a piece of true Radicalism as it has ever fallen to our lot to peruse. By Radicalism we mean the recognition of the rights of the many, in preference to the usurped privileges of the few, and the distinct admission that all government is for the people, and the creature of the people. This pamphlet contains an able retrospect of English society and government, from the reign of the Tudors; and advice to electors, which they would do well to ponder. We wish that our limits admitted the repetition of this advice.

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* Black, Edinburgh.
† Tilt, London.

THE PRACTICE OF THE COURT OF SESSION.—*By* JAMES JOHNSTON DARLING, Writer to the Signet. 2 VOLS. 8vo.*—The increase in the number of appeals to the House of Lords, from the Court of Session, led to the appointment of a Parliamentary Commission, in 1824, to investigate the state of the forms of proceeding in the Scottish courts. The result of this commission was, that a great many alterations were recommended, principally with the view of preventing the intermingling of law and fact, in judicial pleadings, as has been too long the practice of our courts. In the year 1825, the new system came into operation; but we have not hitherto had any book to explain the new forms, as modified by numerous regulations of court; and, by upwards of 1000 adjudged cases. The present volumes, therefore, can hardly fail to be useful to the law practitioner. The compilation has evidently been the result of much personal labour; and there is hardly a proposition contained in it, which is not supported by a reference to an adjudged case, or other authority.

From personal knowledge of the author, we can confidently recommend his book to the legal profession, as the work of a man, by his talents, business habits, and perfect familiarity with the details of which his book treats, peculiarly qualified for the work he undertook.

WORKS PREPARING.

The author of "The Revolt of the Bees," and "The Reproof of Brutus," has in the press "Hampden in the Nineteenth Century; or, Colloquies on the Errors and Improvement of Society," in 2 vols. 8vo, with Plates and Diagrams.

Early in December will appear, the Second Series of that work, which, under the title of "THE CHAMELEON,"—as expressive of the changeful variety of its contents—last year held a middle rank between the Annuals, which it resembled in handsomeness, and those substantial works that challenge criticism at other than gift-giving seasons. It will this time have a new feature, in twelve original melodies, for the voice and piano-forte, by eminent composers,—thus combining both literary and musical attractions. Mr. Atkinson, who was last year the sole author, has been proffered the powerful assistance of many whose names would be a tower of strength; but nearly the whole will be anonymous.

A New-Year book will appear at the holydays, named, "THE EPIGRAMMATIST'S ANNUAL." It is to consist of an original epigram for every day of next year, with some extra merriment, in the shape of a few comic tales, for Christmas week, and to be illustrated by eight humorous sketches; while the bulk of the whole book, it is promised, is not to exceed that of a modish snuff-box.

Mr. Mayne is preparing, for the press, a third edition of the "Siller Gun," considerably enlarged, and accompanied with notes and illustrations. We are sufficiently acquainted with the merits of this admired of Sir Walter Scott to assure readers of Scottish poesy, that, by its fine feeling, and correct delineations of character, it will furnish them with a source of gratification.

The Cabinet Annual Register, and Historical, Biographical, Political, and Miscellaneous Chronicle of 1832, is announced for publication on the 1st of February next, with additional claims to public favour and patronage.

*** THE MASQUE OF ANARCHY—*An original poem, by* SHELLEY; *with a Preface by* LEIGH HUNT;—ROMANCE IN IRELAND, and some other volumes, are received too late in the month to afford time for reading them with the requisite attention, or allotting the necessary space to them; in fact, just as we are going to press. To be noticed in the current month, books must be sent early.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Rev. H. E. Head's Sermons, 8vo. 6s. 6d.
A Manual for the Parish Priest, 12mo. 3s.
Rev. J. Penrose's Explanatory Lecture on St. Matthew, 12mo, 6s. 6d.
Bent's New Week's Preparation, 18mo, 1s. 6d.
Reece's Lady's Medical Guide, 12mo, 4s.
Brandicourt's Plan for Teaching the French Verbs, 2s. 6d.
Explanatory and Practical Comments on the New Testament, 8vo. 10s. 6d.
Baxter's Library of Agricultural and Horticultural Knowledge, royal 8vo. Second Edition, 1*l.* 12s.
The Poetic Negligee, 10s. 6d.
Watkin's Principles of Conveyancing, by Merrifield, royal 8vo. 1*l.* 8s.
Geography, in all Ages, 12mo, 8s.
History of the Jews, in all Ages, fc. 8vo. 10s. 6d.
School Edition of Ditto, 7s.
Hodson's Morning Discourses, 8vo. 10s. 6d.
Edgeworth's Novels and Tales, Vol. VII. 5s.
Dr. Williams on the Structure and Functions of the Skin, 8vo. 5s. 6d.
Valpy's Shakspeare, with Illustrations, Vol. I. 5s.

* W. Tait, Edinburgh.

Valpy's Classical Library, No. 35, Euripedes, Vol. II. 4s. 6d.
Memoir of T. Hardy, written by Himself, 4s. 6d.
The Parliament-House Book, for 1832,—1833, 5s.
Myren's Digest of the Laws, Duties, and Practice of the Customs, &c. for 1832, 1833, 3s. 6d.
New Gil Blas; or Pedro of Penaflor, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 7s. bds.
Encyclopædia Britannica, Vol IV. Part I. 4to. Seventh Edition, 18s. bds.
Bateman's Practical Synopsis of Cutaneous Diseases, 8vo. Seventh Edition, 15s. bds.
Foreign Quarterly R view, No. XX, 6s.
De Porquet's F ench Dictionary,—nglish and French—French and English, 4s 6d. bds.
Tagart's Memoirs of Captain Peter Heywood, R.N. 8vo. 9s.
Thesaurus Linguæ Latinæ, 4s.
Key to Linguæ Latinæ, 3s 6d.
De Porquet's French Poetical Gift, 4s.
Political Reflections on the Present Crisis, 8vo. 3s.
Analecta Græca Minora, 12mo, 4s.
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Planche's Lays and Legends of the Rhine, 10s. 6d.
Day's Latin Syntax, 12mo. 3s.
Cuvier's Animal Kingdom, 4*l.* 4s.
Kearsley's Tax Tables, 1832, 1833, 1s.
Williams' Abstracts, 1832, 8vo. 9s.

FINDEN'S LANDSCAPE ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE WORKS OF LORD BYRON, PART VIII.—Of seven engravings three are from the drawings of Mr. J. M. W. R. A. Turner;—the Temple of Minerva, Cape Colonna;—Bacharach on the Rhine; and the Castle of St. Angelo. The works of this gentleman are as popular as, if not the most popular of, any living artist. He has contrived to attain a reputation, the right to which it is, at this time, something hazardous to question; and, what to him is of equal, perhaps more sterling value, acquired plenty of that metal which the brilliant tints of his pallet invariably symbolize. Impalpable glory is a very fine thing, no doubt, but genius, unluckily, is enshrined in carnal chambers, and vulgar flesh must be fed to repair the tenement so prone to daily dilapidation; true worldly philosophy points to the mode by which man's wasting lump of clay, dried in the sun, may be still kept fitted for the abiding place of the immortal spirit; and Mr. Turner has so far followed the guidance of the finger of philosophy. The measure of his mind's ambition is full; his name is mighty among the sons of earth; and of bread and butter the choicest, he lacketh no supply: this is true glory.

Skilful of head, and expert of hand is Mr. Turner; nature—whom no man has more libelled or falsified in the extravagance of his imagination—nature possesses nothing too great or too gorgeous for the pencil of this fascinating colorist. He will not only robe his mountains, his seas, and his cities, with the golden magnificence of a summer sunset, but, in the calmness of his imperturbable confidence, will fling you into his *kit-cat* mighty Sol himself, in all the rich and yellow luxuriance of his unbonneted rotundity! The moon he, of course, plays with as a cat is wont to amuse the mice; and upon our honour and our conscience, we believe that if he had to depict a snow scene, no pigment, from vermilion to Zedoary-root, would he deem too warm to be therein introduced. He sees as through a glass, but *not* darkly, and that glass must be a multiplier, each separate plane of which is different in tint. It were monstrous, therefore, to suppose that the *burin* of the engraver could ever impart any thing of the sparkle and glitter of his splendid pencil; yet the graphic copies of these luminous originals, humbled as they are down to mere gradations of black and white, are eminently beautiful. Mr. Turner is a man, too, of placid waters and troubled skies, and hence his "lights and shadows" are pleasant to look upon. In viewing his cloud scenery, if you be at all addicted to the synthetical processes of mind, you shall be assured that storms are brooding as confidently as though you heard their moans and felt their gusty precursors; but if you carry your vision below, to the still and gentle waters under the earth, mirroring the objects planted upon its surface in all their multi-generous variety, straightway you shall loathe your logic as spurious and unsound. It is by this huddled but happy confusion of gradatory tints, it would seem, that he manages to charm; and that he does charm, appeal to the first picture-gazer you meet.—But we have become stupified by our own magniloquence and the glare of his remembered pictures, while we should have talked in sober criticism of Finden's Illustrations; and now we have brief space left.

The *Bacharach*, already named, is a delightful little vignette, Turner every inch of it; and notwithstanding its closely packed contents, every *item* is clearly made out, and every line tells. *St. Angelo*, we like less; the contrast of shade with the lights is too harsh and inharmonious. There is a solemn grandeur about the scenery and sacred ruins of the *Temple of Minerva* which we are much pleased with; the moon, peering through the black obscurity beyond, is a fine conception. *Mount Etna*, by Purser, is pretty, but too thin, and faulty also in its aerial perspective. *St. Sophia*, by Roberts, is capital, and gives, in a small space, an excellent notion of the vastness of that magnificent structure. Gastineau's *Simplon*, and Callcott's *Verona*, are both clever productions.

Had we not exhausted all our stock of hard words and expletives, we should have spoken, as becomes us, in praise of the engravings; they are worthy the name subscribed to them—whether rightfully or wrongfully, is no business of ours.

Upon the whole, this number is among the very best of those which have been yet published.

LANDSCAPE ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE PROSE AND POETICAL WORKS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT; *with Portraits of the Principal Female Characters. No. 7.**—The present number contains a view of

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* Chapman and Hall.

"Durham," by our friend *Robson*, that wholesale dealer in indigo and orpiment, than whom no painter, this side immortality, knows better how to *make* a picture, and a pleasing one: of "Newark Castle," by *De Wint*, a sombre structure enough, rearing its dreary crest into a fine fresh morning sky: of "St. Anthony's Chapel," a moonlight scene, by *G. Barret*, but nevertheless in all the blackness of desolation: and of the "Tolbooth," by *Nasmyth*, a correct representation, and a pretty picture to boot. The portrait of "Amy Robsart," to which we have made allusion in another notice, and the autograph of Sir Walter, precede the whole; and these together, compose a number which fastidious, hypercritical, and penurious enough must they be who begrudge half-a-crown for its contents. Rumour reports an extensive sale for this little work; we hope, and cannot doubt, it will continue.

PORTRAITS OF THE PRINCIPAL FEMALE CHARACTERS IN THE WAVERLEY NOVELS. PART II.*—Surely, no title could have been more luckily, if not appositely, given to portraits such as these. To foist a heap of beautiful faces, namelessly, upon the rude gaze of an unmannered world, would have been a violation of all decent dues; but to give to each the protection of name and identity, and of such exultation, too, was at once a wise and cunningly devised precaution.

We have not yet seen, and never expect to see, any one sketch, portrait, or design, intended as a representation of SCOTT'S ideal characters, male or female, that has at all approached our own individual conceptions. Revert to that lovely face which CHALON has called *Flora M'Ivor*; we can fancy her haughty step and noble presence at such a place as Almacks, the shaft of contempt ready to leap forth from the bow of her beautiful lips, and her proud eye to look into the very earth any presumptuous *miserable*, who dared the wound of the one or the encounter of the other; but that face no more belongs to *our* Flora than it does to the Flora of Chalon himself. Artists, indeed, are by no means expert in portraying the actual visions of even their own mind, be they self-created, or raised by other powers; a *one idea* is ever predominant, and haunts their eye, and guides their hand, in spite of their better judgments. The academician WESTALL is a notable instance of this: in every one of his pictures, and he has consumed much canvass, may be seen this one, enduring, unvarying idea. Whether he paints a hero, an angel, a murderer, a babe, a beldam, withered age, youth, elegance, penury, divinities, or devils, you may testify to their parentage before any police office magistrate in London, without chance of perjury. That fine creature, in a brown study on a rock, which he has christened "contemplation," is evidently the sister of his arch-angel Michael, mother of the Lady of the Lake, own-aunt to Musidora, and surely, though distantly, a-kin to Dirk Hatteraick. The truth is, and it is a secret which every painter will be indignant at the telling, each and all of them to a man, designs his images *as he best can*; he may groupe, drape, and attitudinize his figures, variformly enough; but in their fancy faces there reigns the one idea; and he may as well attempt to change the identity of his own by the contortions of smiling, frowning, or grinning, as try to rid his mind of the master image that dwells in his eye, and is traced by his educated but unconscious hand. Cannot any one, at all conversant with works of arts, at once, and without difficulty, name the artist, upon the first glance at his production, having no more for his guidance than the general acquaintance with the peculiar something that is invariably *stamped* upon them all?

We are not sure what we are driving at in all this, except it be that it is idle to expect any facial semblance between these fancy portraits, and the originals whose names they bear, as conceived by the minds of others; and that it is foolish to quarrel with the names so applied to them, when that of "Betsy Fusby" would not have taken one charm away from that which is here called "Rowena." The thought was a capital one; for this gallery of sweet countenances has gladdened the eyes of many whose hearts are warm, but whose heads are too dull to create the like.

The present Number contains the usual quantity of four portraits; to one of which, a "sweet pretty" face, the name of "Amy Robsart"—the fond, confiding, loving, lovely Amy—has been appended by Mrs. Carpenter. We never read a temper rightly by such an index, however, if sharp wit and a stinging tongue lurk not beneath those downcast eyes and compressed lips. Depend upon it, all the Leicesters on earth would never have made an Amy of the owner. She is a charming creature, but not Amy Robsart. The outlined bust is very graceful.

The beauty of Mr. Boxall's "Diana Vernon" is marred by the profusion of coal-black hair by which the face is surrounded. The eyes are bright and full—full to a fault; but there is little of the *mind* in them which must have lurked half seen in those of the original Di.

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* Chapman and Hall, London.

This seems more the miniature of a hoyden of fifteen, detected by papa in her brother's clothes.

The Lady "ROWENA" of Mr. Stone is a pleasing portraiture of youthful innocence and feminine loveliness. The face is in shadow, relieved by a pencil of light, which slightly strikes upon a portion of her polished forehead, as it emerges from the side hair. To our taste it is far and away the prettiest in the number.

But what shall we say of Mr. Rochard's notion of "Isabel de Croye." We have tried hard to admire it, but failed. The feeling most powerfully excited, after a calm and prolonged examination, has been that of wonder—two-fold wonder; firstly, how in the world a woman could allow herself to be so disfigured by any rascally *perrukier* in the arrangement of her raven black, Irving-like hair; secondly, *can* it be a mere "accident" of art, a means of *relief*, devised by the artist; if the latter, grace defend the taste of Mr. Rochard!

We may more particularly advert to the excellence of the engravings by and by.

This number contains, besides, a fac-simile of the writing of Sir Walter, and a poem on his death by Mr. Swain—a very spirited thing.

MAJOR'S CABINET GALLERY OF PICTURES. No. III.—We merely enumerate the contents of this new number. —A Vandyke choice, the *Gervartius*. It is beautifully engraved. In speaking of Vandyke, Mr. Allan Cunningham says, "Hazlitt is a better authority in painting than in poetry." Then he must be an authority indeed, and one to walk by in galleries. The next painting is Copely's, "THE DEATH OF CHATHAM." Copely was an American artist, the father of Lord Lyndhurst, who, Mr. Cunningham goes rather out of his way to inform us, "has, in our own day, filled the seat of Lord High Chancellor, with honour to himself, and advantage to his country." This picture, as a work of art, is not to our taste; but it claims a place in this selection, from the interest connected with the scene. The portraits are likenesses of the leading Peers of the time. The third engraving is a landscape of Wilson's, teeming with ideas and fine combinations.

PROGRESSIVE DRAWING-BOOK. By CHILDS. Nos. 1, 2, 3, and 4, (complete). STUDIES OF FOREST TREES. By Same No. 1.*—The great objection that may be urged against lithographic drawing-books generally, is, that the free "handling" of the artist on the stone, is *reversed* in the printed impressions, and therefore that they mislead rather than improve the learner in his attempts at fac-simile copying. In the above works this fault does not appear, and they may safely be put into the hands of the student as an excellent exemplar. The subjects are picturesque and well-selected; and the arrangement of the studies calculated to impart a knowledge of *chiaro-scuro*, as well as the first rudiments of the art. This is as it should be.

The execution of the "Forest Trees" is masterly, and may be studied with profit. Both works are very good, very cheap, and of very tasteful exterior.

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* London: Dobbs and Co.

THE DRAMA.

EDINBURGH THEATRICALS.

IT is impossible to trace exactly the progress of the blight which has come over our theatre, and dimmed the lustre, not of its actors, but of its audience. There is something in the temper of the age. A reading public can scarcely be a theatre-going public. Their habits of mind are too different to admit of their receiving each pleasure from the other's pursuits. Then again, as a learned financialist on our establishment, more conversant with the pages of "the Black Book" than those of Shakspeare, would say, "people must work harder now to keep their ground in society, and have less time for amusement." And "last not least," the theatre is not so fashionable a lounge as it once was. A few young men of good principles still make it their haunting place when they have nothing better to do; but they are but a handful compared with those of a former age. The time was when the wives and daughters of advocates and physicians (the thrice distilled quintessence of Edinburgh aristocracy) could slip quietly into the pit to enjoy a favourite play; but now the ermine of their high *caste* would be sullied for ever by such an action. What with all the world (of Edinburgh) being now takers and givers of evening parties, and what with that confounded central chandelier which makes the pit so conspicuous a situation, no genteel person dare now be seen in it. Even Peter

Robertson flies the fifth or sixth benches which Harry Erskine and Harry Brougham did not disdain to occupy. One real gentleman used to haunt, the last of his race, this scene of his youthful happiness, but, alas! sickness now holds him aloof. The best, the only real theatrical critic Edinburgh ever could boast of, the friendly printer of Scott, the acute, the elegant, the kind, the honest, is bowed down by sickness. Our jest has turned to bitter earnest. We sought to laugh, but sorrow has found us. It is time that we turned to business.

Really it is no compliment to Edinburgh that a manager of such taste as Murray, and a company so efficient in many of its departments, should be left to linger on in the way they do. They are not deserted, but neither are they supported. A pittance is extended sufficient to keep them alive, and no more. It would almost be greater charity to starve them at once. Decidedly the best tragic actress at present on our boards is Miss Jarman. In addition to her eminent tragical talents, and her powers in what is oddly termed serious comedy, Miss Jarman is, perhaps, yet more pleasing in such characters as Lady Bell and the Youthful Queen. Ternan is a good actor in the heavy line, better far than the average run of those who fill such parts in a provincial theatre. Murray is, undeniably, the first comic actor on the British stage, since Dowton retired. Mason, if he had physical strength equal to his abilities, would not have a competitor; and as it is, his Trapbois, Casca, his old stewards, and similar characters, are inimitable. Mackay, with a more limited range, is an actor we always like to see. He is identified with Bailie Jarvie, and, in an old Spanish major-domo, the cocking his nose is as alarming as the cocking of another man's pistol. It would be difficult to conjecture what the Edinburgh stage would do without Pritchard—everywhere and everything, the only Rob Roy now in existence. There remains a most exemplary tail; some whose office it is to carry their chief over a puddle, and some whose business it is to help a lame dog over a stile; but equally unsusceptible of discriminating notice with Virgil's "fortemque Gyan, fortemque Cloanthem." The ballet and the orchestra are on a more than respectable footing. D'Albert has the dashing intrepidity and grace of a bounding stag, and we could pay our four shillings every night to hear the overture to Mozart's Requiem, under the guidance of honest Dewar. The "Tableaux Vivans," which the manager has occasionally exhibited of late, have had an excellent effect in teaching the company the importance of good grouping in the drama, a secret hitherto confined to French performers.

On the whole, our theatrical establishment is *quoad* the actors, on a good and improving footing. We shall venture to drop in and report progress from time to time, now that we have found the road thither.

LONDON THEATRICALS.

Gloomy whispers are abroad about the theatres. Laporte swears to the free air, that he is losing by tens and by fifties every night of performance: Polhill, more mutely eloquent, points grimly to the vacant benches in any part of Old Drury any night you like, as an index to his treasury. Report, that lying hussy, who drops a truth now and then, that she may not be altogether discredited, avers that Covent Garden will close its doors before the month is closed, and shrugs her shoulders, and looks villanously dismal upon Drury; that both managers have made a *strike*, and offer half salaries, instead of whole, to their respective troops; that the offer has been indignantly rejected, upon the ground that said troops would rather starve outright than starve by inches, cursing the unhappy *stars* which shine malignly on their fortunes. Certain it is that the Garden is open but three nights a-week, thus thriftily reducing its losses by a moiety; that the Strand, the pretty Strand Theatre, has shut up shop quite;* that most of the minors are desolately thin, and totter on their bases; and that some great convulsion is threatened, the consequences of which manager nor critic can declare.

These are disastrous tidings, and wise heads have been laid together to devise some plan for averting worse. It is believed, that reduced prices will be the order of the day, and that reduced salaries will necessarily follow; and this method of keeping theatrical speculators, and their dependants, from ruin quite, is, perhaps, at the present juncture, the most sagacious of all.

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* Mrs. Waylett, upon her recent return from Ireland, shouted into the astonished ears of poor Rayner, "*Helm-a-lee!*" but the latter liked not the pilotage, and would none of it; a very pretty *row* was got up; the arbitrement of the police was in requisition; lawyers were ejected, and their clerks jammed to a jelly; the rival occupants, Rayner and Lee, engaged in Greek-like war tugs; the performers,

"Hand in hand, with lingering steps and slow,"

wandered they cared not whither; and "the Strand" has become, alas! the mausoleum of its own glory.

MUSIC.

George Aspull.—The death of this musician, at the age of 18, has cut short our high expectations of his maturing powers. The genius of Aspull shone out at the very dawn of his existence, and was rich and promising. Music seemed a

passion that abstracted from him the very buoyancy of youth. We shall never forget the wrapt and earnest expression he assumed, when called from his play to the piano-forte. The transition was almost supernatural. At that time, (seven years ago,) his extempore performances were marked with vigorous perception of musical effect, and his execution was remarkably neat and fluent. His knowledge might then be almost called intuitive; for to play a long continued piece of excellent music off-hand, without knowing the resources of art, seemed a faculty which nature alone could have taught him to exercise. He had since cultivated his genius, and acquired initiation into musical science; and the result was, the production of several pieces of classical merit. Some of these are, we observe, about to be published, along with his life; but many of his choicest thoughts were unwritten, and are now lost to the world for ever.

Ode to the Memory of Sir Walter Scott. By Robert Gilfillan. Composed by Finlay Dun.*

Dirge on the Death of Sir Walter Scott. By W. Millar. Composed by P. Macleod.†

The lamented demise of Scott has called forth some tributary offerings to his memory. Gilfillan's Ode possesses considerable poetic merit; and Mr. Dun has adapted it to music with a master-hand. The joint production of Millar and Macleod does much credit to their taste and judgment. These lyrical effusions are well-timed, and deserve a favourable reception, no less on account of the mournful event, which has occasioned them, than for their individual merits, as clever pieces of composition.

The Parted Spirit. A serious Glee. Words by John Malcolm, Esq. Composed by Finlay Dun.*

This composition, which obtained the prize at the Manchester Glee Club, in 1831, is of a very superior description—full of fine invention, and admirable arrangement. The subjects are flowing and melodious—the harmony very skilfully constructed. The greatest extension is given to the middle movement, which is marked with fine chastened elegance, to which the rich key of A flat, major, materially contributes. The effect is sorrowful, but exciting a pleasing sensation,—the true charm of melancholy, which Rogers had in his mind when he says,

"I would not, if I could, be gay."

The change, at "Winds waft the breath of flowers," comes like a freshening breeze on the listening sense. This concluding part of the composition is quite delightful. Mr. Dun has essayed so successfully in glee writing, that we hope he will be induced to favour us with many more works in this style.

* Paterson and Roy, Edinburgh.
† Goulding and Co. London.

* Mori and Lavenu, London.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

At Hawick, on 18th October, Mrs Dr. Graham, of a son.

On 18th October, Mrs. Hood, of Stonebridge, of a son.

At Edinburgh, on 20th October, the Lady of William Penney, of a son.

In Bruton Street, London, on 20th October, the Lady of Benjamin Sawyers, Esq. of a daughter.

At Edinburgh, on 23d October, the Lady of David Dickson, younger, of Hartree, advocate, of a son.

At 1, Stafford Street, Edinburgh, on 23d October, Mrs. Nunn, of a daughter.

At Park Street, Grosvenor Square, London, on 23d October, the Lady of Sir John M. Burgoyne, Bart., of a son and heir.

At Milford House, Hants, on 23d October, the Lady of Lieutenant-Colonel D. Arcy, of a son.

At Froyle Parsonage, Hants, on 23d October, Mrs. Sangford, Sainsburg, of a daughter.

At 9, Newington Place, Edinburgh, on 25th October, Mrs. H. Pillans, of a daughter.

At Twickenham Park, Middlesex, on 25th October, the Lady of Thomas Todd, Esq. of a son.

At Cramlington, Northumberland, on 26th October, Mrs. Edward Potter, of a son.

At Ardgowan, on 27th October, Lady Shaw Stewart, of a daughter.

At 14, Scotland Street, on 27th October, Mrs. Balfour, of a daughter.

At Barking Hall, on 27th October, the Lady of W. Rhodes James, Esq., of a daughter.

At Bayswater, on 28th October, the Lady of J. C. Louden, Esq., of a daughter.

At Earl Fortescue's, Castle Hill, Devonshire, on 28th October, Lady Elizabeth Courtenay, of a son.

At Wicken, Northamptonshire, on 28th October, Mrs. George Fitzroy, of a son.

At Castle Hill, Dublin, on 28th October, Lady Elizabeth Courtenay, of a son.

On 29th October, Mrs. Edward Willoughby, of Lancaster Place, London, of a daughter.

At Ruthven Manse, on 29th October, Mrs. Gardener, of a son.

At 109, Douglas Street, Glasgow, on 30th October, Mrs. Robert Knox, of a daughter.

At Castlemilk, on 30th October, the Lady of James Hotchkes, Esq., of a son.

At Bichester House, on 30th October, the Viscountess Chetwynd, of a daughter.

At 10, Moore Place, Glasgow, on 31st October, Mrs. H. Rainy, of a son.

At Blyth Hall, on the 31st October, the Lady of William Stratford Dugdale, M. P., of a daughter.

At Cadzow Bank, Hamilton, on 31st October, the Lady of the Rev. William Meek, D.D., of a son.

At Inchrya House, on 31st October, Mrs. Clerk Rattray, of a son.

At Setcombe, near Wantage, on 1st November, the Lady of the Rev. W. H. Wilkinson of a daughter.

At Newcastle, on 1st November, Mrs. Alexander George Gray, of a son.

At Kentish Town, on 2d November, the Lady of W. H. Reynell, Esq. of a son.

At 14, Stafford Street, Edinburgh, on 3d November, Mrs. Anthony Murray, of a daughter.

At 13, Annandale Street, Edinburgh, on 3d November, Mrs. Drysdale, of a son.

At Dunnikier House, on 3d November, the Lady of Sir John Oswald, of a son.

At Dalkeith Palace, on 5th November, the Duchess of Buccleugh, of a son.

At Sackville Street, London, on 5th November, Viscountess Valletort, of a son and heir.

At Merworth, on 5th November, the Hon. Lady Stapleton, of twin daughters.

At Geneva, on 5th November, the Lady of Charles Vernet, Esq., of a son.

On 6th November, the Lady of George Lee, of Well Hall, Eltham, Kent, Esq., of a son.

At Ladykirk Manse, on 6th November, Mrs G. H. Robertson, of a son.

At Whitehall Place, London, on 7th November, Lady Henley, of a son.

At Ludlow, Shropshire, on 7th November, the Lady of Allen J. Nightingale, Esq., Assistant-Commissary-General, of a son.

At 40, Charlotte Street, Leith, on 8th November, Mrs. Bombe, of a son.

At Birkenbog, Banffshire, on 8th November, the Lady of James Anderson, Esq. of a daughter.

At Gloucester Place, Edinburgh, on 9th November, Mrs. Charles Earle, of a son.

At 7, St. Andrew's Square, on 9th November, Mrs. M'Kean, of a son.

On 9th November, the Lady of James Dunlop, Esq., M.D., of Baker Street, Portman Square, of a son, still-born.

At Walton Rectory, on 9th November, the Lady of the Rev. Lord John Thyme, of a son.

At Grosvenor Gate, Park Lane, London, on 11th November, the Lady of J. Fairlie, Esq. of a daughter.

At Dingwall, on 13th November, the Lady of Hugh James Cameron, Esq., of a daughter.

At Cambridge, the Lady of Major Jones, 18th Foot, of a daughter.

At Hamilton Place, London, the Countess Gower, of a son.

At his Lordship's seat, Easton Neston, Northamptonshire, the Countess of Pomfret, of a son.

In Brighton, the Baroness Fabock, of a daughter.

At Paramatta, in New South Wales, on St. Valentine's day last, the Lady of N. Sipscomb Kentish, Esq., late Professor in the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, and formerly of Winchester, of a daughter.

At 7, Lower Garden Street, Dublin, Mrs. D. Alton M'Arthy, of a son.

At Munich, the Hon. Mrs. Yeates Brown, of a daughter.

At Wenvoe Castle, Glamorgamshire, on 12th November, the Lady of Robert F. Jenner, Esq., of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

In June last, at Port Louis, Mauritius, Henry James Day, Esq., lieutenant and adjutant of his Majesty's 90th regiment of foot, to Eliza, second daughter of Captain Terry, paymaster of the 90th.

At Eholsund, Sweden, on 26th August last, Captain John Engelhardt, to Agnes, daughter of Dr. Patrick Baron Seton, of Preston.

At Quebec, on 1st October, the Rev. Thomas Clark Wilson, of New Perth, to Anne, eldest daughter of Mr. Robert M'Donald, Glasgow.

At Fort George, on 1st October, E. Bush, Esq., Surgeon, 93d Highlanders, to Isabella Agnes Manford, daughter of William Manford, Esq., barrack-master of Fort George.

At the Palace, Valetta, on 1st October, Robert Anstruther, Esq. of Thirdpart, Fife, Major in the 73d regiment, to Louisa, youngest daughter of Sir Howard Elphinstone, Bart. of Ore Place, Sussex, colonel in the corps of Royal Engineers.

At Derrynane Abbey, on 8th October, Charles O'Connel, of Bahoss, Esq., to Kate, second daughter of Daniel O'Connel, M.P.

On 9th October, Mr. R. Pringle, late of Perth, to Miss Anne Lemon, of London.

At Edinburgh, on 12th October, Mr. Robert Smith, preacher of the Gospel, to Jesse, daughter of Mr. Dobbie, of the City Mission.

At St James', London, on 14th October, James Grant, Esq., Banffshire, to Cecilia Margaret, youngest daughter of the late Sir John Leslie, Bart., of Findrassie and Wardis, Morayshire, N.B.

At Sligo, Ireland, on 15th October, John Fenton Motherwell, Esq., to Elizabeth, daughter of William Fowler, Esq. of Edinburgh.

At Simon Burn, in Northumberland, on 16th October, the Rev. Richard Clayton, to Mary-Ann, eldest daughter of the Rev. Francis Laing.

At Glasgow, on 16th October, the Rev. William Ead, ojewellrslesham, to Mary, second daughter of the late Thomas Cuthbertson, Esq., of Lyon Cross.

At the British Ambassador's Chapel, Paris, on 18th October, William, son of Richard Fitzgerald, Esq. of Muckeridge House, county of Cork, to Sarah, relict of the late Rev. Charles Dewell, of Malmsbury.

At Kelcullen Church, on 19th October, George Henry Heathcote, Esq. M.D. of Prospect Hill, county of Galway, to Anne Lydia, eldest daughter of Frederick Homan, Esq. late comptroller of the British Mail, Dublin.

On 20th October, by special license, Sheffington Bristow, of his Majesty's 25th regiment, (the Borderers) to Bridget, only daughter of Sir Robert Webster, of Webster Park, Shropshire.

At Clifton, on 20th October, George Bush, Esq. to Anne, second daughter of the late William Perry, Esq. of Gambon's Town, county of Tipperary.

At Badminton, on 22d October, George Finch, Esq. to the Lady Louisa Elizabeth Somerset, fifth daughter of the Duke of Beaufort.

At Shergarton, on 22d October, the Rev. Thomas Anderson Crawford, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the late John Harvie, Esq., of Shergarton.

At Echt House, Aberdeenshire, on 23d October, Patrick Watson Carnegy, Esq., of Loan and Turin, Forfarshire, to Rachel Ann, eldest daughter of James Forbes, Esq., of Echt.

At Overton House, on 23d October, Mr. George Ferme, junior, farmer, Roseberry House, to Anne, only daughter of Mr. John Plumer.

At Viewforth Place, Edinburgh, on 23d October, the Rev. William Scott Moncrieff, of Pennicuik, to Hectorina, youngest daughter of James Robertson, Esq.

At Wistow, near Selby, on 23d October, Mr. A. F. T. Graham, surgeon, Selby, to Miss Nicholson, daughter of the late William Nicholson, Esq., of Wistow Lordship.

At St James's Church, London, on 23d October, Robert Otway Cave, Esq. of Castle Otway and Lisson Hall, in the county of Tipperary, to Sophia, eldest daughter of Sir Francis Burdett, Bart.

At 5, Atholl Place, Edinburgh, on 24th October, James Tait, Esq. jun., Hailes, to Jane, only daughter of John Wilson, Esq., of Garden Estate, Trinidad.

At Christ Church, Marylebone, on 24th October, J. S. Campbell, M. D. of Duke Street, Portland Place, to Margaret Munro, youngest daughter of the late Edward Penman, Esq.

At West Ham, on 24th October, William Champion, second son of the Rev. Thomas Streatfield, of Chart's Edge, Kent, to Hannah, fourth daughter of Joseph Fry, Esq. of Upton Lane, Essex.

At 23, London Street, Edinburgh, on 24th October, Mr. George Hillson, junior, Jedburgh, to Mary, fourth daughter of the late John Kennedy, Esq. factor to the Marquis of Breadalbane.

At Marylebone Church, on 25th October, the Rev. Atwell Lake, of West Walton, Norfolk, son of the late Sir James Winter Lake, Bart. to Sophia, daughter of the late Samuel Turner, Esq of Upper Wimpole Street.

At Gordon Castle, N. B. on 25th October, the Marquis of Abercorn, to Lady Louisa Russell, daughter of the Duke of Bedford.

At Perth, on 26th October, John Moir, Esq. Accountant, of the Royal Bank, to Helen Elphinstone, daughter of the late Walter Lockhart, Esq. Depute-Clerk of Session.

At St. James's, London, on 29th October, George Bramwell, Esq. junior, of the Inner Temple, and Park Street, Westminster, to Mary Jane, eldest daughter of the late James Christie, Esq. of King Street, St. James's Square.

At Itchen Abbas, Hants, on 29th October, Hugh, son of Archdeacon Berners, of Wolverstone Park, Suffolk, to Alice, youngest daughter of the late John Ashton, Esq. of the Grange, Cheshire.

At Paisley, on 30th October, Matthew A. Baird, Esq. Greenbank Dyeworks, to Janet, eldest daughter of Ninian Hodgert, Esq. Union Bank.

At 60, Cumberland Street, Edinburgh, on 30th October, Robert Cumming, Esq. Kilmarnock, to Helen, daughter of Mr. Samuel Halket.

At St. Andrews, Holborn, on 31st October, Samuel Nickson, Esq. of Southampton Buildings, Middlesex, to Sophia, youngest daughter of the late Thomas Brixey, of Sandhillhouse, Fordingbridge, Hants, Esq.

At Inches House, on 31st October, John Baillie Rose, second son of the late Colonel Hugh Rose, of Kilravock, to Ellen Phillis Pattinson, youngest daughter of the late Richard Pattinson, Esq. of Shandwick, Upper Canada.

At Skirling, on 2d November, Mr. George Ramsay, Schoolmaster of that parish, to Miss Noble, eldest daughter of Mr. Robert Noble, Skirling.

At Arbroath, on 6th November, Mr. James Weir, Writer, Edinburgh, to Rennald, third daughter of Mr. John Rodger, Shipowner, Arbroath.

At Gresford, on 7th November, Captain Mostyn, R. N. of Llewesog, Denbighshire, to Susanna, youngest daughter of the late John Stanislaus Townsend, Esq. of Trevllyn.

At Laurieston Castle, on 8th November, William Charles Henry, Esq of Manchester, M. D. to Margaret, daughter of Thomas Allan, Esq. of Laurieston.

At Edinburgh, on 8th November, the Rev. James Craik, Minister of Scone, to Margaret, eldest daughter of Walter Grieve, Esq 31, Gilmour Place.

At 11, West Maitland Street, Edinburgh, on 10th November, Mr. James P. Cumine, farmer, Arddinston, Berwickshire, to Jane Cross, daughter of William Irvine, Esq. Brechin.

At Kelso, on 13th November, Archibald Horne, Esq. accountant in Edinburgh, to Agnes, daughter of the late James Darling, Esq. agent for the Bank of Scotland at Kelso.

At Buccleugh Place, Edinburgh, on 13th November, William Hagart, Esq. Edinburgh, to Jane, eldest daughter of the late Hugh Walker, Esq. of Carron Hall, St. Mary's, Jamaica.

At St. Pancras Church, London, on 13th November, James William Duncan, Esq. of Ulster Place, Regent Park, to Esther Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Thomas Greenwood, Esq. Cumberland Place, Regent Park.

At Edinburgh, on 14th November, Mr. James Marshall, jeweller, to Margaret, second daughter of John Patterson, Esq. Carlton Place.

At St. Clement Danes, on 14th November, Lieutenant Edmund Hume Forbes Denman, of the Madras Artillery, to Miss Ann Hall, of Flora Place, Plymouth.

At Bloomsbury Church, London, on 14th November, the Rev. Richard Bellamy, to Mary, youngest daughter of Edward Vaux, Esq. of Upper Montague Street, Russell Square.

At Marylebone Church, London, on 15th November, the Rev. Brook G. Bridges, son of the late Sir Brook W. Bridges, Bart. of Goodnestone Park, Kent, to Louisa, daughter of the late Charles Chaplain, Esq. of Blankney, Lincoln.

At 130, George Street, Edinburgh, on 15th November, Alexander Bartholomew, Esq Paisley, to Elizabeth, daughter of the late Mr. Hume, Castlemains of Yester, East Lothian.

At 26, Northumberland Street, Edinburgh, on 15th November, the Rev. Dr. David Scott, minister of Corstorphine, to Miss Helen Heugh, daughter of the late John Heugh of Gartcows, Esq.

At Leith Hall, on 15th November, Major Mitchell of Ashgrove, to Mary, eldest surviving daughter of General Hay of Rannes.

At 58, Great King Street, Edinburgh, George Johnston, Jun. Esq., East Wemyss, Fife, to Jane, third surviving daughter of the late William Sibbald, sen., Leith.

At Holy Trinity Church, Brompton, the Hon. Henry Arundell, son of the late Right Honourable James Everard, ninth Lord Arundell, of Wardour Castle, to Elizabeth Emmeline, only daughter of Joseph Esdaile, Court, Surrey.

Major Mariott, of Sellersbrook, to Catherine, daughter of the late G. Griffin, Esq of Newton, Monmouth.

At Marylebone Church, London, the Rev. B. G. Bridges, son of the late Sir B. W. Bridges, Bart., of Kent, to Louisa, daughter of the late E. Chaplin, Esq. of Lincoln.

At Philadelphia, Dr. Gilman Kemball, to Mary, eldest daughter of the late Dr. Henry Dewar, of Lassodie.

At Rolvenden, Kent, Major G. Willock, K.L.S. to Charlotte, only daughter of the Rev. J. R. Combe, of Sparkes, Rolvenden.

At St. George's, Hanover Square, London, the Hon. F. L. Brown son of the late, and brother to the present, Lord Kilmaine, to Lucy, daughter of Sir J. and Lady F. Wedderburn, of May Fair

At St. George's, Hanover Square, London, J. H. Holley, Esq. of Burgh, Norfolk, to Horatio, third daughter of Vice-Admiral Windham, of Felbrigg Hall, in that county.

At St. George's, Hanover Square, London, the Hon. Theobald Fitzwalter Butler, eldest son of Lord Dunboyne, to Julia, second daughter of the late William Brander, Esq. of Morden Hall, Surrey.

At St. James's, Colchester, Captain Schreiber, late of the 18th Hussars, to Anne, daughter of A. W. Hume, Esq.

At Taunton, J. Hole, Esq., Thorverton, Devon, to Mary Ann, daughter of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Kingsburg, 2d Royals.

DEATHS

On 3d May, near Mambamgœin, Malacca, Ensign George Holford Walker, third son of Joshua Walker, Esq. of Ivy Lodge, St. John's Lodge.

On 11th May last, Mrs. Burke, the lady of the Governor of New South Wales.

In May last, at Mussooree, in the Hunalah Mountains, David Thomas, the infant son of Colonel Harry Thomson.

On his passage from India, on 19th June last, Lord George Thynne, sixth son of the Marquis of Bath.

At Quebec Estate, Jamaica, on 29th August, William Lambie, Esq.

At Toulouse, in France, on 14th September, Donald Cameron, Esq. of Lochiel.

At Benfield, near Cupar Fife, on 22d September, Mr. James Inglis.

At Baltimore, North America, on 2d October, James Burn, Esq., son of the late William Burn, merchant, Edinburgh.

At Edinburgh, on 5th October, Andrew Steele, Esq. of Crosswood-hill, W.S.

At Dunblane, on 7th October, William Stirling, Esq., writer.

At Banff, on 9th October, George Lemmon, Esq., merchant.

At Laverock Bank, on 9th October, Alexander Philip, late insurance broker, London.

At Old Greenlaw, on 10th October, Mr. Alexander Hogg, farmer.

At Inverary, on 11th October, Duncan Campbell, Esq. of Duncholgine, late Sheriff-Substitute of Argyleshire.

On 13th October, Lord Macdonald of Thorpe, near Bredlington, in the county of York, and of Armadill Castle, Isle of Sky, North Britain, a lieutenant-general in the Army.

At Dumfries, on 13th October, Mr. Thomas Daniel.

At the Manse of Chapel Gariock, on 14th October, James Dalrymple, youngest son of the Rev. Henry Simson.

At Greenlaw, on 15th October, Mr. Peter Haig, feuar and carrier.

At Edinburgh, on 15th October, Mary Brown, relict of Colonel James Brown.

At Portobello, on 16th October, Mrs Robertson, widow of Lieutenant-Colonel Donald Robertson.

At Edinburgh, on 17th October, John Rutherford, carrier.

On 17th October, Mrs. Dunkin, widow of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Dunkin, of the 44th Regiment.

At Undercliff, Isle of Wight, on 18th October, James Carnegy, eldest son of James Carnegy Arbuthnot, Esq. of Balnamoon.

At Forres, on 18th October, Cadet James Innes, son of the late Captain John Innes, of his Majesty's 66th Regiment of Foot.

At Dundee, on 18th October, Mr. John Millar.

On 19th October, Mr. William Linton, preacher of the gospel, and Rector of the Grammar School of Brechin.

At Edinburgh, on 19th October, Donald Mackintosh, Esq. W.S.

At Wood End, near Chichester, on 19th October, the Right Honourable Lady Emily Charlotte Berkely, wife of Admiral the Hon. Sir George Berkely, G.C.B.

At Dumfries, on 20th October, Anthony Armstrong, and on 21st, Christopher Armstrong.

At Perth, on 20th October, Lieutenant James Hay, of the 40th regiment, Bengal Army.

On 2 th October, Sir William Rowley, Bart. of Tendring Hall.

At Mayne House, in the county of Louth, Ireland, on 21st October, Anne, wife of Berkeley Buckingham Stafford, Esq. of Mayne, and third daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel Tytler, Edinburgh.

At 23, Union Place, Edinburgh, on 21st October, Mrs. J. R. Marder, wife of Henry Marder, Esq., Cork.

At 17, Duke Street, Edinburgh, on 21st October, Mrs. Barbara Kermock, relict of Mr. Charles Kermock, feuar in Ceres, Fifeshire.

At Worthing, on 22d October, Robert William Scarlett, Esq. eldest son of Sir William A. Scarlett, late Chief Justice of Jamaica.

At Liverpool, on 22d October, Margaret Steel, wife of the Rev. David Thom.

At 8, South Gray Street, Newington, on 22d October, Agnes, third daughter of Mr. Carfrae, junior.

At Pearse Street, Brechin, on the 22d October, Lieutenant Alexander Young, late of the 21st regiment, or Royal North British fusileers.

At Dalkeith, on 23d October, Mrs. Marion Douglas, wife of Mr. William Douglas.

At the Burn, on 23d October, John Ramsay, Esq. of Barra.

At Chessington, Surrey, on 23d October, General William Tombes Dalrymple.

At Dalhousie Castle, on 25th October, George Lord Ramsay.

At Pathhead, Fifeshire, on 26th October, David Millie, Esq. of Cameron Bridge.

At 11, South Charlotte Street, Edinburgh, on 26th October, Mrs. Duthie, widow of the late James Duthie, Esq. Stirling.

At Inverness, on 26th October, Mr. Alexander Fraser, wood merchant.

At Pentland, on 26th October, Mr. Alexander Thomson, farmer.

At 6, John's Place, Links, Leith, on 26th October, Miss Margaret Goodlet, daughter of the late Mr. Alexander Goodlet, Leith.

At Stanmore, on 27th October, Catherine, relict of the late Robert Lambert, Esq. Commissioner of the Royal Navy.

At Edinburgh, on 27th October, John Gordon, senior, Esq. W.S.

At Bath, on 28th October, Joanna, widow of the late Rev. Richard Slade, vicar of Thornbury, Gloucestershire.

At London Row, Leith, on 28th October, Margaret Reid, spouse of Captain Alexander M'Vicar, R. N.

At Haddington, on 29th October, Catherine Pringle, wife of Mr. Andrew Pringle, tanner and wool merchant.

At 47, Hope Park End, on 29th October, Mr. William Miller, of the Bank of Scotland.

At 13, Monteith Row, Glasgow, on 29th October, Mr. Richard Griffin, bookseller.

At Thurso, on 30th October, Miss Alexandrina Brodie, daughter of the late David Brodie, Esq. of Hopeville.

At Aberdeen, on 31st October, George Hogarth, Esq. of Marshalmeadows.

At Torquay, Devonshire, on 31st October, Thomas Keeling, Esq. of the Island of St. Bartholomew, and late of Mornington Crescent, Hampstead Road.

At Pavia, on 31st October, Antonia Scarpa, Professor of Anatomy.

At Edinburgh, on 31st October, Miss Margaret Watson, daughter of the deceased James Watson, Esq. of Saughton.

At Ladyfield Place, Edinburgh, on 31st October, John Edgar, Esq. late accountant of Excise.

At Moffat, on 31st October, Mr. Thomas Harkness, sen., writer, Dumfries.

At Raehan Cottage, Peebles-shire, on 1st November, Lady Raeburn, relict of the late Sir Henry Raeburn.

At Glasgow, on 1st November, Mr. Patrick Macfarlane.

At 29, Bernard Street, Leith, on 2d November, William, eldest son of William Lorimer, Esq. solicitor.

At Elderslie House, on 2d November, Archibald Spiers, Esq. of Elderslie.

At Edinburgh, on 3d November, Mr. John Laing, surveyor of taxes.

At Edinburgh, on 3d November, Ann, eldest daughter of the late John Ouchterlony, Esq. of Guynd.

At Edinburgh, on 3d November, Mr. John Morison, late merchant, Leith.

At Ravelston, on 4th November, Sir Alexander Keith of Dunnottar, Knight Marischal of Scotland.

At Russell Square, London, on 4th November, the Right Hon. Charles Lord Tenterden, Lord Chief Justice of his Majesty's Court of King's Bench.

At London, on 5th November, Helenora, widow of Claud Alexander, Esq. of Ballochmyle, and daughter of the late Sir William Maxwell, Bart. of Springkell.

On the 5th November, James Smith, Esq. of Swan Walk, Chelsea.

At Eliot Vale, Blackheath, on 6th November, Frederica Augusta, relict of William Lock, late of Norbury Park, Esq.

At Cheltenham, on 6th November, Colonel John Herries.

At Leith, on 6th November, Mrs. Margaret Robertson, relict of Mr. John Thomson, merchant, Leith.

At Kinghorn, on 7th November, James Meldrum, late tenant of Craigton.

At Linlithgow, on 7th Nov. James Rae, Esq. Sheriff Substitute of Linlithgowshire.

At her seat, Kyne House, near Tenbury, on 8th November, Mrs. Pytts, relict of the late Jonathan Pytts, of Kyne, county of Worcester, Esq.

At Shooter's Hill, on 9th November, Lieutenant Colonel General Cuppage, Royal Artillery, and Inspector of the royal Carriage department.

At London, on 9th November, Colonel Robert Broughton, of the Hon. East India Company's service.

At Meadow Place, Edinburgh, on 10th November, Captain James Lunn, late of the 86th regiment.

At Gatehouse of Fleet, on 11th November, Mrs. Janet Gordon, relict of the late Hugh Gordon, minister of Avoch.

At Dumfries, on 11th November, Miss Susan Copland, youngest daughter of the late Alexander Copland, Esq. of Colliston.

At Haddington Place, Edinburgh, on 11th November, Mary, wife of Mr. Duncan Black.

At Dale Park, on 11th November, Frances, Dowager Marchioness of Bute.

At Brighton, on 11th November, Henry Arthur Broughton, Esq. of Great Marlborough Street.

At 14, Roxburgh Place, Edinburgh, on 12th November, Mr. John M'Laren, Spirit merchant.

At Ilfracombe, on 13th November, Michael Bowman, Esq. Surgeon, Harley Street, Cavendish Square.

At Belgrave Square, London, on 13th November, Letitia, wife of Vice Admiral Sir Charles Ogle, Bart.

At Inveresk, on 14th November, Miss Margaret Hay, daughter of the late Major George Hay.

At Edinburgh, on 15th November, Mr. George Gillespie, Builder.

At Westmains of Glaok, parish of Daviot, on 23d September, Thomas Forster, student.

At Elie, Captain John Smith, R. N.

At Blandford, Dorset, the Hon. A Stuart, formerly of the Queen's Bays, the only (and twin) brother of the Earl of Moray.

At Bonane, county of Kerry, the Rev. Randall M'Finnan M'Carthy, R. C. C.

At Dumbreak, Kirkintilloch, Marion Fergus, relict of the late Mr. William Stewart.

At Milan, Lord Clinton.

At Ramsgate, Sir James Lake, Bart.

At Ryde, Isle of Wight, the Rev. Horatio Pitt Shewell.

At Waterford, Samuel Sprigg, Esq.

At the Manse of Carlavrock, the Rev. Dr William M'Morine.

At Madras, Lieutenant-Colonel H. T. Shaw of the 45th regiment.

At Barrackpore, Lieutenant E. C. Macpherson, 48th regiment, N. I.

At Winkerstones, Mr. Robert Thomson, farmer.

At Bath, Volant Vashon Ballard, Esq. C. B. Rear Admiral of the White.

PROFESSOR SIR JOHN LESLIE.

We mention, with sincere regret, the loss of this eminent philosopher; a regret deepened by the difficulty of filling up the place he has left vacant in our University, and in the field of scientific discovery. The death of Professor Leslie was the more afflicting to his friends, from being quite unexpected. He was at his place in Fife, busy with out-door improvements, previous to his winter duties in Edinburgh and in his class. A neglected cold, followed by erysipelas in the legs, with his habit of body, proved rapidly fatal. He was no more, before his friends here were well apprised of his illness. Sir John Leslie was in his 66th year. He was a native of Fife, and the son of a decent farmer. This is not the place for a history of his pursuits, inventions, or discoveries. They will not be forgotten. Apart from his merits as a man of science, Professor Leslie was highly valued by his personal friends as a kind, unassuming, single-hearted man, who never thought it worth while to affect that mysterious carriage of the body which is used by inferior men to veil defects of the spirit.

THE EDINBURGH PEACE MEETING.

GRAND TORY DEMONSTRATION.

THIS desperate and unprincipled faction have made a sudden and simultaneous movement throughout the three kingdoms. They have sprung their cunningly-laid mine, and hope, by a bold *coup-de-main*, either to hoist out the Government or greatly to influence the elections. The Whigs, taken by surprise, have not had sufficient nerve at once to meet the exigency, and to crush the mischief in the egg; and the Radicals have held aloof, not we hope from recollecting the way in which their late hearty co-operation has been requited, though Bath and Middlesex warrant something like this. This must not be. The country is more than any party soreness. All merges in its danger from the Tory machinations; and its truest interests call upon every man to rally round the administration, and at once to defeat this cunning device of its enemies—those who, living in the bosom of Britain, have seized the moment of her danger and difficulty to play the game of traitors. The meetings got up in London, Edinburgh, and Dublin, with so fair a gloss of purpose, are really meant to strengthen the Dutch King in his mulish obstinacy, to encourage the despots of the North of Europe in a new crusade against freedom, and to raise the hopes of the expelled Bourbons; and this effect they must have: nor do the secret instigators of these meetings care one jot for any mischief that may result from them, whether to the honour or the peace of the country, so that they may profit by the occasion to advance their own selfish objects. They are like thieves, who set fire to a house that they may profit by the conflagration to rob.

When we support the Whigs, the probability is, that they are in the right. The part we have played has not been that of their apologist or their partisan. The Tories, as they think, have fairly caught the Whig Ministry at an advantage. From knowing how averse the people are to war, the Conservative leaders have got up what they are pleased to call "PUBLIC MEETINGS," (although the public are carefully excluded,) to protest against the conduct of the Ministry in involving the country once more in war, in an "unjust and unnecessary war," according to these new friends of peace—a war against an "ancient ally," in furtherance of the selfish views of our "natural enemy" France. One of these meetings has just taken place in Edinburgh, to the proceedings of which we shall shortly advert; but, as the endless protocols have so tired the public, that few recollect the nature of the question, we shall first refresh the minds of our readers by a short summary.

Belgium was given to Holland by the Holy Alliance, at their settlement of Europe; not *joined* to Holland in perfect equality, but *given* to Holland, it may be said, as a prey. The Dutch King and the Dutch National Debt were fixed, by Castlereagh and his royal accomplices, round the necks of the Belgians, without their consent, and grievously against their will. The Belgians resolved to be free, and rose against their owners. A fierce war ensued. It was stopped by the humane interference of the Five Great Powers of Europe. Both Holland and Belgium agreed to abide by the decision of these Powers. Belgium promptly fulfilled its part of the award of the Five Powers, while Holland remonstrated, and refused to abide by the same award. By obstinate perseverance, Holland obtained better terms than were originally fixed by the Five Powers; but, not contented with this, Holland, after two years spent in protocols, persisted in stopping the navigation of the Scheldt, and in retaining possession of the citadel of Antwerp. The robber kept his grasp of the throat of his victim, in disregard of justice and the demands of the bystanders to whom both he and his victim had appealed. France and England, the only two of the Five Powers who have any sympathy with a nation that wishes to be free, warn the Dutch that, if they do not evacuate the Belgian citadel, they will compel them to do so by force. The Dutch King refuses; and the English and French execute their threat, without the concurrence of the other three Powers of Europe, whose sympathies are all on the side of despotism; and mark the patriotism of the Tories. This is the critical moment which they choose to abet the King of Holland in his mad purpose, and play into the hands of a state with which Britain is at war.

By none is war more abhorred than by ourselves; and by none is interference with the affairs of the Continent more deprecated. We hold that it was quite wrong in the Duke of Wellington's Government to interfere with the Dutch and Belgian quarrel at all: Not that we had no right to interfere. It is not only lawful, but laudable, to interfere, on the side of humanity, in every case of gross oppression, whether of a nation, or an individual. If a strong man attack a weak man, unjustly, every bystander is bound to interfere to protect the weak man from the strong; and, if a powerful nation attack a weak, other nations are acting a just and proper part if they interfere against the powerful aggressor. Neither an individual nor a nation is called on to interfere in a quarrel where they cannot do so without great injury to themselves; and our National Debt is quite sufficient reason for our declining to take any part in Continental quarrels. But *having* interfered between Holland and Bel-

gium; having spent two years in protocols, we think the British Ministry acted for the best when they resolved, in conjunction with France, to force the Dutch King to quit his gripe of the key of Belgium. The right to use force, in this case, we think indisputable; and the expediency scarcely less clear. Suppsoe the end of all the protocols had been our leaving the Dutch and Belgians to fight out their quarrel, the disgrace to us of this issue of our interference would have been the least part of the evil. That general war which the Tories are so loud against, now that we are to fight on the side of liberty, would have been far more likely to ensue, than it now is. France would not have abandoned Belgium to the tender mercies of the Dutch King; and had France moved alone to the aid of Belgium, the three despotic Powers would instantly have made war on both these countries. Could we, oppressed with debt and taxation as we are, have stood aloof, and contemplated, across the narrow channel which separates this country and France, the principle of liberty put down, and our gallant neighbours overrun with the armies of despotism? Impossible. There is, indeed, among us a vile faction that would act this base part; nay, would act still more basely. We have no doubt that the Tories would, in such a case, loudly call for our interference on the side of the despots, to crush French freedom, as the first step towards strangling liberty in our own country. Nothing is too base for that detestable faction. But, fortunately, the Tories have no longer the power of doing that mischief which it is their nature to do. Their power is prostrated, never to rise again; and any interference of this country with the affairs of the Continent, will be to support liberty, and not despotism, as of old, under the Tory *regime*.

What may be the result of the movement of France and England against Holland, it is impossible, when this goes to press, to foresee. But, be the consequence what it may, we *call upon every man, who wishes his country well, to support the Whig administration against the insidious attempts of the Tories to ruin them in public opinion, on account of a piece of foreign policy, which, after the interference had gone so far, they could not avoid*, and which we maintain to be both just and expedient.

And who involved us in this dilemma? Before the Whigs had accepted of office, the Duke of Wellington's Government had recognised the new French Dynasty, and guaranteed the integrity of Belgium; and England had accepted the office of mediatrix, which traitors at home have laboured to prevent her from bringing to a successful issue. The first protocol of the London Conference had in fact been published at Brussels before the Duke of Wellington was driven from office.

And who are these lovers of peace; these shudderers at war; these shrinkers from interference with foreign quarrels? Are they members of the Society of Friends? Are they the ministers of religion, and men distinguished for their meekness and piety? No, no. They are the bloody Tories, the remains of that insolent faction, who, driven from their rotten boroughs, and other fastnesses of corruption, now seek to rouse the people against the men who fill the places they think theirs by inheritance.—Lovers of peace! They are the men who dragged this reluctant country into that war to put down French liberty which has almost made us nationally bankrupt; the men who never lost an opportunity of interfering with the quarrels of every nation of Europe; and never failed to assist the oppressor in his oppression. Nay more, they are the men who originated the interference in this very quarrel, and continued the interference till they were driven from office, amidst the people's execrations, to make way for better men. They disclaim being actuated by party motives; but are any but those of their own party found at these "PUBLIC MEETINGS," unless, perhaps, an occasional traitor, who thinks he may safely drop his mask? And they talk of *economy* too! the unprincipled extortioners and spendthrifts,—and of peace, and humanity, and religion, the selfish, designing, and contemptible hypocrites! Faugh!

At the Edinburgh meeting, it was plain, that it was not *war* simply they deprecate, but war in alliance with what they designate "Revolutionary France." Tory eyes cannot abide the Tri-color. They like it as a slave-owner likes the Bible of a missionary. At the late Public Meetings, none of the very great have appeared. To catch all sorts of fish, the Tories have woven their nets closer in the meshes this time. Their game is to alarm the fears of the people for another of those wars of which we have had such blessed foretastes. To engage the general sympathy, second-rate men, in rank and fortune, and those as little as possible, mixed up with party politics, are ostentatiously thrust forward. But, easily is it seen, who dexterously uses the cat's-paws, and plays the wires of these puppets. Among the former of these, at the Edinburgh Meeting, was Mr. Johnston, the *soi-disant* liberal member for Dunfermline. We say so in charity; for it is better to be a puddle-headed unconscious tool, than the other character suggested by the line of conduct he has adopted. The room in which the Tories met was about three-fourths filled; the meeting was carefully packed with their creatures, and the public excluded, by the terms of their advertisement, and by the payment of one shilling at the door. Yet fully one-third of the persons present were evidently opposed in sentiment to the speakers, having gone out of curiosity merely. We have heard of no reformers being present except one or two connected with the press, who were there in their professional capacity, and Mr. Johnston of Straiton,

"Among the faithful, faithless only he."

And this the impudent Tories, and their lying Journals, will, as they have done before, call a PUBLIC MEETING of the INHABITANTS of EDINBURGH.